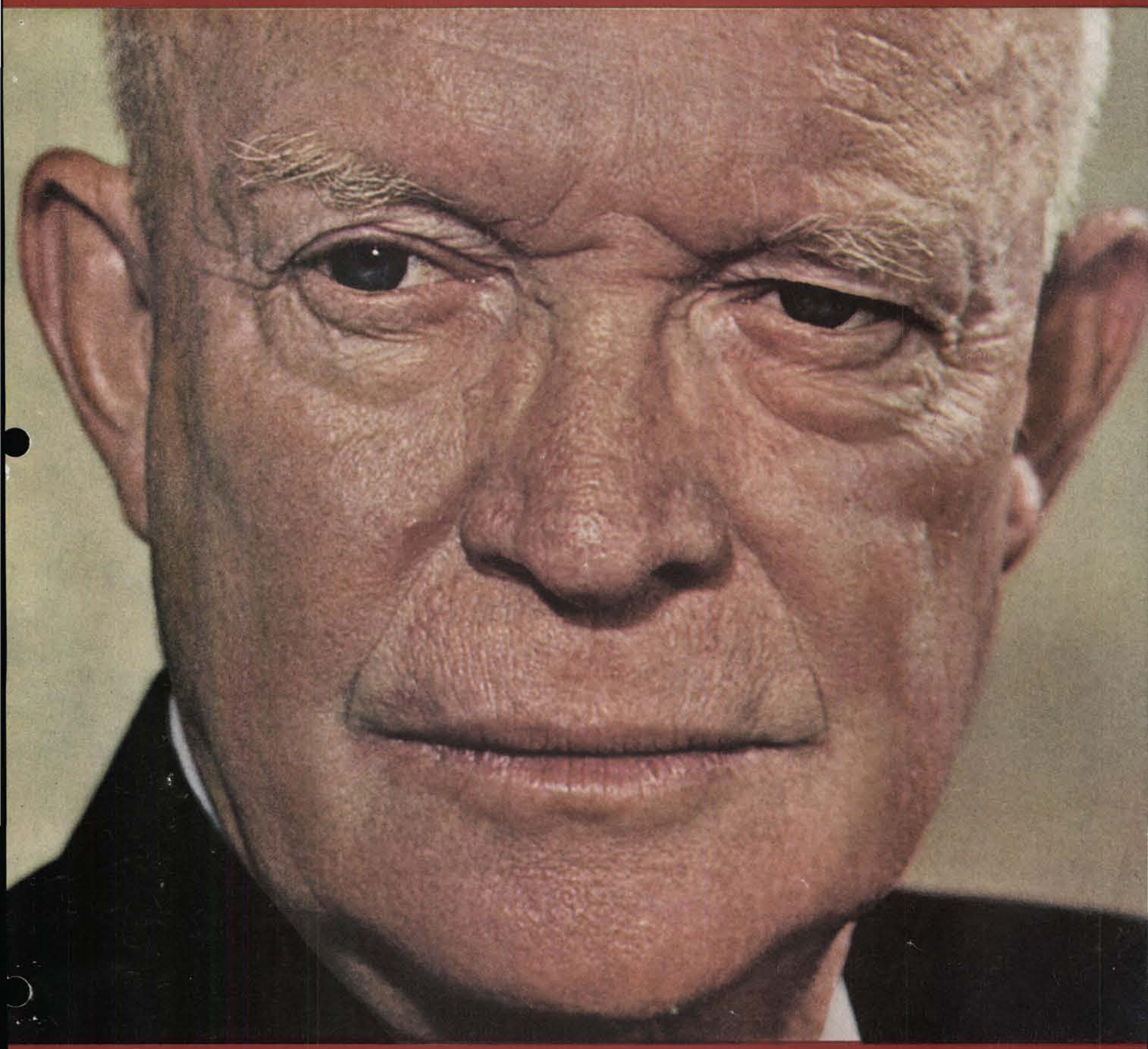
The Saturday Evening
POST
August 11-August 18, 1962 20¢

Are We Headed In The Wrong Direction?

By Dwight D. Eisenhower

Ike Speaks His Mind on National Affairs



The Coming Explosion In Red China

BY JOSEPH ALSOP

Shelley Winters: Nonstop Talker

BY BILL DAVIDSON

The American League

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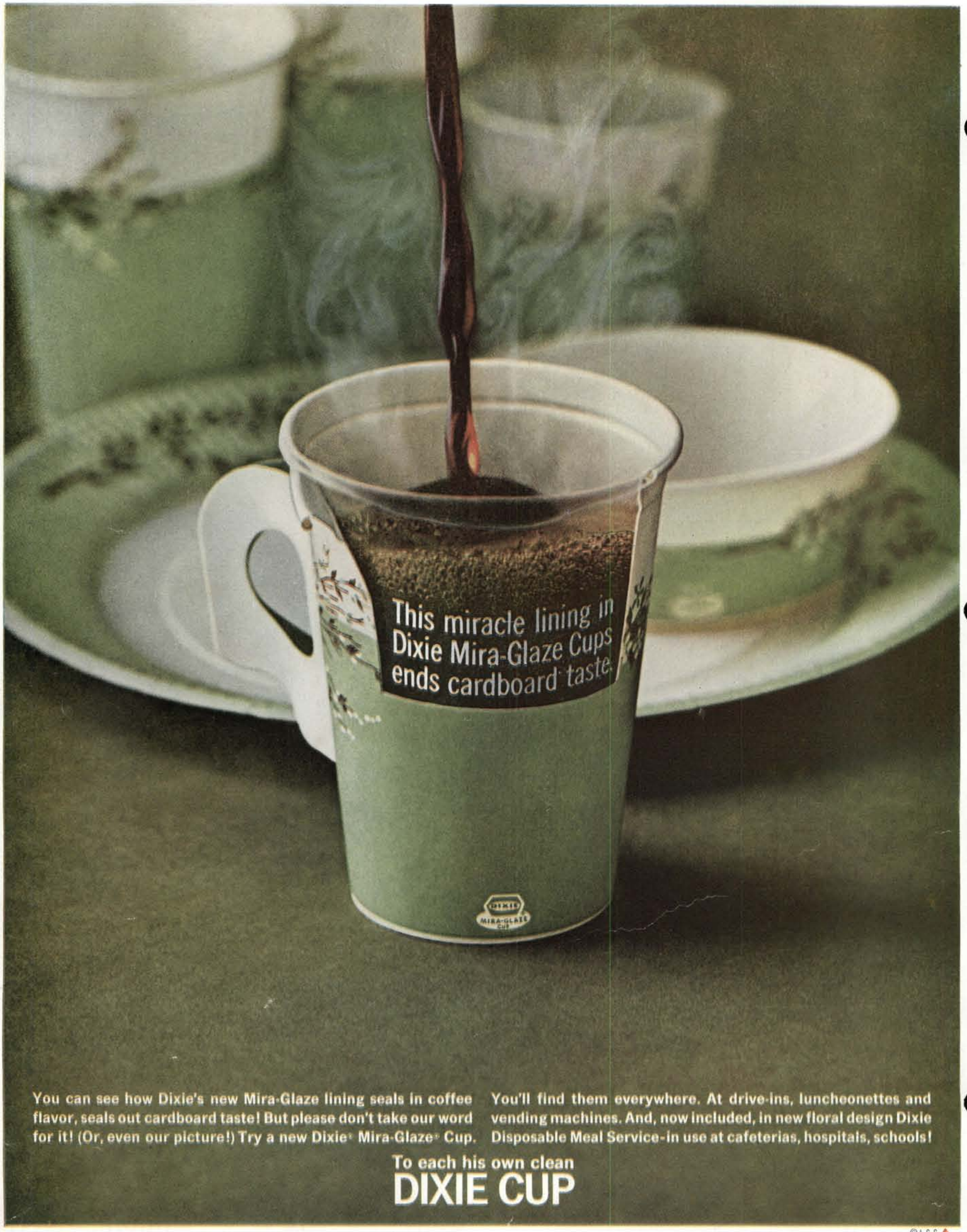

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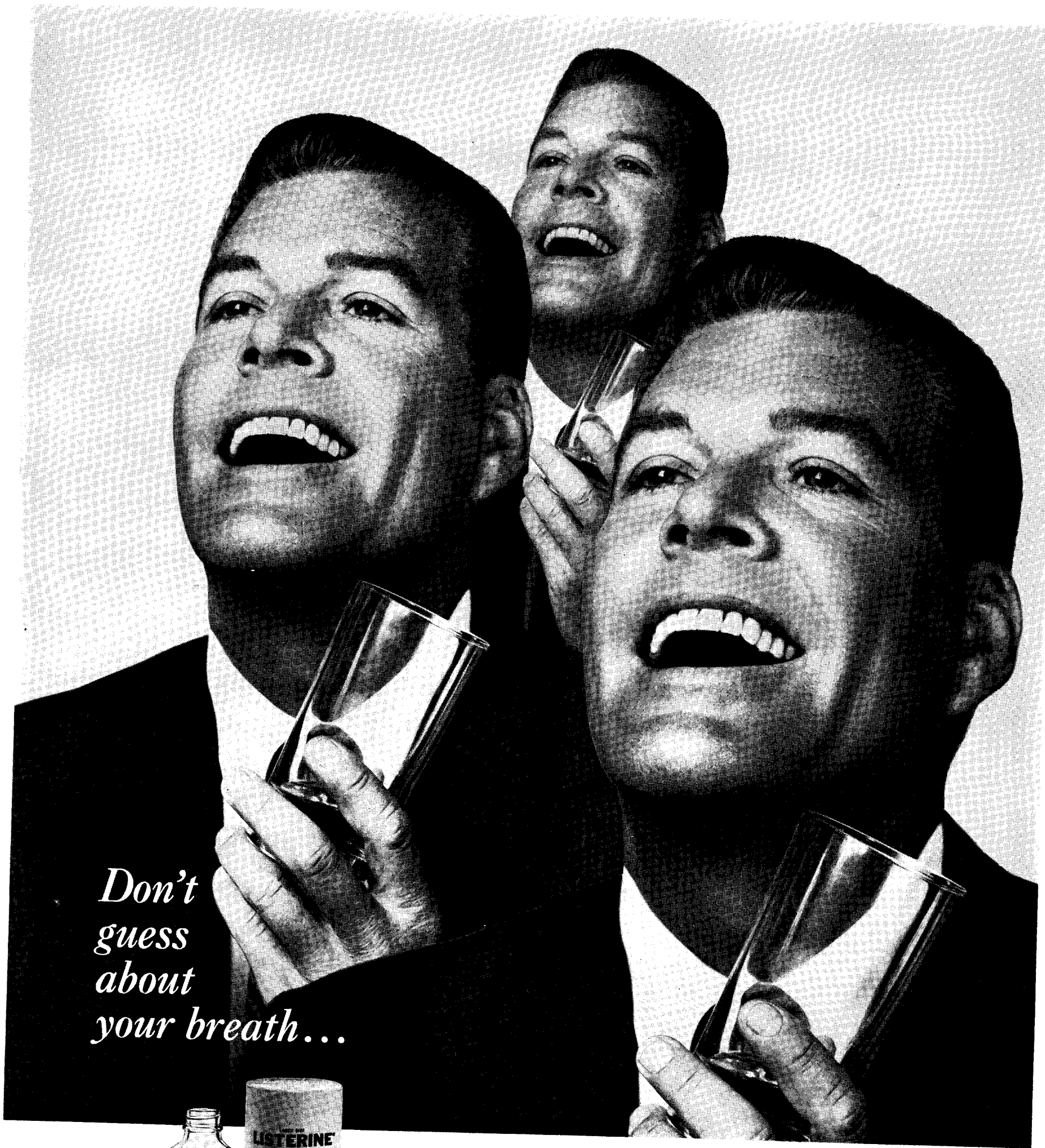

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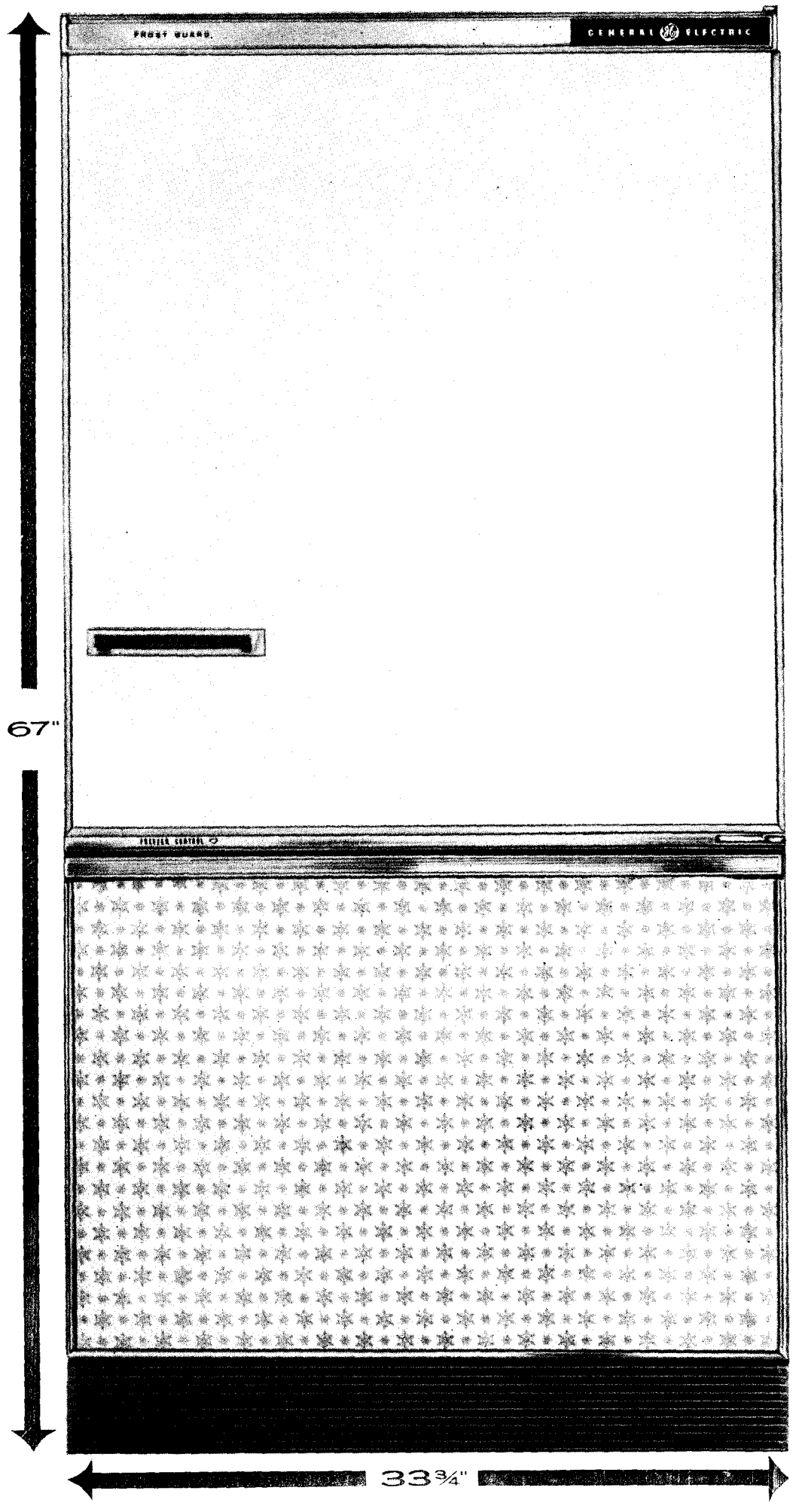

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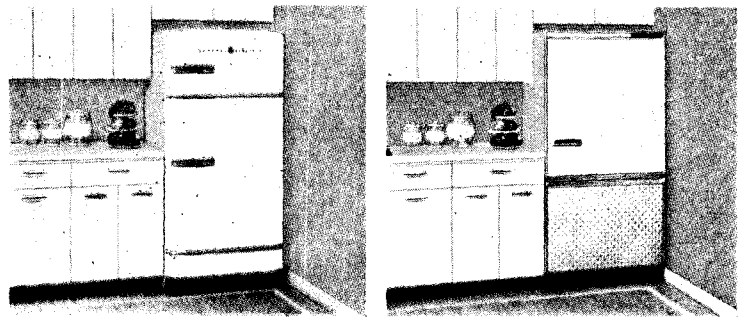

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Dwight D. Eisenhower. In his fourth of a series of exclusive articles for *The Post* Ike in his role as "spokesman for the loyal opposition" calls the shots as he sees them on current trends in Washington. Later this month, after he returns from a trip to Europe, Ike has a busy schedule planned. In addition to his writing on national and international affairs, he is hard at work on his memoirs of eight years as President. His previous book, *Crusade in Europe*, continues to be a best seller. At last count, more than 1,250,000 copies had been sold in this country and more than 250,000 had been sold in foreign editions. The book has been translated into Urdu, Malayan, Bengali, Greek, Korean, Persian, French, German, Italian, Japanese, Arabic, Croatian and Hebrew, and sales are steady everywhere.

Joseph Alsop. Our last article by the senior Alsop brother was published in March, 1958. At that time, on the basis of research in the United States and firsthand observations in Soviet Russia, he discussed Soviet strategy in the cold war. This week, again writing out of long experience, he explores the mounting tensions within Communist China.

Other By-Lines. **Don Cook** is chief European correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*. . . . **Bill Davidson** is a Post contributing editor. . . . **Carl Spitzer,** who writes of his successful struggle against deafness, was recently appointed a director of the Detroit Hearing Center. . . . Yankee manager **Ralph Houk** says of the article he wrote with sports editor **Harry T. Paxton,** "I may get a few blasts from the National League—however, that's what makes life interesting." . . . California-born **Helen Papashvily** is a longtime resident of the Pennsylvania Dutch country where she and her sculptor husband George settled thirty years ago. She enjoys a considerable local reputation as a cook. . . . **Richard Dunlop,** like many a city boy—he grew up near Chicago—has been fascinated by the West for most of his 41 years. He informs us he is a deputy sheriff of the Chicago Corral of the Westerners. He is presently working on a book about the hazards of getting sick during the early days of the West, to be called *Doctors on the Frontier*. . . . **Mary E. Nutt** and her husband raise cattle, sheep, goats and peacocks on their ranch at Kettle Falls, Washington. She does her writing between teaching sessions in a nearby country elementary school. . . . Senior editor **Robert Murphy**'s IT ALL BEGAN WITH PEOPLE is his 43rd short story in *The Post*. . . . **Stephen Birmingham,** who will be 32 years old this month, spends three days a week working at a Manhattan advertising agency and the remainder of the week at his home in Rye, New York, working on short stories and novels.

The Cover. **Edward Clark** has photographed General Eisenhower innumerable times since World War II. This portrait was taken in June.

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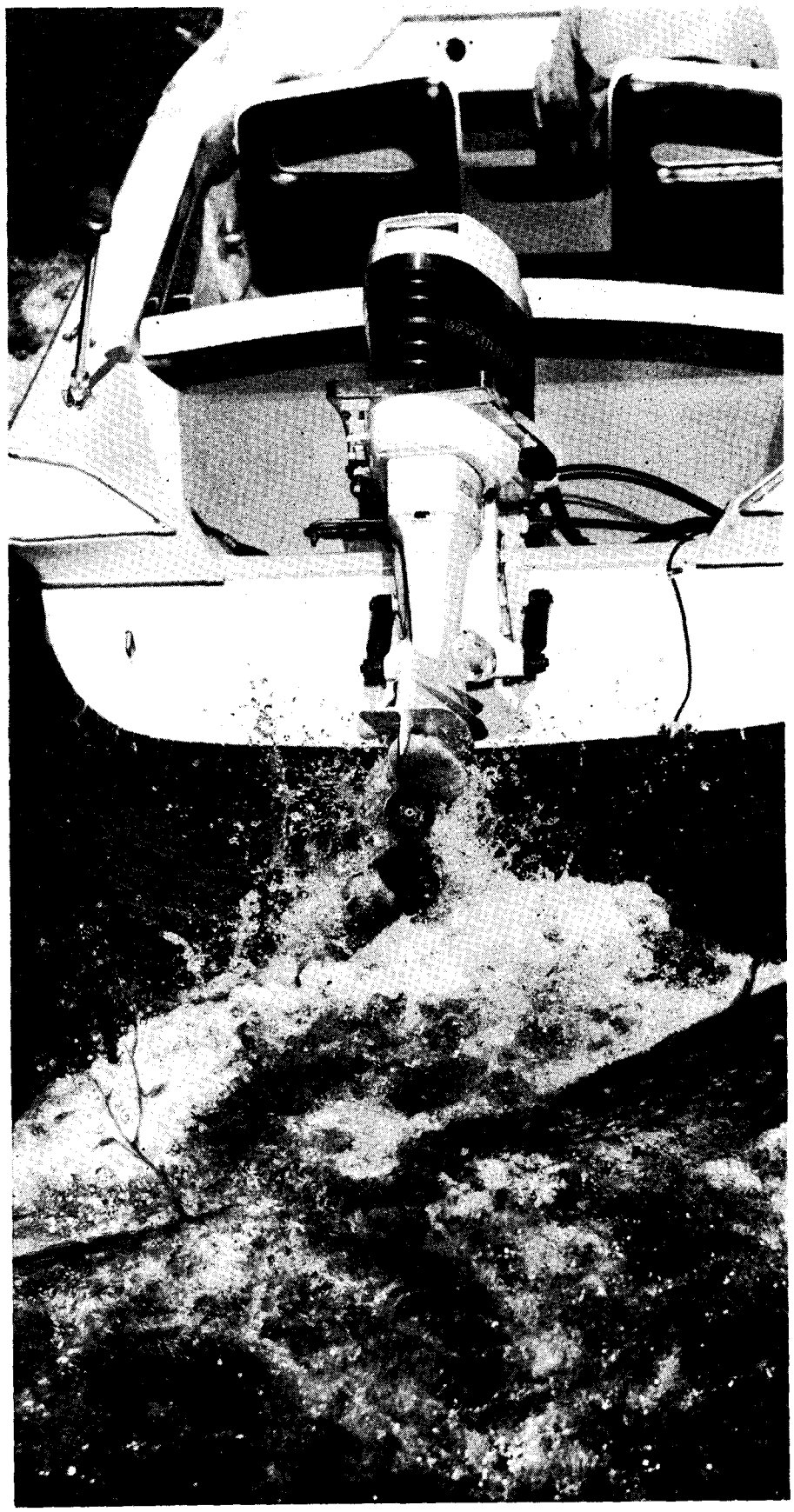

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If your wife says, "What was that?" exhale slowly and tell her it's just one more reason why Mercury gives you more *run* for your money.

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LETTERS

Speaking of Hypocrites . . .

Dear Sirs:

Prakash C. Jain [SPEAKING OUT: YOU YANKS ARE HYPOCRITES, June 30–July 7] has stressed a truth we [Americans] must not overlook. Since marrying a Canadian and moving to Canada, I have discovered that most Canadians I encounter base their opinion of the United States not on what our Government does, but on what our tourists do. Whether we like it or not, our country is on trial through us.

CYNTHIA MCALLISTER
Barrie, Ont.

Dear Sirs:

I, a Persian and thereby a foreigner in this country, am sick and tired of hearing derogatory remarks about Americans. . . . I have yet to read an abusive article on foreigners visiting the United States and their behavior here. The Americans bend over backwards to please foreigners here and

abroad. Are Americans expected to be so perfect that they are not allowed any margin of error?

PAULINE BADAL
Yonkers, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I wish Mr. Jain would make up his mind about us. First we are damned for our "goody-goody" talk, and then when Professor Galbraith attempts to make a realistic suggestion of improvement in their railway system, Mr. Jain comments that "surely the English language is rich enough to enable a judicious combination of constructive suggestions and discretion." If this is not asking for "goody-goody" talk, I don't know what is.

SAMUEL KEEPNEWS
New York, N.Y.

Birth Control: Will vs. Pill

Dear Sirs:

One can only feel sorry for the values of these "million or more women" who take oral contraceptives [NEW CASE-HISTORY FACTS ON BIRTH CONTROL PILLS, by Steven M. Spencer, June 30–July 7]. The solution is clearly a choice between free will or free pill. Which one will do more credit to society?

DENNIS P. HALAC
Elmhurst, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I am one of the million women now using the pills and have nothing but praise for them. Your unbiased article came just in time to enlighten me further on the subject as well as many of my interested and curious friends and relatives.

MRS. RUSSELL KESTERSON
Phoenix, Ariz.

Easy Street Isn't Easy

Dear Sirs:

Lest Stanley Frank [LANDING ON EASY STREET—IN 25 WORDS (OR LESS), June 30–July 7] lead many astray, tell the novice, "Beware!" The winner's secret is easily kept because it is hard work, cultivated imagination and determination outlasting long periods of losing and discouragement.

BETTY E. WALTER
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Glimerick into a losing contestant's mind:

If on my tomb there is any room
In 25 words or less:
"Here lies the consumer
Who started the rumor
That Brand X is really the best."

LINDA EDMOND
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

A word in defense of contests. . . . What husband would complain that his wife had learned to say more in less words?

MRS. HARRY HECKMANN
Cheektowaga, N.Y.

It Didn't Work for Billie Sol

Dear Sirs:

Why is Billie Sol Estes in trouble? [HOW WE EXPOSED BILLIE SOL ESTES, by Oscar Griffin Jr., June 23.] He simply applied the New Frontier policy of permanent deficit financing to his personal business affairs. *All* of President Kennedy's financial advisers agree that this is the way to "get the country moving."

FRANK C. WORBS JR.
Vanport, Pa.

N-Bomb: Weapon for Peace?

Dear Sirs:

William L. Laurence, in his article, THE NEUTRON BOMB [May 5], questioned the scientific feasibility of the neutron bomb. In effect, he said that it would have no serious military utility if it were developed; and he impugned the judgment of those who have urged a concerted effort to develop the neutron bomb. . . .

Mr. Laurence, I fear, does not understand the concept of the neutron bomb. This is revealed by his statement that "it is easier to guard against this theoretical weapon [the N-bomb] than against A-bombs or H-bombs." The comparison is meaningless, because the H-bomb and the N-bomb are weapons with totally different applications. The H-bomb is, by its nature, a strategic weapon, a weapon of mass destruction unsuitable for use in the battlefield because it would blot out the very countries we are attempting to defend. The N-bomb, in contradistinction, is conceived not as a mass-destruction weapon, but as a tactical weapon which could be used with discrimination in battlefield situations and which, in addition, would provide an effective warhead for the antimissile missile. It would make an ideal defensive weapon because (1) it produces no significant fallout; (2) it could be tailored for use in a variety of ranges, extending from several hundred yards to more than half a mile; (3) there would be no effective defense against it; (4) it would be comparatively cheap to produce.

Mr. Laurence quoted a number of prominent nuclear scientists as challenging the scientific feasibility of the

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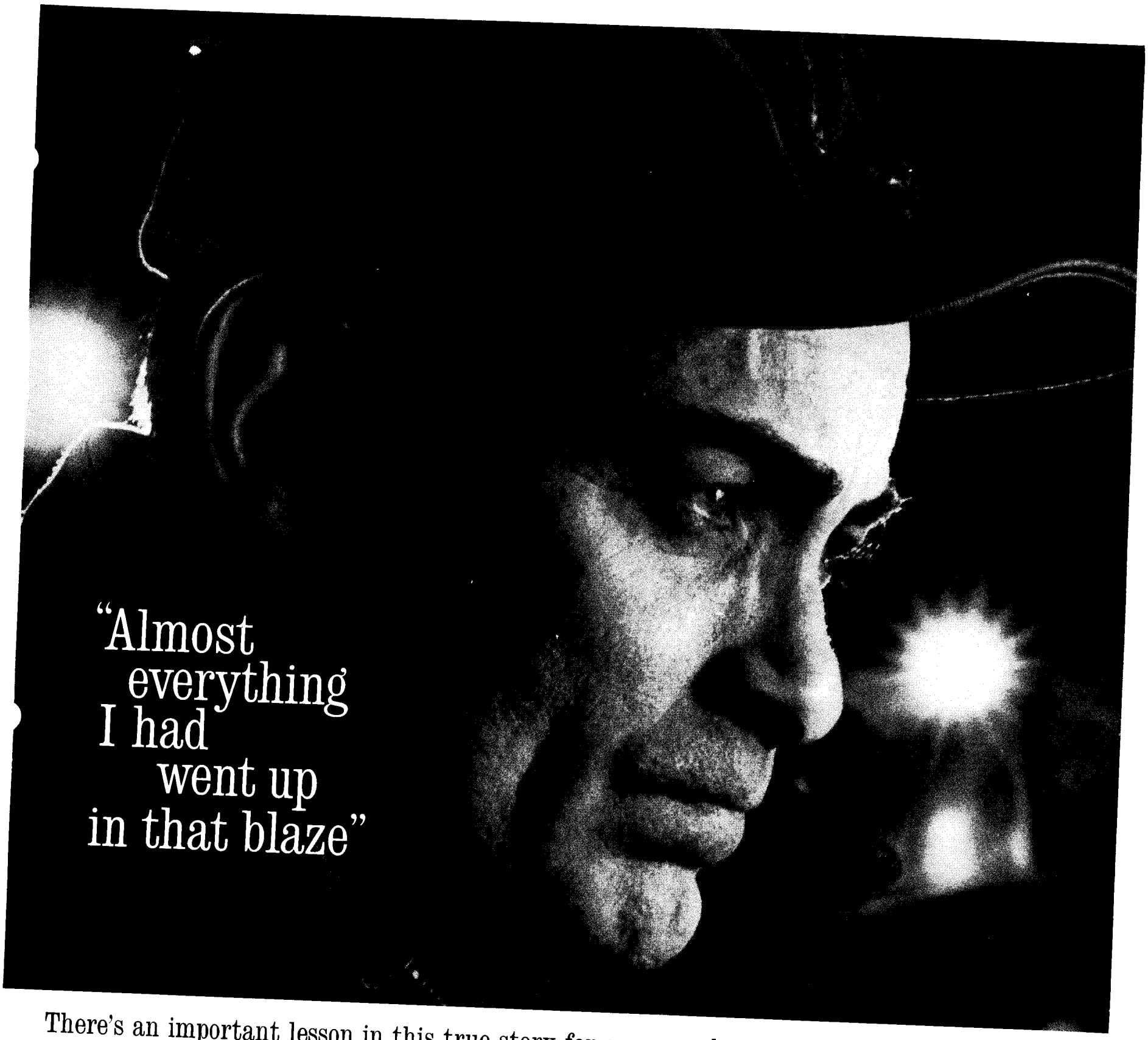

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Dear Sirs:

Three years ago my home and business were destroyed by fire. Almost everything I had went up in that blaze. The fire insurance was enough to rebuild my business, a service station, but not my home. When I finished my station I was broke, and knew of no other places to borrow money.

Then someone told me I could probably borrow a few hundred dollars on my life insurance poli-cies. You could have knocked me over with a feather when I found that I actually could borrow several thousand dollars on them. I did this and built my home—not complete, but satisfactory for a while.

My life insurance "saved my life." I really think that my New York Life policies are the best investment I have or ever will have.

Sincerely, C. R. C.

As this story illustrates, cash value (or permanent) life insurance does more than assure financial protection for a widow and her children. The cash values guarantee a source of funds, which might help finance an education, start or expand a business, meet an unexpected emergency. Later, the cash values can be used to provide a retirement income guaranteed for life.

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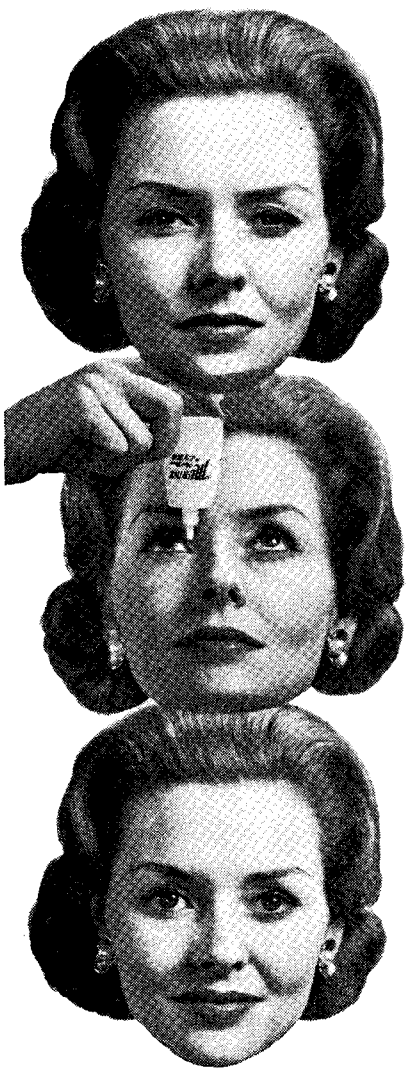

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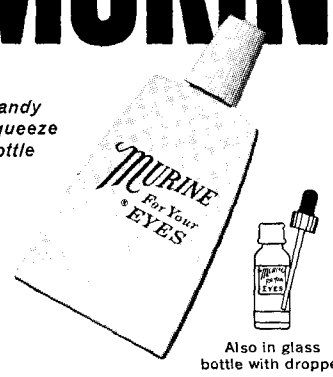

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LETTERS

neutron bomb. But there are nuclear scientists of at least equal distinction who are convinced that the neutron bomb can be made and that we should proceed with its development as a matter of highest priority. Indeed, those experts who are working on the project are of the opinion that the N-bomb can be perfected in highly sophisticated form within a reasonably short time.

Some of the scientific authorities quoted by Mr. Laurence belong to the group of scientists who, understandably, are horrified over the potentialities of the unceasing race in nuclear technology, and who consider it to be of transcendent importance that this race somehow be stopped. . . .

There is another group of scientists, equally horrified over the potentialities of the nuclear-weapons race, who accept the hard political fact that the Kremlin is out to cut our throats and will never tolerate the minimal measure of inspection essential to any agreement on nuclear testing or disarmament. The stand of this group is that we must run as hard and as fast as we can in the nuclear race because the Kremlin's unbroken record of aggression and dishonesty leaves us with no alternative. Support for the neutron bomb comes primarily from this group.

Mr. Laurence pursued his argument against the scientific feasibility of the neutron bomb by tying it in with Project Sherwood, which is aimed at producing industrial power through a controlled-fusion process. He quoted Dr. Edward Teller as telling him that he did not expect this goal to be achieved before the end of the century. "Nor, for that matter," continued Mr. Laurence, "does anyone actually know whether such fusion without fission ever will be possible."

When I read this passage to Doctor Teller over the telephone, Doctor Teller replied, "Because of the rigid classification imposed on the entire question of the neutron bomb, I have never offered any public opinion on its feasibility or on the advisability of pursuing the project. . . . The comments I have made at various times on Project Sherwood have absolutely no bearing on the neutron bomb, for the simple reason that the two projects are unrelated. . . . As for Mr. Laurence's statement that no one actually knows whether fusion without fission will ever be possible, I would point out that in a paper published in 1958 the Soviet physicist L. A. Artsimovich strongly implied that the Soviets, as early as 1952, had been able to produce a neutron-emitting thermonuclear reaction, using a high-explosive trigger."

In questioning the military utility of the neutron bomb, Mr. Laurence is pitting himself against the considered judgment of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who have carefully weighed the military application of the neutron bomb and are of the opinion that it would be an extremely effective weapon, considerably more effective, in fact, than any tactical weapon developed to date. . . .

The development of the neutron bomb would make war less likely by increasing our defensive capabilities. And, if a limited warfare situation should erupt, the possession of this potent but discriminating and credible tactical weapon would enable the Administration to prevent or at least minimize the possibility of escalation into general thermonuclear war.

THOMAS J. DODD
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Coming . . . in the next Post

Let's Spread the Truth About America
By Robert F. Kennedy

The Many Moods of Robert Mitchum
By Bill Davidson

ALSO

Psychoanalysis: The Great American Game

Dieting is My Life
By Jockey Eric Guerin

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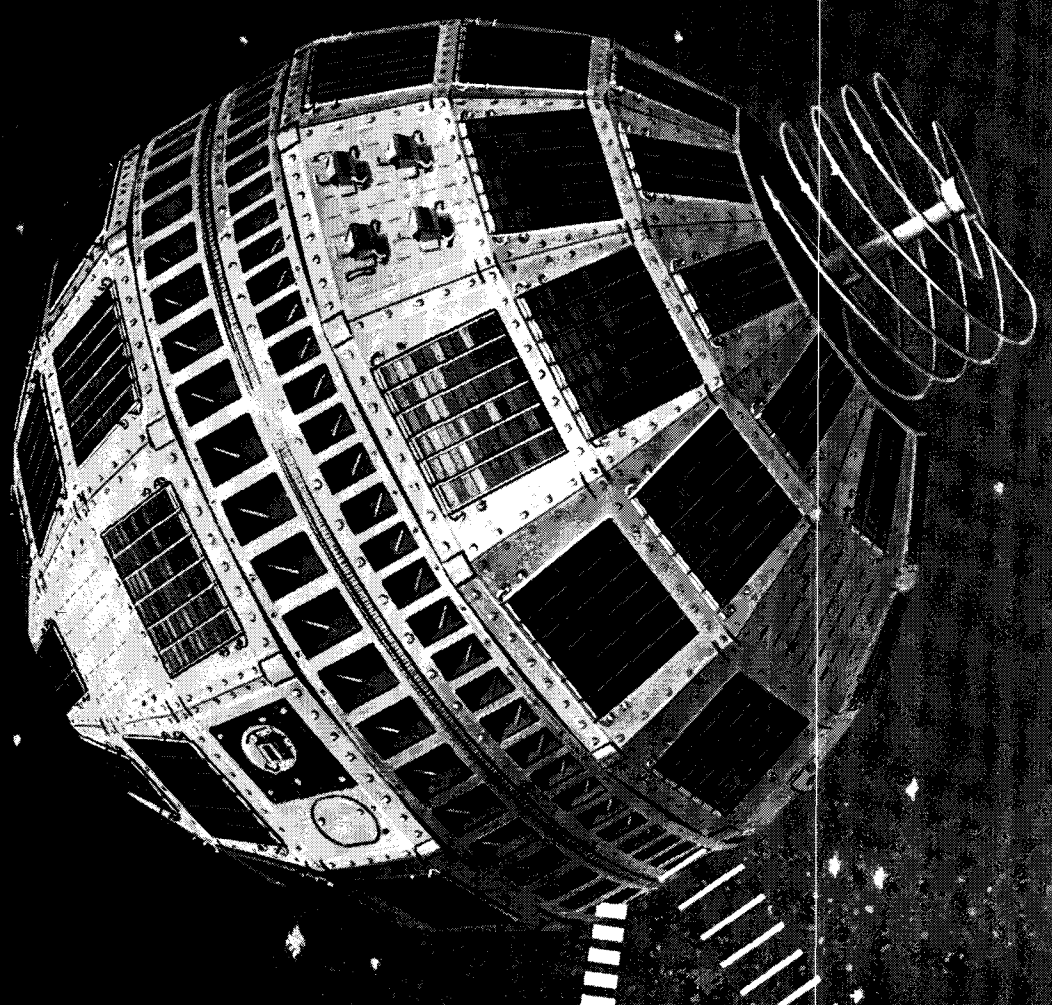

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THE world's first private enterprise communications satellite is now being used for dramatic experiments in relaying telephone calls and television internationally.

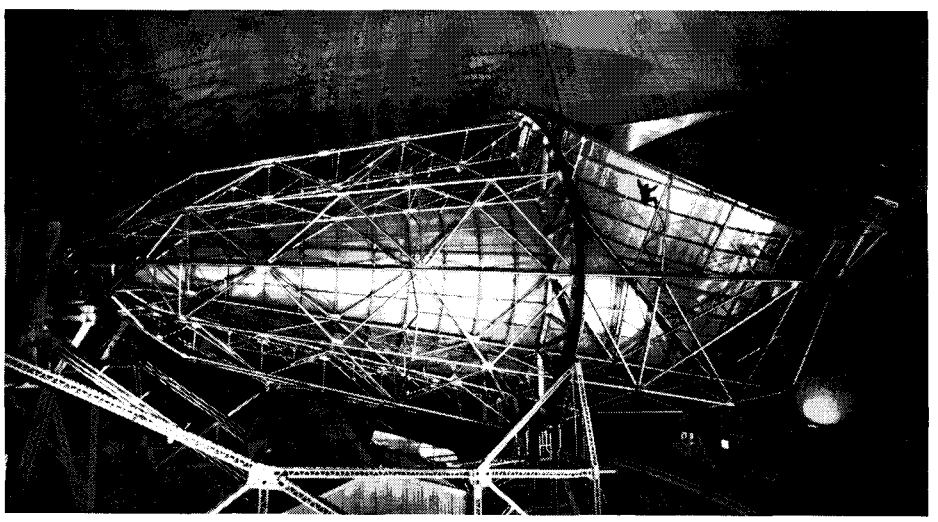
Its name: Telstar. It was launched from Cape Canaveral at Bell System expense by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Telstar receives signals beamed to it from a ground station, amplifies them and transmits them to another station on the ground below—perhaps an ocean away from the first one. The new satellite thus acts as a microwave relay station in the sky, enabling voices, TV pictures and data messages to leap thousands of miles in a new and exciting way.

The ground stations in the U.S. now being used for Telstar were built by the Bell System at Andover, Maine, and Holmdel, New Jersey. Organizations abroad have built stations in England and France. The latter, a near replica of the station in Maine, was assembled with Bell System cooperation. A receiving station in Italy will be ready late this year, and another in West Germany next year.

Telstar is a major experimental step toward a world-wide satellite communications system that was first proposed as a practical venture by Bell Telephone Laboratories. Progress toward such a system has depended on many contributions by the private communications industry, including six basic components —the transistor, the solar battery, the traveling wave tube, ruby masers, the waveguide, and new antennas for the ground stations with innovations in circuitry —direct outgrowths of Bell System research and development.

Above all else, Telstar is the latest achievement in an unending Bell System quest—the search for ways to make your telephone service still better, more economical, and more useful.



Inside the ground station "radome" at Andover, Maine. Giant antenna (note man near rim of horn) concentrates signals to Telstar in a narrow, powerful beam. The same antenna also receives extremely weak signals coming from Telstar and amplifies them billions of times.

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SPEAKING OUT

Let's End the Civil War

Refighting yesterday's battles will never solve today's problems.

By HARRY GOLDEN

There were more Confederate flags sold during the first year of the Civil War Centennial (1961) than were sold throughout the South during the war itself (1861–1865). One hesitates to estimate the number of Confederate flags that will be sold during the next three years, but the prospects are that the total will be more than all the flags sold in all the wars the nation has fought.

Yet the Civil War Centennial is hardly a promotion dreamed up by flag manufacturers. Nor is the centennial merely a project of the enthusiastic city booster to lure the tourist dollar. No city booster anywhere in the South or in the North has any intention of proposing a celebration of World War I or World War II or the Korean War.

We celebrate no other war because essentially we believe those wars are over, their outcomes final, the course of history decided. But there are centennial committees throughout the South which would have us think the Civil War is not done with, that it ought to be refought. These fellows grow beards, wave flags and charge over the few meadows the housing developers have left—hoping somehow by this exertion to sustain the illusion that the South may yet snatch victory from defeat. They do everything to re-create the Old South except save Confederate money.

The war started again in July, 1961, with the grand reenactment of the Battle of First Manassas (Bull Run), which the South, not surprisingly, won again. Twenty-three states on both sides sent participants, although a large number of soldiers came from the ranks of the North-South Skirmish Association, an organization founded in 1950 by devotees of the muzzle-loading rifle, whose purpose is to hold shooting contests from time to time. The association units included "reactivated" regiments from the original battle: the First Regiment of the Virginia Volunteers, Hampton Legion, Washington (D.C.) Blue Rifles, and Richmond Rifles. For the First Manassas reenactments the participants wore authentic uniforms and carried old muskets whose blank cartridges often bruised the shoulder, blacked the face and seared the eyes of the unwary.

The son of a friend of mine, a "corporal" in the Guilford Greys (Greensboro, North Carolina), has been "killed" three times since First Manassas and is perfectly willing to give his life in a fourth reenacted battle. It is nice, indeed, to have more than one life to give to one's country, although the plane fare to the different battlefields is considerable.

Harry Golden is the widely quoted (New Yorker transplanted to North Carolina) editor of The Carolina Israelite *and author of several books, including the best seller* Only in America, For 2c Plain, *and the newly published* You're Entitle'.

The centennial engenders nothing if not sacrifice. The late Bill Polk, editor of the Greensboro *Daily News*, once showed me a letter from a North Carolina high-school boy which read, in part: "I wish I had been born before the Civil War and had died at Gettysburg."

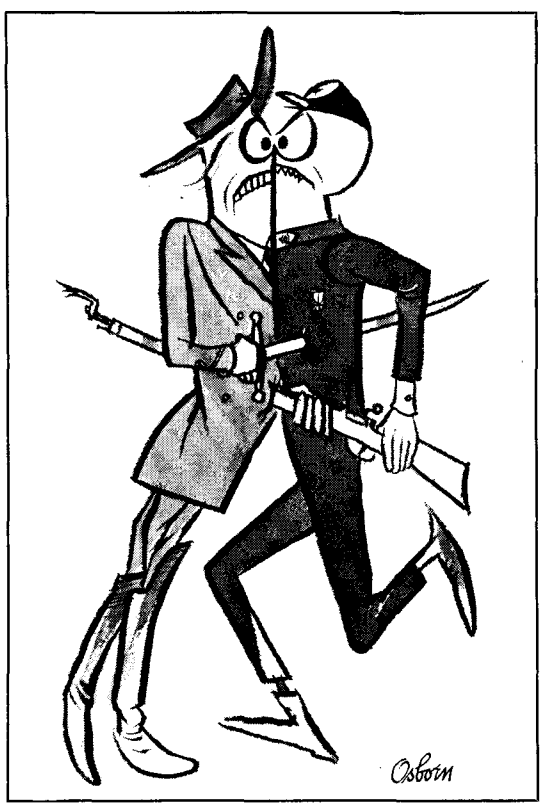
These mock recruits, I suspect, secretly hope one day the batteries will load real projectiles in the cannons, and the bayonets will be cold steel, not rubber. And this time they will take Washington, D.C.

On to Washington! On to Yesterday!

Once they take the capital, they can force upon the Supreme Court the decisions that will restore the old plantations, the crinolines, the dueling pistols, the house on the hill with smoke coming out the chimney at twilight and little Sambo rolling in laughter under the magnolia. Ah, what a dream!

Yet it is not entirely an idle dream. The Civil War centennialists have some vague idea that, if they can mount a sufficient show of force, they may not have to deal with the more aggravating and immediate problems of Southern life—the problems that press upon an urban, industrial area that is leaving behind the old, easy agrarian values.

Thus the centennial has turned into a party rather than a pageant. I have even seen a few automobiles decorated with the Stars and Bars, filled with Negro students, each of the occupants therein wearing the butternut-gray dinks of Confederate soldiers. The centennial is democratic, and that may be its weakness. No centennial committeeman, no matter how skillfully he ties his bowstring, is completely unaware of what is going on in the business district of his hometown. He doesn't even have to work behind a store counter to know that, in the states of the old Confederacy, at least one third of all the purchasing power and one half of all the credit buying comes from the pockets of grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the Negro slaves.



That realization is why the centennial is something less than a huge success in the big Southern cities. The plan for my own home, Charlotte, North Carolina, by far the largest city of the two Carolinas, was to commemorate the fact that it was the site of the Confederate Navy Yard. It seems that, after the war broke out, the naval stores at Portsmouth, Virginia, were seized and transported inland to Charlotte. The long boardwalk, which storekeepers walked to check on the turpentine, tar and rope, is still called "the wharf." But except for the members of the committee itself, few people are even aware of the centennial, let alone a Confederate Navy Yard.

Such lack of interest is reflected in the local press. During the past year the papers carried only two short wire-service items. One from Montgomery, Alabama, reported the reenactment of the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as the first president of the Confederacy, and the other told of the resignation of Maj. Gen. U.S. Grant III as chairman of the Civil War Centennial Commission. This almost total lack of Dixie enthusiasm I attribute to the fact that Charlotte has been busy building three skyscrapers since the establishment of the Centennial Commission in 1957. And few centennialists can spare time from sales meetings and the filling of orders in some 600 branch offices and warehouses of national concerns.

Outposts in the Twentieth Century

Charlotte is not alone in reflecting this attitude of the new South. Such cities of the Confederate States as Norfolk, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Greenville, Spartanburg and, most important of all, Atlanta, have their committees and their plans, but the populace is not interested in celebrating the world the Civil War ended; rather, they are absorbed in the world the Civil War made.

Thus, the serious centennial committee pretends the war took place among other peoples in other times. The committeemen would have it that it was a gentleman's war. As Carl Sandburg

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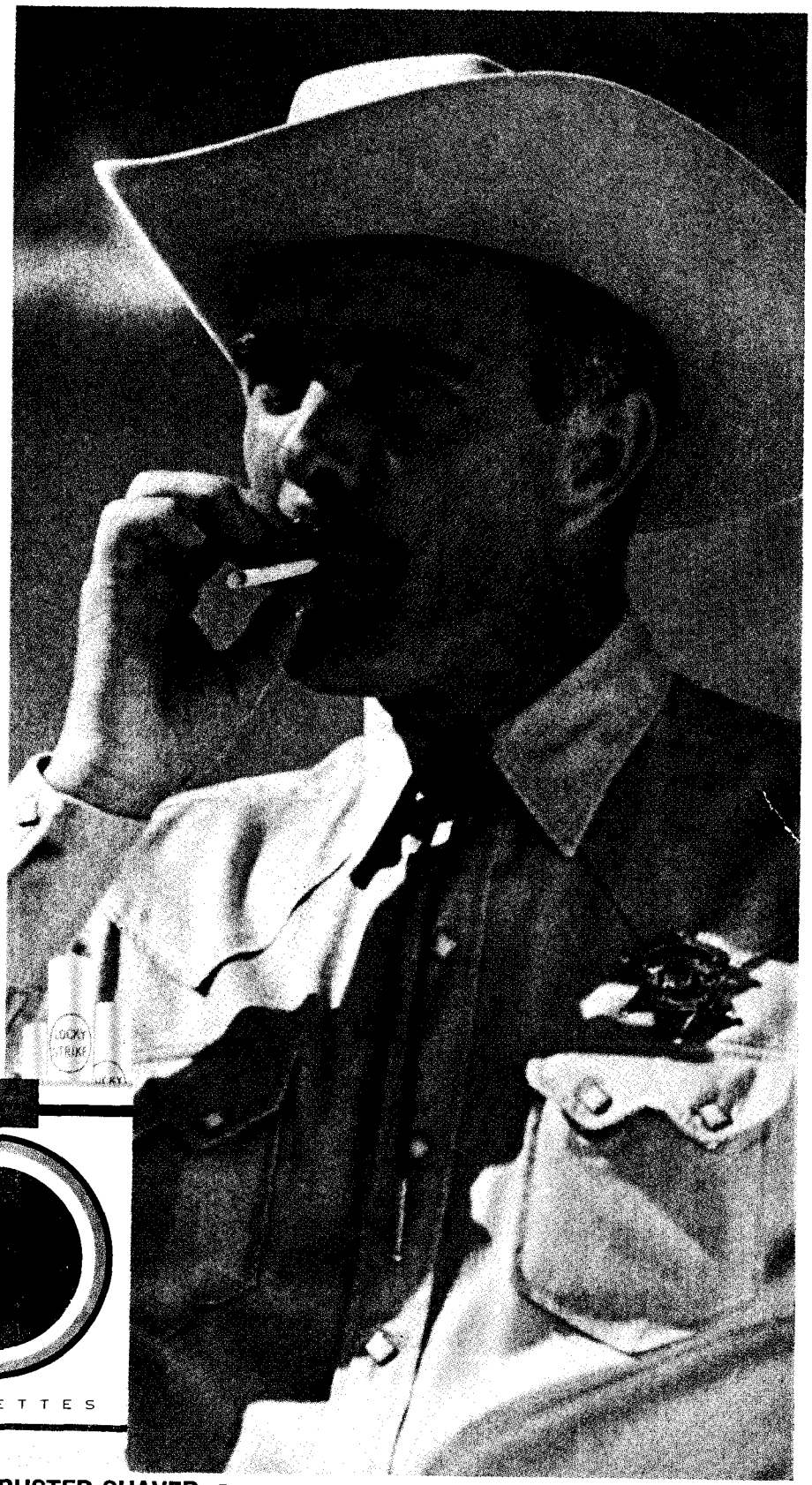
Get Lucky

the taste to start with...the taste to stay with

DON SCHWALL, American League Rookie of the Year, is starting his second year with the Red Sox and with Luckies.



BUSTER SHAVER, Deputy Marshal of Scottsdale, Arizona, has stayed a Lucky Strike man for twenty-three years.

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SPEAKING OUT

says, the South thinks of the Civil War as it thinks of Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

The fact is, however, that the Civil War was the first modern war. It was the war the North won because the North realized it was an industrial war—a war won by a superior advantage in men, matériel, transportation and logistics. All wars since then have been won in this way, which is why the North finds it harder to throw itself unreservedly into the centennial celebration. The Civil War was a continuation of the North's history, not its climax, and it is far more difficult to verbalize and mythologize about continuity. Thus the celebration in the North has been largely carried on by publishing ventures.

Books on every conceivable aspect of the war inundate library shelves. But then, the North has always been, according to many Southerners, materialistic. Whether the centennial celebration has brought the publishers profits, I have no way of knowing. While it is eventful to read books by Bruce Catton and Lenoir Chambers, I am not sure I can devote the time to obscure major generals and books based on such ideas as "I Rode With Longstreet," "I Rode With Lee" and "I Rode With Jackson."

In 1962 the North does not need instruction. It knew in 1862 that it was fighting to preserve the Union and free the slaves. Historians may say that the Confederate States did not war against those objectives, but rather were trying to preserve a way of life. Nevertheless, those were the objectives accomplished by the Emancipation Proclamation and the surrender at Appomattox.

For any reader not yet persuaded of the silliness of the centennial, I recommend *Catechism on the History of the Confederate States of America*. That little brochure, issued by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Tennessee Division, and intended for the patriotic instruction of the Southern child, has such questions and answers as:

Q: Did slavery exist among other civilized nations?
A: Yes, in nearly all.

Q: Why did not slavery continue to exist in the State(s) of New England?
A: Because they found it unprofitable, and they sold their slaves to the States of the South.

Q: How were slaves treated?
A: With great kindness and care in most cases, a cruel master being rare.

Q: What was the feeling of slaves toward their masters?
A: They were faithful and devoted and were always willing to serve them.

But if you really want an exhibition of plunging fully clothed into the past, think of one of the centennial committees, whose members pledge themselves to talk up John C. Calhoun at cocktail parties, ball games and backyard barbecues. John C. Calhoun was one of the tragic figures of American history. He so badly wanted to be President that he managed to author a lot of the South's woes by insisting it save its liberties by maintaining slavery and a plantation economy. I don't care how well prepared the barbecue is, it is not easy to digest John C. Calhoun as the long-lost Southern prophet.

I doubt, however, that any committee would ever propose a dramatic pageant to herald the day James B. Duke, the tobacco tycoon of North Carolina, lost, once and for all, the Southern cause. If there are Southerners who still consider Appomattox only a strategic displacement of troops in overall tactics, then let them know that the day Buck Duke built his first power station on the Catawba River, at Indian Hook Shoals in 1904, was the day of final defeat.

And since Buck Duke's time, every mayor of every Southern city, every chamber-of-commerce secretary, every state legislator, has been scurrying through the North looking for industry. In the past thirty years they have found it too. Parts of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania are depressed because of the factories which have pulled up stakes and relocated in the South with its milder climate, its limitless land, its superior natural resources and its unorganized labor.

The ideas which the mayor, the chamber-of-commerce secretary and the legislator sell the Northern manager are not the ideas of chivalry and honor and family. They are instead the ideas of the middle class, the ideas of city people who run factories, sell cars and manage national distributorships. Certainly they are not the values of an isolated, provincial, agrarian aristocracy. They are the values of the people who have had and continue to have the comfort and prosperity of the industrial middle class of America.

Was the "Old South" a Myth?

The chamber-of-commerce fellows are selling the ideals of the modern industrial world because the ideals of the Old South were only make-believe currency. The Old South flourished because Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin, and the cotton gin followed appreciably after Dan'l Boone hiked into Kentucky. There were Southerners before 1800, but there was no "Old South." One of our Southern writers, Wilbur J. Cash, in his book *The Mind of the South*, recalled that boys who cleared out the Indians in the Carolina backwoods lived to command brigades at Bull Run, which means that the Old South could not have been more than two generations old.

The fact is that the Old South was nothing more than a myth and a poem and as Jimmy Street, another Southern writer, put it, a malady for which there fortunately is a vaccine—the industrial payroll.

The Civil War started with the Negro in slave cabins. But all of the blanks and muskets and beards and chattering Calhoun champions will not disguise the truth that Negroes serve today on the Republican and Democratic national committees. The real Confederates found cover behind occasional tar-paper shacks. In their place today, the re-created regiments and brigades have to charge around factories where the skilled workmen inside knock off a few minutes to cheer them on.

The time has come to end the Civil War because we are one country with one economy. We cannot take time out from industrial and urban problems of unemployment, housing, schooling and civil rights to indulge ourselves in silly excess, celebrating a time that no longer is—and never was. The truth is that, at best, the rather expensive centennial provides but a minor amusement for the people who are paying off mortgages and putting by the money to send a son to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill or a daughter to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. **THE END**

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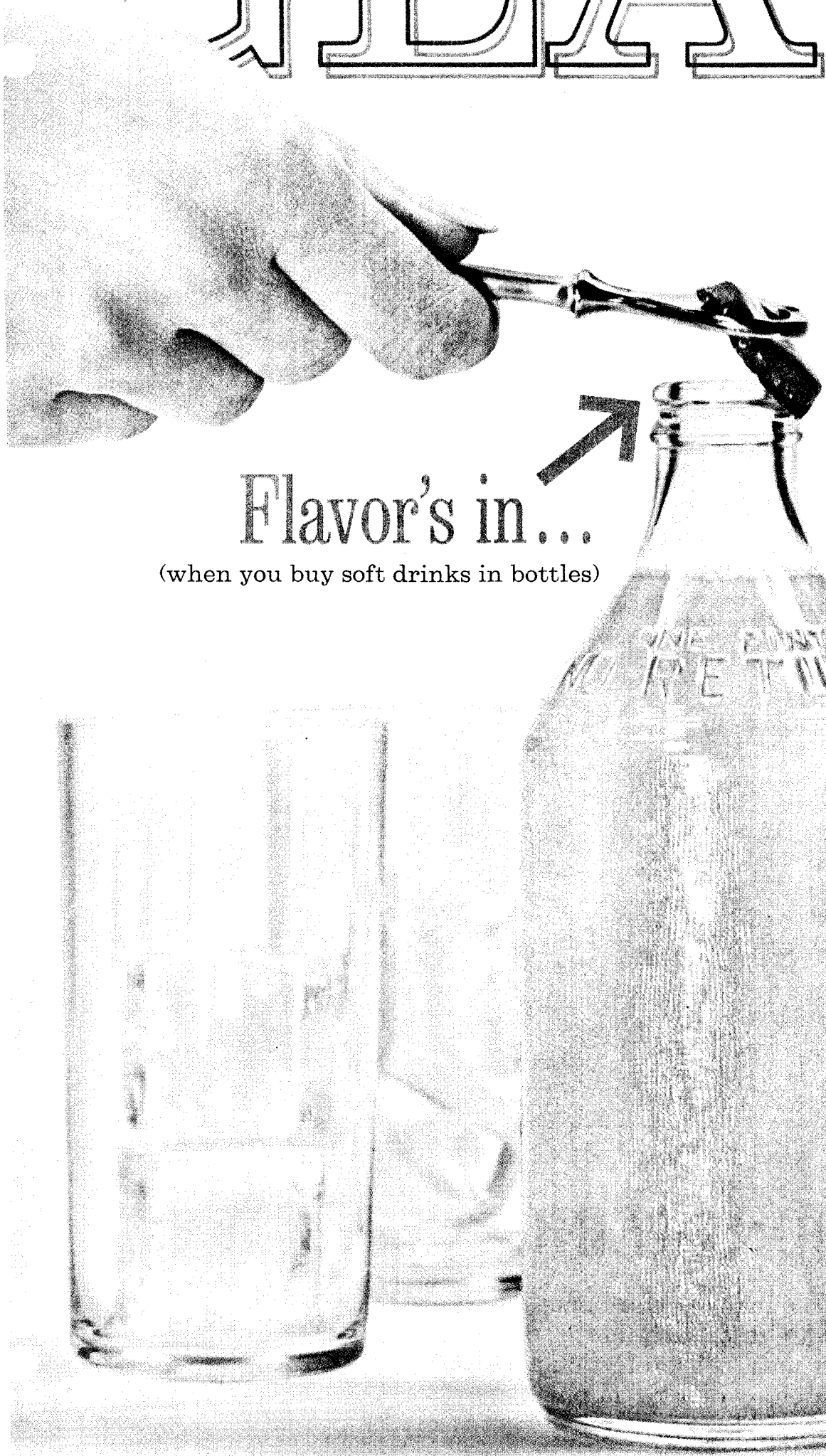
GLASS



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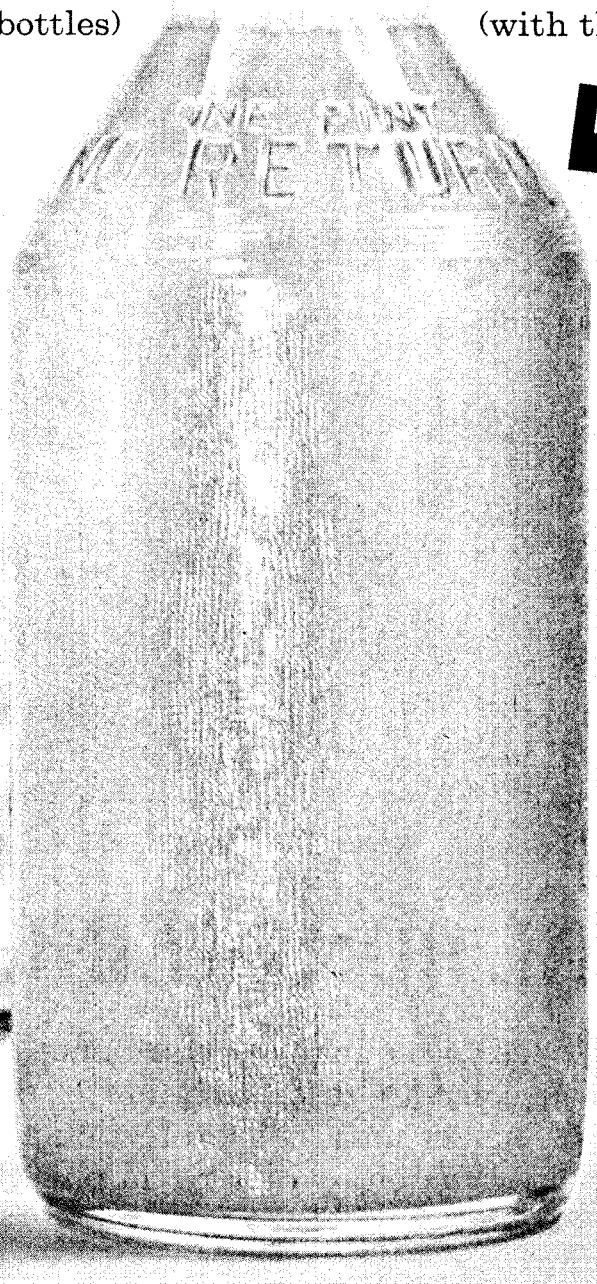
returns are out!

(with these handy no-deposit bottles)



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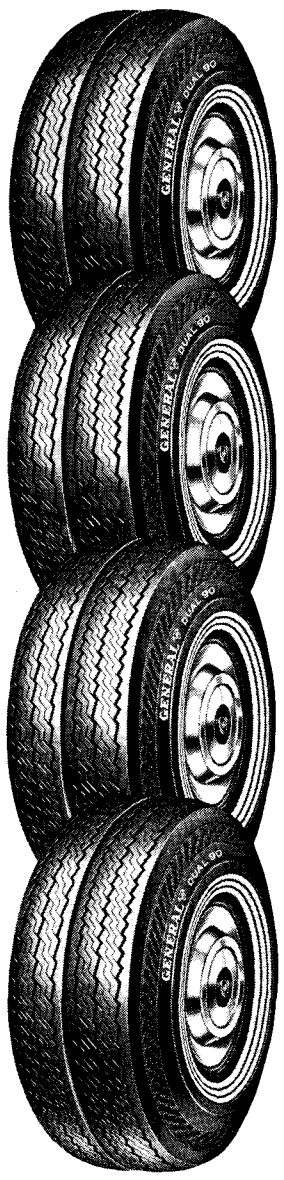

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Amarillo Baker-Askew Tire Co., Inc.
Ed Flood Oil Co.
Andrews Grissom Oil
Austin General Tire Service Co. of Austin
Baytown Buck Turner Chevrolet
Beaumont Paty General Tire Service of Beaumont, Inc.
Big Lake Turner Bros. Oil Co.
Big Spring Oldham Oil Co.
Bowie Airington Oil Co.
Brady Vinson & Crew
Brenham E. W. Pflughaupt Tire Service
Bridgeport Rex Bird Motor Co.
Brownwood Brown Bros.
Bryan *Cade Motor Co.*
Buckholts Davis's Store
Canutillo Jones Distributing Co.
Carrizo Springs Anderson-Butler Motors
Cleveland Matthews Tire & Supply
Clute Norman's Service Station
Copperas Cove B & G Auto Supply
Corpus Christi All Tidelands Service Stations
Lloyd's General Tire Serv.
Crockett Motor Fuels & Supply Co.
Cuero Smith Duckett Motor Co.
Dallas Ed Daugherty General Tire Service
W. O. Bankston Oldsmobile, Inc.
Freeman Oldsmobile Co.
Friendly Chevrolet Co.
Del Rio Brumley Buick Dinsmoor Bros.
Denison Stanley Ward Tire Co., Inc.
Eagle Lake Flintex Oil Co.
Eastland Muirhead Motors
El Paso General Tire Service of El Paso
Fabens John W. Kirk, Distributor
Falfurrias Gardner Chevrolet Co., Inc.
Floydada O. K. Rubber Welders
Fort Stockton Pecos-Big Bend Oil Co.
Fort Worth Hertel General Tire Co.
Frankston Phillips Oil Co.
Freeport Parts, Inc.
Galveston Hairston's
Haskell Mar-Ket Equipment
Henderson Huff & Nelson *Safety Lanes*
Hereford Hereford Butane, Inc.
Houston Paty General Tire Co.
Dixon Tire Co., Inc.
Huntsville Wood Motors, Inc.
Irving Ed Daugherty General Tire Service
Jacksonville Cherokee Motors
Jefferson Jefferson Service & Supply Co.
Karnes City Red Ewald Tractor Co.
Kenedy Equipment Maintenance Co.
Kermit Lipham Oil Co.
Smitty's Super Service
Kerrville Schreiner Ford Center
Kilgore Grant Tire Co.
Killeen Weaver's Gulf Station
Kingsville K. A. Childs Motor Co.
Laredo Laredo General Tire Sales
Levelland P & R Tire & Motor Co.
Superior Gas, Inc.
Livingston Reuter's Building Material & Supply
Helton & Hodges
Lometa M. L. Ivy Service Station
Longview Fuller General Tire Co.
Lubbock Lubbock General Tire Service
Horkey Oil Co., Inc.
Lufkin Curry McElroy Tire Co.
Mathis Stone Brothers
McAllen General Tire Service
Midland Midland Tire Company
Monahans Reed Tire Co.
Golden Chevrolet Co., Inc.
Morton Luper Tire & Motor Co.
Nacogdoches Herman Power Tire Store
New Braunfels Berg Truck & Implement Co.
Odessa Garrison General Tire Service
Ozona Knox Motor Co.
Pampa Western Tire Co.
Paris Lamar Oil Company
Paris Oil Products
Pasadena Paty General Tire Service, Inc. of Pasadena
Pecos Pecos Tire Service
Port Lavaca Elliott's
Sacul Joe Pye Automotive & Truck
San Angelo Red Covington Tire Service
Westbrook Oil Co.
San Antonio General Tire of San Antonio
Joske's of Texas, General *Tire & Auto Supply Store*
Kindell Tire Co.
Seagraves Mack Hill Oil Co.
Silsbee Simmons Radio & Appliances
Snyder Worley Oil Co.
Sonora R. S. Teaff Oil Co.
Taylor H. A. Wilson Motor Co.
Temple Paul Boyd Ford, Inc.
Texarkana Fox Tire Co.
Texas City Texas City Tire Shop, Inc.
Tulia Jennings Supply
Tyler The General Tire Service of Tyler
Uvalde Uvalde General Tire
Van Horn Troy Graves Oil Co.
Vernon The Parr Store
Victoria Victoria General Tire Service, Inc.
Waco Boyle General Tire Co.
Waxahachie Stoffergen Implement
Wichita Falls Hodges Tire Co.
Winnsboro Rollen Bros. Equipment Co.
Yoakum Reichert Motor Co.
All El Paso Dealers
All Ark-La Service Centers

UTAH

Bingham Canyon Taylor's Service
Blanding Abajo Petroleum Co.
Cedar City Bradshaw Chevrolet Co.
Green River Eugene Hunt Oil Co.
Murray Laury Miller, Inc.
Ogden Jensen Bros. General Tire Service
Salt Lake City Wheeler General Tire Co.
Winn & Co., Inc.
Provo Mountain Valley General Tire
Vernal Cal & Jack's Fleet Tire Service
All El Paso Dealers

WASHINGTON

Aberdeen S & W General Tire Service, Inc.
Auburn Webster Automotive Service
Burlington Hoehn Tire Service
Centralia Naismith & Davis
Everett Rainbow Tire Service
Renton Renton General Tire Service
Richland Richland Tire Exchange
Ritzville O. K. Rubber Welders
Seattle General Tire Co.
Spokane Tire Service Co.
Tacoma Sam's Tire Service
Toppenish City Tire Service
Vancouver Evergreen Tire Service & Sales
Walla Walla Ford's Tire Service
Wenatchee Wenatchee General Tire Co.
Yakima Tire Sales & Equipment

WYOMING

Casper Wilson General Tire Service
Cheyenne Chief Tire & Recapping Service, Inc.
Kemmerer Don's Standard Service
Lyman Bridger Valley Motor
Rock River Brown & Nelson
Rock Springs Chief Tire Co.
Sheridan T. & S. Tire & Tread, Inc.
Thermopolis *Smith General* Tire Co.
Worland Mountain Tire & Tread, Inc.

ALBERTA

Calgary General Tire of Calgary
Calgary Motor Products
Edmonton General Tire of Edmonton
Lethbridge Enerson Motors Limited

B. C.

Coronation, Kelowna Lebraun Sales, Ltd.
Langley General Tire of Vancouver
Vancouver General Tire of Vancouver
Dueck on Broadway

MANITOBA

Winnipeg York Tire Service Limited

N. B.

Fredericton Auto Machinery & General Supply Co. Ltd.

NEWFOUNDLAND

St. John's Grouchy's Limited

NOVA SCOTIA

Halifax Scotia Chevrolet-Oldsmobile Limited
Truro Paterson Motors, Ld.

ONTARIO

Brantford Kett Motors Limited
Fort Erie Chris Eden Limited
Hamilton General Tire of Hamilton
Killaloe Hokum's Tire Service
London McManus Motors Ltd.
Oakville Stirling-Dynes Limited
Oshawa General Tire of Oshawa
Ottawa General Tire of Ottawa
Sault Ste. Marie Desanti Tire & Vulcanizing Limited
Scarborough Scarborough Tire & Spring Serv., Ltd.
Toronto Ed Crowe Tire Sales Limited
General Tire of Toronto
Green & Ross Tire Co., Limited
Addison on Bay Ltd.
Val Gagne Guay's Garage Co., Ltd.
Welland Jantzi Motors Ltd.

QUEBEC

Berthierville Brissette Automobile Ltée
Chicoutimi Chicoutimi Roberval Oil Inc.
Drummondville Delisle Auto Drummondville Ltée
Granby Coulombe et Fils, Inc.
LaSarre Abitibi Delisle Auto LaSarre Ltée
LaTuque Delisle Auto LaTuque Ltée
Lorrainville Delisle Auto Lorrainville Ltée
Montreal City Tire Co., Limited
Modern Motors Ltd.
Jarry & Frere Co. Ltée
Jarry Automobile Ltée
Ludger Gravel et Fils Ltée
Quebec City Maurice Rousseau & Co., Ltd.
Gendron-Lamoureux Ltée
Rouyn Delisle Auto Rouyn Ltée
Shawinigan Falls Delisle Auto Shawinigan Ltée
Three Rivers Delisle Auto Three Rivers Ltée
Val D'Or *Delisle Auto* Val D'Or Ltée
Victoriabille Garage J. R. Plourde Ltée

SASKATCHEWAN

Regina York Tire Service (Regina) Ltd.

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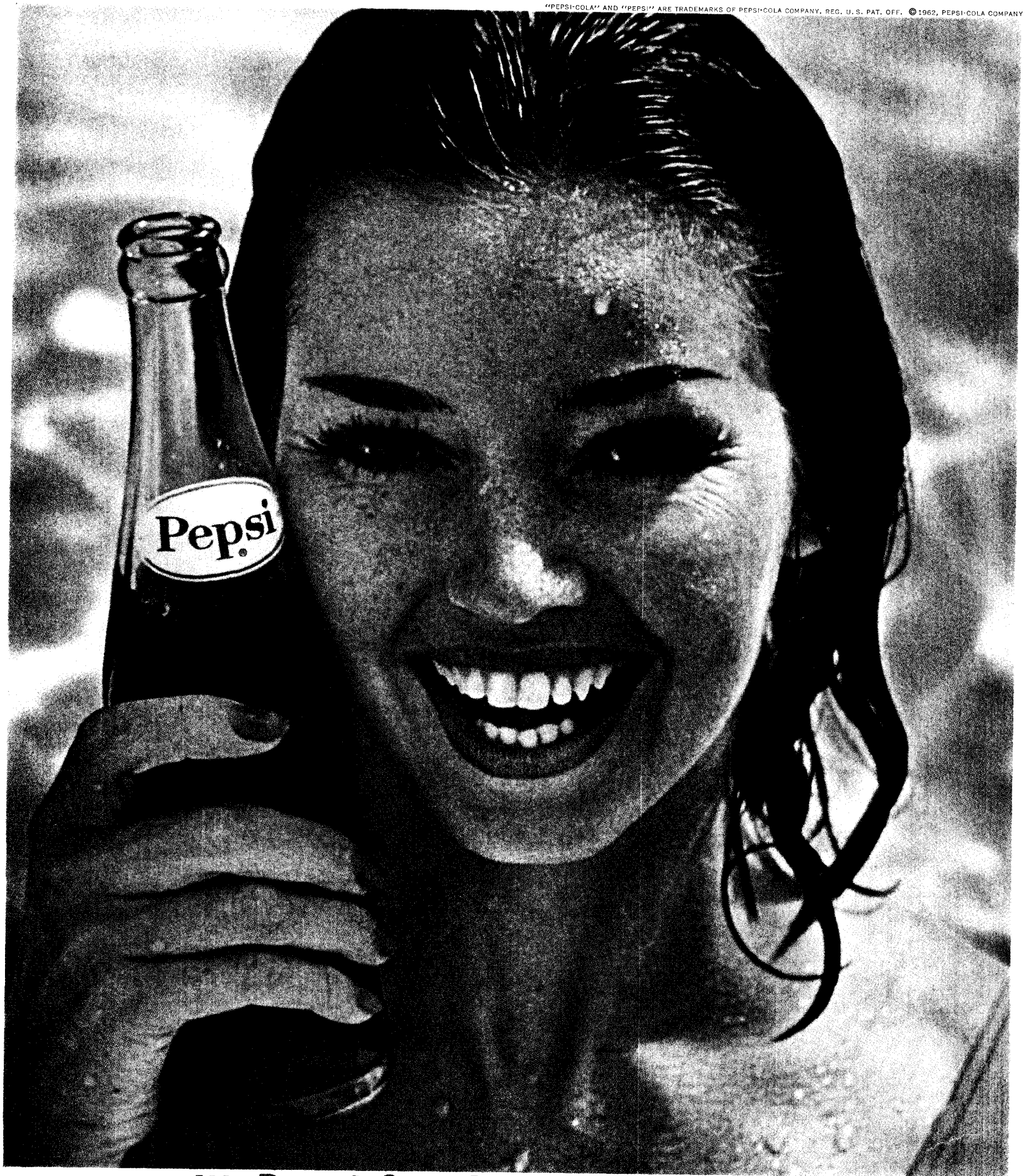

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Thinking young is a wholesome attitude, an enthusiastic outlook. It means getting the most out of life, and everyone can join in. This is the life for Pepsi —light, bracing, clean-tasting Pepsi. Think young. Say "Pepsi, please!"

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

Are We Headed In The Wrong Direction?

As a spokesman for the "loyal opposition," Ike discusses current trends in Washington and urges all Americans, regardless of political party, to "think hard and long about the road ahead."

By DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

At a Republican gathering on his Gettysburg farm, Ike told businessmen to get into politics—"and quick."

In recent months some of the newspapers have at times referred to me as one of the spokesmen for the "loyal opposition." It is an ancient and honorable term, derived from the British, and I like it. I like it because it suggests that in a free political society—such as we have in this country—a citizen may be patriotic, sincerely loyal to his country and the Government, and at the same time oppose strongly many of the measures of the party in power.

On several occasions during the spring and early-summer months—at press conferences and in speeches—I have voiced my doubts, and in some cases my acute unhappiness, about the direction the present Administration is moving in its domestic programs. In this article for *The Saturday Evening Post* I hope to set down in orderly form some of my thoughts on these matters, to elaborate on them a bit and to explore a few points on which I have not spoken previously.

In the first place, may I say that this article is in no sense intended as a campaign speech—for anybody. Rather, it is an argument for what I believe to be good governmental policies. I believe deeply, of course, in the Republican doctrine, but I certainly do not insist that my party has a monopoly on sound ideas. There are some men in the Democratic Party who have a solid, healthy, commonsense political philosophy and frequently act accordingly. Consequently, what I have to say here is directed to everyone who is concerned about the future of our country, regardless of party affiliation. It is an appeal to Americans to think long and hard about the road ahead.

One of the present trends which disturb me greatly is the apparent thirst for more and more power centered in the Federal Government—and particularly in the executive branch. At times it seems we are losing sight of a fundamental principle that the founders of this nation built into our political institutions—a simple principle, basic to democracy. It is this: *The leader of a democracy is not the source of power; he merely directs it. Power*

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"The Administration farm bill was one of the most repressive measures ever laid before our Congress . . .

derives from, and must remain in, the people. Historically, when the power that belonged to the people was concentrated in the hands of one family, we had the absolute monarch; today, when political power is seized in any nation by Communists, we have the totalitarian state such as Soviet Russia or Red China.

I would not for a moment suggest that we in America are approaching totalitarianism—the monolithic state; the extremists who shout that we are already teetering on *that* brink not only are being rather ridiculous but are also making it more difficult for sensible men to preach good government. Yet one cannot help wondering how far down the present road we can go—constantly investing Washington with greater and more detailed power over the lives of people—without arriving at something quite different from the free society which for almost 200 years has been the bedrock of the American system.

Let us consider briefly, for example, the case of the crackdown on Big Steel this past spring. Millions of words have been written about that sorry episode, and I do not flatter myself that I can add anything that might increase public enlightenment on the subject. But this one thought occurs to me: In the end this arbitrary display of power by the executive branch might turn out to be a good thing! It might be the danger signal that this country needs. I suspect that it was an eye-opener for millions of citizens who had grown rather indifferent, if not complacent, about the mounting powers of Federal Government. And it could be that even some of the key people in the Administration who had a hand in the punitive moves against the steel industry are now having long second thoughts about the propriety of the methods employed.

Government by Intimidation

Having no detailed knowledge about the economics of steel manufacturing, I am unable to say whether or not the companies were entitled to the 3.5 percent price increase, which brought down on their heads the wrath of the Administration. It seems obvious that the timing of the announcement by Big Steel—coming almost immediately after a major labor settlement—was bad public relations. But it is also clear that no industry can forever hold a rigid line on prices when its costs continue to mount year after year.

In any event, when the Administration angrily stepped into this matter with threats and penalties, thus forcing a cancellation of the price increase, it used intimidation—a method that I cannot believe is compatible with our free-enterprise system, except in grave emergency. The result was a noticeable deterioration in the spirit of cooperation which for some years has been growing up between Government and industry.

It has been argued endlessly whether or not the Government's action brought on the precipitate stock-market collapse of a few weeks later. However, I believe that by this time most economists—except those in the Administration, who I suppose must have exercised a profound influence in the matter—are agreed that while there were other important elements in the general market situation presaging a decline in stock prices, the action against Big Steel did help trigger the near panic of selling, which was such a shock to our economy. Otherwise, the gradual readjustment of prices which had been in progress since January first might have continued in an orderly fashion, and the savings of many modest investors would not have been so severely damaged.

"Profits" Not a Dirty Word

Once it became obvious that great damage had been done, the White House issued statements friendly to business and proposed measures to give the economy a shot in the arm—including an across-the-board tax cut next year. In any event, we can hope that the theorists, who seem to be so influential in the Administration, have learned a harsh lesson about the dangers of excessive tinkering with our free economy.

While we are on the subject of business, I want to say a word about the American profit system—and about businessmen. Somehow during the past generation "profits" has become almost a dirty word. This has come about partly through demagoguery and partly through the planned-economy doctrine, earnestly espoused by some of the theoreticians. As nearly as I can make out, the latter would have business operate in a vacuum of no strikes, no profits and no risks—forgetting that then there likewise would be no production.

Our system can function, and remain healthy, only through reasonable profits. The livelihood of most of us depends on them. The proprietor of the cleaning-and-pressing establishment, the corner delicatessen, the filling station and millions of other small-business operators—and their employees—depend just as much on a fair return on the money they have invested as do America's giants of industry. The little business which cannot make a profit is inevitably forced to the wall, and its employees are thrown out of work. The farmer cannot exist—cannot buy the modern machinery he must have and the fertilizers he needs to keep vigor in the soil—without profits.

In the area of big business the day is long since past when ownership was in the hands of a few large investors. Monopolies of financial power no longer exist in this country; wisely, the American people are just as unwilling to submit to financial monopoly as they are to political monopoly. Today our large corporations are owned by approximately 17,000,000 individual stockholders, and these people, too, expect and are entitled to profits on their investment. Furthermore, even those among us who own no stocks usually have an indirect, but nevertheless vital, stake in the prosperity of our corporations—through participation in company pension funds, savings accounts and life-insurance policies.

And finally, when I hear some of the claptrap that theorists voice these days against our American profit system, I can't help indulging in a bit of sardonic amusement over their inconsistencies. For they are usually the same people who want larger and larger Government budgets to do more of everything for everybody. They seem to forget that profits are also a principal source of Federal Government income—that when profits diminish and unemployment increases, so does tax revenue diminish. At this moment, for example, the Administration is worried because the gross national product this year may add up to only $555,000,000,000 instead of the $570,000,000,000 which it predicted earlier. That seems like a fairly minor lag in business—but even that much of a drop from forecasts can have a serious effect on projected tax revenues. And if the drop should become the forerunner of a more definite downturn, governmental revenues would decline drastically.

Enlightened Breed of Businessmen

If our American profit system is not perfect—and it isn't—it is still the best system yet devised for progress and the well-being of people who value personal liberty. During the past fifteen years I have come to know a great many of our business and industrial leaders rather well—some of the self-righteous pundits have said I know too many of them. In any event, I can testify that the men who run our vast business complex these days are for the most part an enlightened breed. To illustrate: Suppose we consider just one facet of the modern business world, the area of company-employee relations, in which, in the relatively short time since the end of World War II, the change for the better has been remarkable. Solid company pension plans, strongly funded; company insurance plans, both life and accident; medical-care plans, frequently paid for all or in part by the firm; expertly staffed company medical departments to supplement and aid the family doctor—all these and many other benefits have been instituted in profusion. Much of this advance has come voluntarily, with management taking the lead—and *all of it comes out of profits.*

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. . . Dumping surpluses, an almost inconceivably reckless thing to do, might drive us into a major agricultural crisis."

One evening this past spring I visited the Union League of Philadelphia. Now there was a time, I am told, when the Union League, which is composed largely of the business and professional leaders of that area, was habitually labeled a fortress of reaction. If that accusation was ever justified, it is not today. I had a delightful evening with the gentlemen of that League. I heard no dreary complaints about such things as Social Security, unemployment insurance or the principle of the graduated income tax. What I heard mostly was in the form of exploratory discussion, the principal object being the good of the country. My own Republicanism felt at home with people who were clearly concerned, principally, with national progress and individual responsibility.

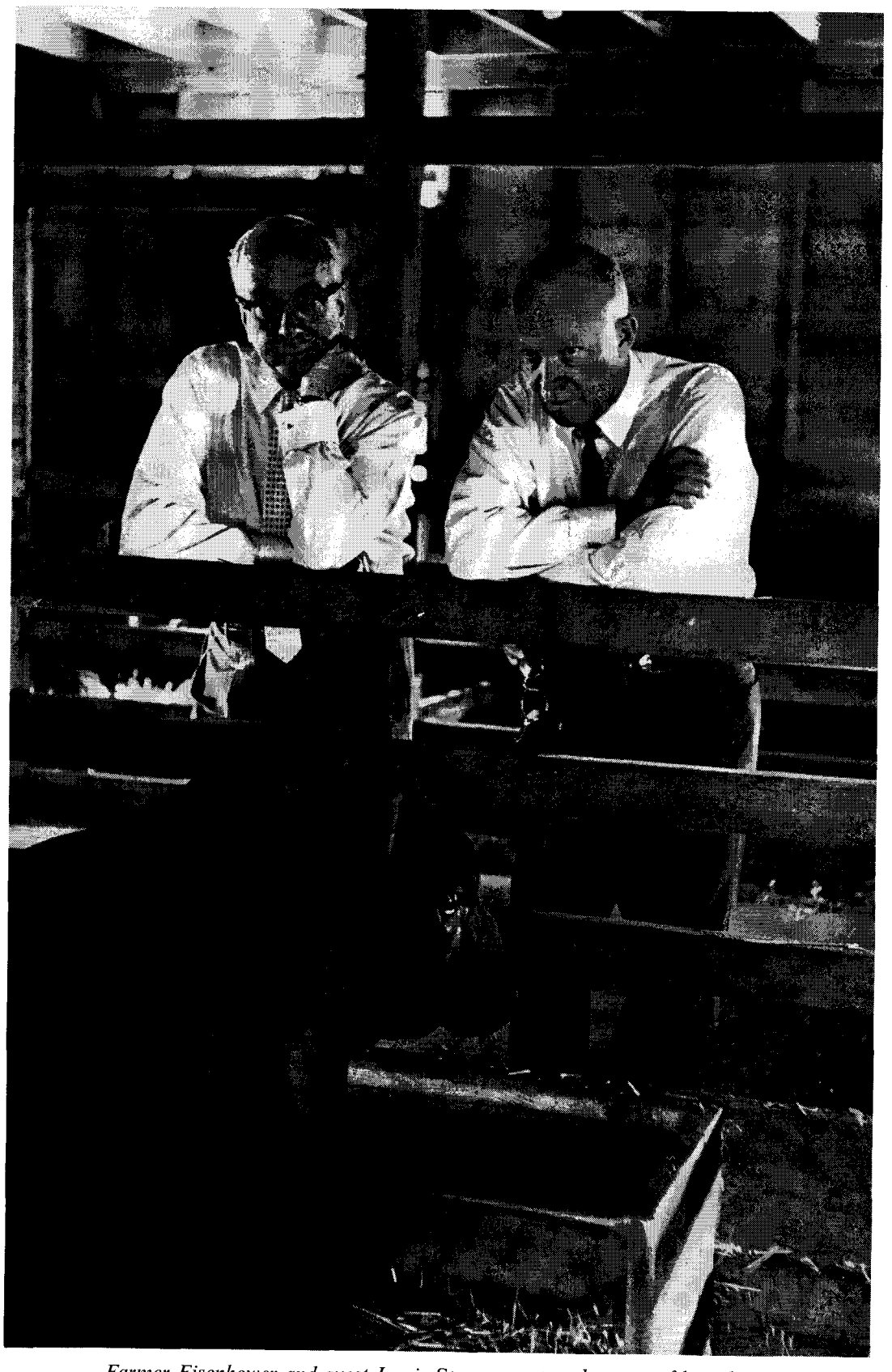
To be sure, there will always be some people in the business community who, for reasons of greed, take advantage of our system. When a Billie Sol Estes appears on the scene, he must be dealt with. When a group of manufacturing firms makes the error of stifling competition by fixing prices illegally, as happened recently, they should be brought up short—as they were. And when some labor leaders are found false to their trust, as happened some time ago, action should be taken against them—as it was. Vigilance is one of the duties of Government.

But it is also the function of our Government to create a favorable climate in which free enterprise can work at its best. Obviously that cannot be done merely by friendly words, by appeals for the cooperation of business. It cannot be done by giving the theorists free rein always to dream up bigger and more glittering Federal programs. And, most assuredly, it cannot be done by constantly seeking more governmental power over our economic life. On the other hand, it can be done by leadership—a leadership that deals not only in words but in action and example as well.

Less, Not More, Farm Control

There are other directions in which the Administration seems intent on reaching out for greater powers. One of the most objectionable of these is reflected in the farm bill developed by the Department of Agriculture. The bill passed the Senate after having been modified somewhat in committee. Shortly afterward, it was defeated by an almost unanimous vote of the Republicans in the House, assisted by forty-eight courageous and discerning Democrats. Possibly a substitute will soon be scheduled. But because the bill, as originally presented, reflects the purposes and aims of the Administration, it deserves our attention.

For as long as most of us can remember, our Government has been engaged in trying to assure the farmers an income comparable to that of other



Farmer Eisenhower and guest Lewis Strauss contemplate one of his Black Angus herd. Ike applauds the defeat of the recent Administration farm bill.

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"The tax burden imposed on young couples—who, of course, usually have modest incomes—is already . . .

occupational groups. At best, success has been spotty—and the cost to the taxpayers has been astronomical. During my Administration Secretary Benson tried hard to get the farmer started back on the road to fewer controls, to a freer agricultural economy, to a program that in the end would be far less costly and more profitable to the farmer because of expanded markets. His efforts reflected my own thinking, and I consistently stood behind him when various interests were after his scalp. He was not able to make much of a start in the right direction because too many Congressmen and some farm leaders were against him—the latter mostly from one of the more radical of the farmer organizations.

"I Would Go to Jail if Necessary"

The Administration bill that was defeated was one of the most repressive measures ever laid before our Congress. It had in it what has been colorfully called—and with some justice, I think—the "blackjack" provision. It said in effect that if the farmers involved did not accept the new controls by a two-thirds vote, the Government could punish them by dumping much of its huge farm surpluses on the market at will. So here again we have the use of naked threat. The dumping of surpluses, an almost inconceivably reckless thing to do, might well drive us into a major agricultural crisis—and worse.

Another provision of the bill, which Secretary Freeman later consented to have dropped, set up penalties involving jail sentences for farmers who failed to comply with certain regulations set forth in the measure. When I learned of this proposal, I rather explosively exclaimed that if these provisions were enacted into law and applied to a raiser of beef cattle (which I am) I would offer myself as a test case. I said that I would go to jail if necessary and conduct a public monologue on human rights from behind the bars.

Although these remarks were made only in conversations with friends, they were inevitably made public and were noted in the newspapers. Because this position had already been abandoned by the Agriculture Department, everybody had a good laugh, and that was that. However, as I then understood the matter, I meant what I said; I felt just that strongly about the use of threats and compulsion to control the lives of Americans.

Another startling section of the farm bill would have put the Department of Agriculture in the business of helping finance and plan such recreational facilities as bowling alleys, dance halls, motels, swimming pools and golf links. The alleged purpose of this provision was to take more land out of production and convert it into recreational areas with all the trimmings. It would be done through loans to farmers and to local units of government on federally planned and approved projects. The Federal Government would then step out of the picture and leave the operation of these playgrounds in the hands of the farmers or the local interests involved.

Most of us, I am sure, are in favor of recreation, and we do need more recreational areas in this country. But what a way to provide this kind of facility—with another vast bureaucracy in the already gigantic Department of Agriculture and another huge Federal spending program! Already we have taken a good many million acres of substandard farmland out of production through various conservation measures now on the books, and doubtless still more poor land should be retired. But does the Federal Government have to get into the bowling-alley and motel business to accomplish this objective? As I travel about the country, I have not noted any apparent dearth of private capital for these types of enterprises.

Administration's Push for Power

There is not space in this article to list all the many proposals and actions which the Administration has pushed for a greater concentration of Federal power but, merely as a sample, I mention a few of them:

1. Authority for the President to modify income taxes whenever he should so decide.

2. Authority for the President to finance, wherever and whenever he pleases, large-scale emergency public works by diversion of funds directed to other purposes by Congress.

3. Authority to dilute the independence of the Federal Reserve Board—one of the most vital agencies in Government—by making the term of its chairman, who is appointed by the President, concurrent with that of the President. Thus the President, upon the assumption of office, could appoint immediately a new chairman whose economic philosophy coincided with his own. Yet, historically, the function of the Federal Reserve Board has been predicated on its *independence, not only from financial interests of all kinds, but also from all political pressures and philosophies.*

4. Authority for the Federal bureaucracy to take over a whole host of state and local responsibilities, including the proposal for a Department of Urban Affairs with a secretary in the Cabinet. (The latter proposal was defeated, but we can never be sure that it won't come up again.)

5. Authority to federalize the unemployment-compensation system of this country.

6. Authority to modify by presidential edict virtually the entire tariff structure of this country. Now, I agree that we need an overhaul of trade policies and laws to enable us to compete successfully with the European Common Market, but whatever additional powers we give to the Executive Branch should be, I strongly believe, strictly limited by the Congress in time and scope.

In any event, my years in the White House convinced me that the office of the President, which is already one of the most powerful in the world, needs no bolstering with further prerogatives. Rather the problem is to use the existing power *firmly, temperately and wisely.*

Next let's take a look at Federal expenditures. A couple of months ago Senator Harry F. Byrd, the highly respected Virginia Democrat who heads the powerful Senate Finance Committee, came up with a startling figure. After probing deeply into Government finance and applying the same accounting methods that any sound business institution would use in projecting its balance sheet into the future, the Senator stated that the Federal Government, just through the 1963 fiscal year, "will have current authority to obligate funds, outstanding Federal debt and other commitments of at least $1,242 billion." If you should try to carry forward the computation beyond 1963, he said, you would quickly find that Federal commitments for the future are "beyond calculation." Most of us, I suppose, find such vast sums almost meaningless, but just for the record, Senator Byrd's figure, with all its zeros, looks like this: $1,242,000,000,000.

"We Have Mortgaged the Future"

Our national debt alone—just the money the Government has already borrowed and must pay back—now stands at about $300,000,000,000. Interest on the Federal debt during the coming year will rise to about $9,400,000,000 annually. It is futile to belabor the point with endless figures, but clearly we have already mortgaged the future of the country far into the coming decades.

As I look around me and see what a serious financial problem our young people are having today, I am forced to think sadly, how intolerable will be the plight of the young as the years roll on—unless we now begin to use enough common sense to call a sharp halt on public spending for every bright new idea that the planners dream up. The tax burden imposed on young couples—who, of course, usually have modest incomes—is already so great that many of them find it almost impossible to start a home with even the minimum essentials.

Consider for a moment what they must pay before they even begin to live. Start with the minimum Federal income tax of 20 percent; add in Social Security which, for anyone who earns as much as $4800, this year rose to $150 and is scheduled to go up to $222 by 1968; then tack on

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. . . so great that many of them find it almost impossible to start a home with even the minimum essentials."

state income taxes, city wage taxes, school taxes, sales taxes in profusion, real-estate and personal-property taxes and all the hidden taxes which are never seen.

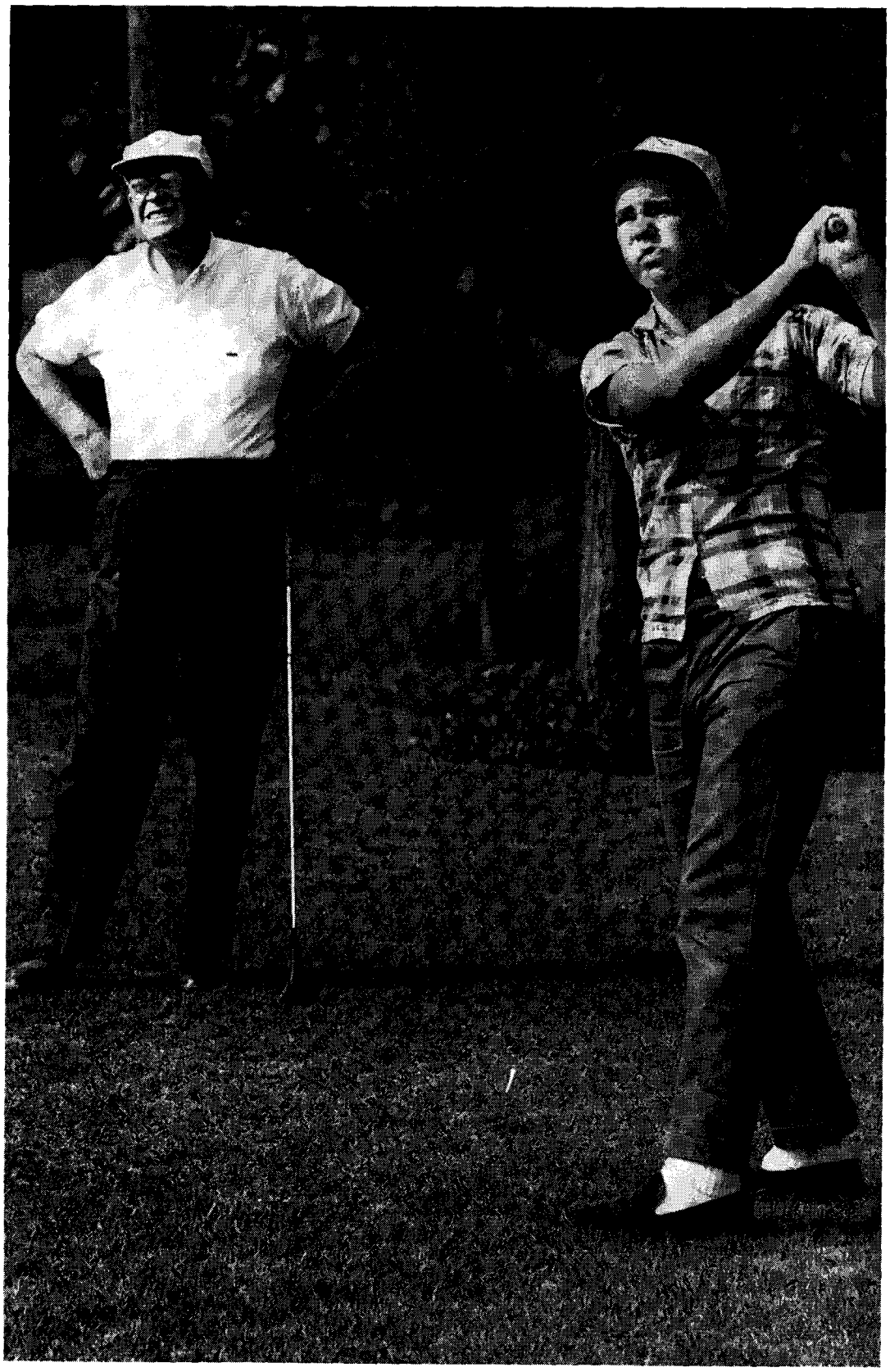
Already we have reached the point where it is almost routine for parents—those who can manage to do so—to help young couples rather extensively during the early years of their married life. But should we ignore the millions whose parents cannot give financial assistance? Our planners ought to go into the homes of some of these youngsters and take a look; then ponder long and hard what *their* children a generation hence will face when they try to start their homes. I suggest that it is high time we think a bit about our young people, and the young people to come, instead of concentrating all our compassion on the indigent and the elderly.

Obligations of a Modern Nation

Of course, society—including government at all levels—must take care of the needy in this country, the unemployed and the others who are down on their luck; we must see to it that the elderly have the essentials of life and comfort, including proper medical care. A modern nation can do no less.

But current spending plans go far, far beyond these proper humanitarian objectives. In his statement on debt, Senator Byrd said that there have been some 200 actions and proposals involving new and increased Federal spending and credit since this Administration took over in January of 1961. In January of this year, the White House proposed a budget which called for $9,000,000,000 in increased spending, and it is still plugging hard for all its favorite schemes and measures—despite falling tax revenues. It now looks as if the Federal deficit this year will be around $7,000,000,000.

Now, to give the national economy a push, to promote the much greater "growth" which we heard so much about in the 1960 political campaign—but which hasn't come—the Administration is proposing across-the-board tax cuts for individuals and corporations. Of course we need a tax cut. Actually, what we need is a broad reform of our tax laws, which over the years have become a mishmash of inconsistencies. Yet I think it terribly dangerous, not only for the future but for the immediate present, to cut taxes while at the same time we go right ahead with all the increased spending plans that have been proposed. If we pile up further huge Government deficits, it is sure to set in motion again the sinister processes of inflation which robbed all of us of so much real income in the 1940's. The resumption of a sharp inflation could very quickly pick our pockets of



Ike, here with his grandson David on a golf course, warns that the economic plight of our youth will become intolerable unless we cut public spending.

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"I believe deeply in the Republican doctrine, but I don't insist my party has a monopoly on sound ideas . . .

all the extra spending money which tax cuts would put there. Here one is moved to ask a simple question: If promises to spend more are to provide the excuse for lowering taxes, why not go the whole way and have the Government spend so much we can eliminate taxes entirely?

And again we hear the old and shopworn shibboleths of the so-called "liberals" that deficits don't matter, that mounting debt can be a good thing, that the very term "balanced budget" is obsolete. Some members of the party in power have even suggested that the Federal debt limit—which has been raised by a few billions at a time over the years, but which nonetheless has served as a brake on spending—now should be abolished altogether. In other words, let the sky be the limit.

Liberal Clichés vs. Common Sense

On matters of spending and debt, the President suggested in a speech at Yale that we all should be more "sophisticated," that we should put aside the old "clichés" by which Americans so long lived and so hugely prospered. Well, possibly the shoe is on the other foot. It is the current crop of theoretical, and apparently influential, advisers now busily dragging out and trying to popularize the spurious "liberal" clichés of the '30's, who should be putting them aside in favor of daily doses of common sense.

So if we are to have tax cuts—and heaven knows we need them to give incentive to our economy—then we should not do it the easy way. *We should face up to the hard and unpopular job of balancing off any such cuts through the elimination of unnecessary spending.* It's more than good news to know that some of the most powerful congressional leaders of both parties have taken a public position for this sound procedure.

Speaking of clichés, I recently heard once again, in connection with a plea for more Federal money for medical research, the ancient one that "the saving of one child's life is far more important than a balanced budget." Such statements are meaningless; balanced budgets mean a continued solvency which in turn will support vast life-saving discoveries over the years; continued deficits could stop all this great work. Moreover, we know that money doesn't solve everything, although there are some people who think it can. Talent is often much harder to come by than is money! The growth of knowledge, including medical knowledge, comes slowly, little by little, like the growth of a tree; it must be nurtured and supported adequately, but astronomical sums of money are not going to change *that* principle of research any more than excessive amounts of water and fertilizer will suddenly produce a fully grown tree.

It is obvious that what we need in this country is to set up some sensible priorities on spending projects—to put first things first, do what we must do, and then do the other things we would like to do as the situation and our finances permit.

For example, no reasonable person wants to endanger national security by cutting defense spending below safe limits. The Red threat will be with us for a long time, and we must maintain a powerful military establishment—although, even here, money alone cannot solve the problem, and *to spend more than necessary can damage our overall position as surely as spending too little.*

By all means, we must carry on our explorations in space, but I frankly do not see the need for continuing this effort as such a fantastically expensive crash program. We learn that the Space Director is asking almost $4,000,000,000 this coming year for his agency alone—and future amounts are to go up progressively. Now I am just as proud as any other American of John Glenn and Scott Carpenter and our other astronauts. Indeed, I personally approved the project for selecting and training our future space explorers. But why the great hurry to get to the moon and the planets? We have already demonstrated that in everything except the power of our booster rockets we are leading the world in scientific space exploration. From here on, I think we should proceed in an orderly, scientific way, building one accomplishment on another, rather than engaging in a mad effort to win a stunt race.

Competing With Russia for Prestige

If we must compete with Soviet Russia for world "prestige," why not channel the struggle more along the lines in which we excel—and which mean so much to the masses of ordinary citizens? Let's put some other items in this "prestige" race: our unique industrial accomplishments, our cars for almost everybody instead of just the favored few, our remarkable agricultural productivity, our supermarkets loaded with a profusion of appetizing foods. Let's ask the world: "What has Soviet Russia or Red China got to compare with these achievements?" Why let the Communists dictate the terms of all the contests?

As I said earlier, we must solve the problem of adequate medical care for the aged, but I am opposed to doing this under Social Security, not only because it is compulsory, but because it doesn't really solve the problem. Under that system, in the end we would be handing out benefits to many elder citizens who don't need them, inadequate benefits to many others and, to still many others, none at all. I believe we should give our rapidly growing private medical-insurance plans, supplemented by the Kerr-Mills Act to assist those older people in genuine need, a better chance to prove their worth. I think that the Kerr-Mills law, which was enacted during the closing months of my regime, should include some provision to cope with catastrophic illness among the aged; it is not too late to amend the law.

In the field of education I was, and still am, for Federal aid to needy localities in the construction of buildings and other permanent facilities. I am not for having the Federal Government pay normal operating costs. Once the need for buildings has been met, Federal assistance could be cut off. But once we start paying the administrators and teachers, we will have, imbedded in the budget, a vast new Federal spending program that can never be terminated and which will almost inevitably induce school officials to run to Washington for new favors—thus giving the central government, eventually, direct control over education.

The above are merely examples of dozens of spending proposals which we might examine. My real point is to urge that all of us take a hard look at all these programs—including those for which there is genuine need. Even a nation as rich as the U.S.A. cannot have everything it wants all at once. This I know: If our country does not show the world, through sound fiscal policies, that it can meet its obligations, we will be headed for deep trouble. Worldwide loss of faith in the dollar would be a catastrophe of global proportions.

In other areas of activity, there are many things, both favorable and unfavorable, that could, with justice, be said about the present Administration. I am astonished, of course, that after all the promises that were made during the 1960 campaign, the new regime has done precisely nothing about the vital matter of civil rights. On the other hand, I am delighted that the executive branch has stood behind its proposal to give private enterprise a healthy part in the development of communication by earth satellites—this despite determined opposition from the antibusiness faction among its own party members in Congress.

The Necessity for Hard Work

I am pleased also that the Secretary of Labor thus far has steadfastly taken the position that we are not ready for the thirty-five-hour week in this country; that if we are to move ahead, if we are to meet growing foreign competition, we must work reasonable hours. I never forget the reason that an old and wise Frenchman gave me for the French defeat in 1940. He said: "We lost because we tried to oppose Hitler's seven-day work week with our four-day work week." The Communists work hard too!

In the field of foreign affairs I have stated re-

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. . .There are some men in the Democratic Party who have a solid, common-sense political philosophy."

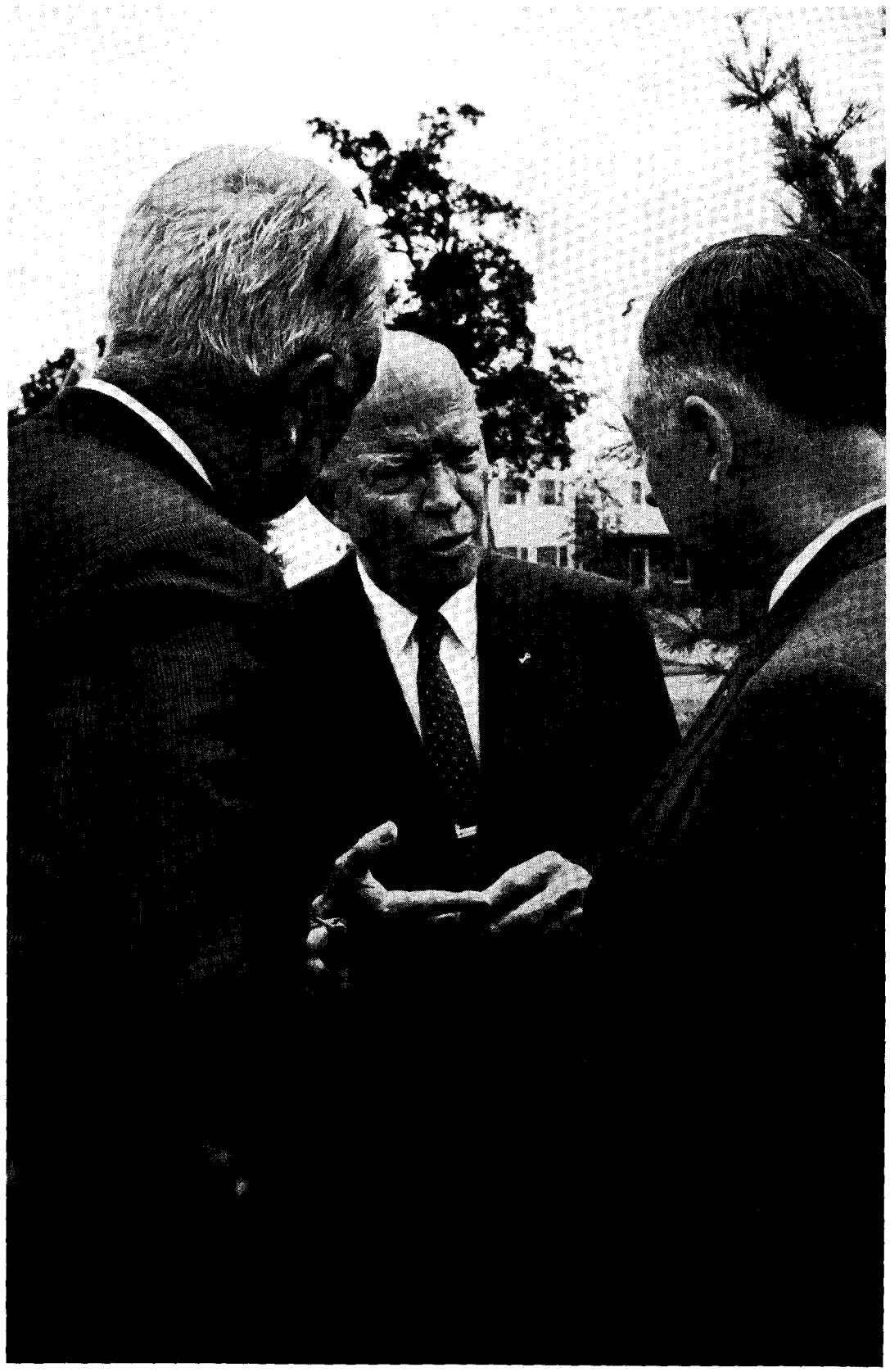
peatedly my conviction that all good citizens should support the Administration in its objectives and programs. In the first place, the goals of both parties in our relationships with other nations are pretty much the same: the containment of Communism; informing the world—including, when possible, the people under Communist domination—of the blessings of liberty; protection of the rights of free men everywhere; sound guidance and assistance to the underdeveloped nations. Party differences here are largely differences of method and procedure. And secondly, I know from my own experience in the White House that only the President and his closest advisers are in possession of all the facts in a given international situation; only they can assess the problem completely. Consequently, even if there are times when I have my doubts, I not only prefer to keep my own counsel, I shall stand definitely behind the President.

Rusk: Calm and Informed Competence

Some have said, for example, that if we had gone in with our tanks and knocked over the Berlin wall in the very first hour the East Germans began to build it last August, on the grounds that they were closing our legal access routes, we could have ended that episode right there—and without getting into a war. Maybe so, maybe not so. Who really knows? Some of the military critics have said that in World War II we should have invaded the island of Sardinia, instead of invading Sicily, as our stepping-stone to Italy. Perhaps we should, but again, who knows? Even hindsight is not necessarily 20–20.

I do think that in recent months I have noted more firmness on the part of the Administration in dealing with the aggressive ambitions of the Communists, and I am highly grateful if this assumption is correct. And I believe that most people are pleased that we have a man such as Dean Rusk as our Secretary of State. I think that in him the country sees a quality of calm and informed competence, needed in that crucial job.

In summary I believe that on the whole the Administration is doing what it believes to be best for the country in its foreign relations. But I think it is on the wrong track in many of its domestic policies. As to this, only the people can decide. Quite obviously what we need in this country is a clearer understanding, by the people as a whole, of the principles of sound government. Since, in a democracy, power by definition resides in the people, that power must be intelligently generated; and, on their behalf, it must be properly directed by our elected officials. More than this none of us can expect; with less than this we can never be fully satisfied. **THE END**



Talking to Republican delegates at the Gettysburg conference in June, Ike displays his continuing concern with the trend of national affairs.

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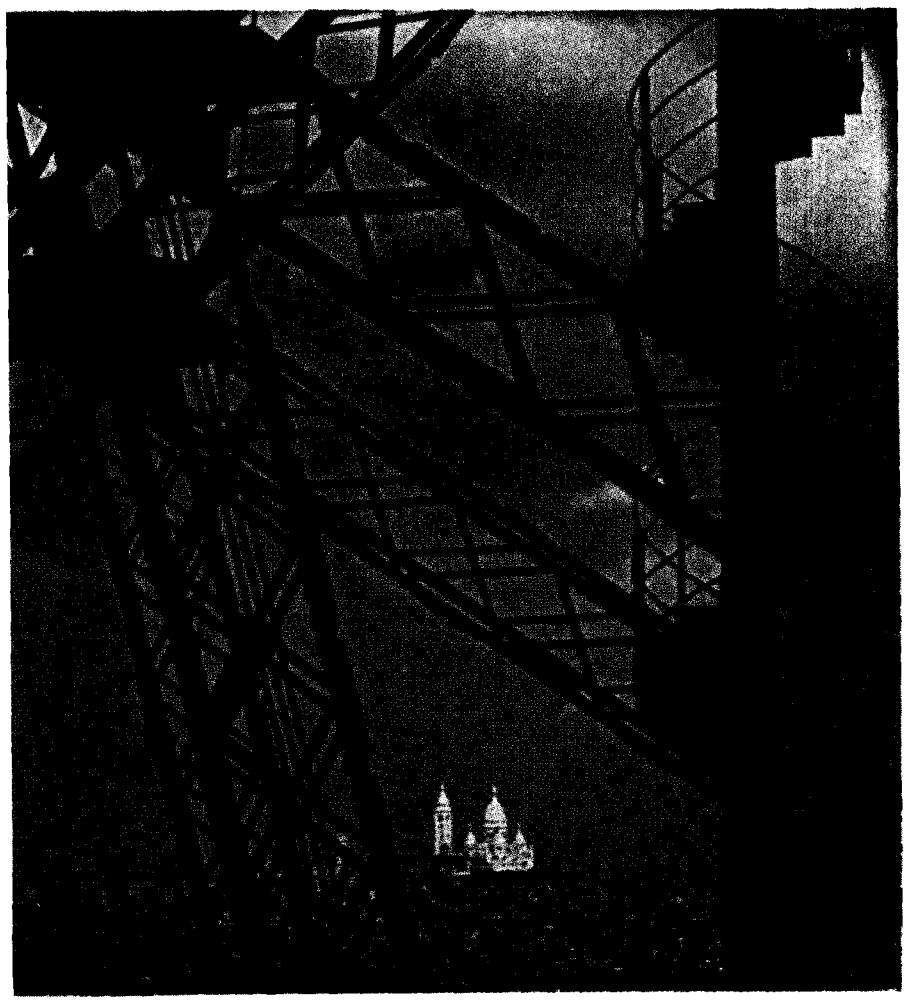
Landmark On the Seine

Is it ugly? Is it sublime? The argument among Frenchmen will probably never end, but the Eiffel Tower has become the symbol of Paris.

By DON COOK



In this lightweight but sturdy tower Eiffel's engineering skill made possible more than 15,000 separate pieces and sections.

There is an old Paris story about a Frenchman who morosely and unfailingly ascended the Eiffel Tower every day, day after day, to its luxurious restaurant—located partway up the structure—took a corner table by himself and ordered a splendid lunch. He would consume his food, wine, champagne, brandy, coffee and cigar without speaking a word to anyone, leave a handsome tip and descend to the ground.

Finally one day a waiter, in an effort to be pleasant to a regular customer, said it was nice to see him come in so regularly; but how come he *always* had his lunch there? "Because," replied the gourmet, "this is the only place in Paris where I can eat without having to look at that damned Eiffel Tower."

Paris's "beloved monstrosity," now seventy-three years old and still one of the tallest structures in the world, has gone up and down in public favor with the regularity of its elevators ever since it opened in 1889. It has been condemned by authors Léon Bloy, the younger Alexandre Dumas, Joris Karl Huysmans; by composer Charles Gounod, who later repented and played a "concert in the clouds" for its builder; by architect Charles Garnier, who designed the baroque Paris Opera House; by poets Paul Verlaine, Arthur Rimbaud, François Coppée, Stéphane Mallarmé and Leconte de Lisle.

Guy de Maupassant began his short story, *La Vie Errante*, with the words: "I have left Paris and even France because finally the Eiffel Tower annoys me too much. . . ."

The tower has been praised in poetry by the "pedestrian of Paris," Léon-Paul Fargue, and by Guillaume Apollinaire and André Breton; on the stage by Jean Cocteau in his play *Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel;* and as a backdrop for gripping films by René Clair and Alfred Hitchcock. It has been an inspiration on canvas for Maurice Utrillo, La Douanier Rousseau, Marquet, Raoul Dufy and the cubist Robert Delauney, who seldom painted anything else.

It has been called just about every synonym for "ugly" in two languages—odious, banal, monstrous, useless, insulting, hideous, detestable, worthless and "a dishonor to Paris." It has been hailed as "the ultimate bridge," "a miracle joining earth and heaven," "a sublime expression of uselessness," "a stairway to the infinite."

Weddings and Suicides

Songs have been written about it, and weddings have been celebrated on top of it. Parachutes have been tested off the tower, batmen have died trying their wings from it, airplanes have flown under it, bicycles have been ridden down it, men and women have raced up it, reviews have been written about it, and—as of May, 1962—318 suicides had plunged from its heights.

Regularly, about every twenty years since the tower was built, the controversy is revived over whether or not it should be pulled down. Editorialists, artists, architects, town planners, citizens and tourists square off with denunciations of the useless old pile of iron, or ringing defenses of its aesthetic value to the city. But the fact is that, despite the arguments of the last seventy-three years, the Eiffel Tower has become above all the symbol of Paris. It is to Paris what Big Ben is to London, the Washington Monument is to Washington, the Kremlin to Moscow, the Colosseum to Rome and the Manhattan skyline is to New York City.

In a private memoir written for his grandchildren shortly before his death in 1923, Gustave Eiffel said: "I should be jealous of the tower. It is much more celebrated than I. People seem to believe it is my only work. But I have done others, after all!"

The old man had indeed. Across a lifespan of ninety-one years—and in many countries—he built bridges, churches, synagogues, railroad stations, viaducts, ports, docks, breakwaters and harbors. He designed the locks for the ill-fated French effort to construct a Panama Canal. And in New York harbor the interior structural work which keeps the torch of the Statue of Liberty aloft over Liberty Island is the work of Gustave Eiffel.

Gustave the Boulevardier

Eiffel was born in 1832 in the city of Dijon in eastern France, and studied chemical rather than civil or mechanical engineering at the École Centrale. Yet he became a bridge builder in the golden age of bridge building, when the railroads were creeping forward all over Europe's hills and valleys. He was a small man, barely five feet eight inches tall, and cut a rakish and vigorous figure on the boulevards of Paris. Shooting, dancing, swimming, billiards, punting and dueling were part of his vigorous life, with ladies very much on his mind and always in the background.

At the age of thirty, in 1862, Eiffel married Marguerite Gaudelet from his native Dijon. She quickly bore him two sons and three daughters, but their happy marriage ended tragically after fifteen years when Marguerite died suddenly in 1877. The little widower of forty-five was now on the eve of his best-known works—the Statue of Liberty and the Eiffel Tower—and also the failure and scandal of the Panama Canal.

In the early 1880's Eiffel's friend, the sculptor Frédéric-Auguste Bartholdi, approached him about the engineering problem of the great statue which he had conceived and which was to be a gift of the French people to the people of the United States. The statue was almost as much of a challenge to an engineer as it was to the sculptor, for Eiffel had to design within a very small interior a rigid framework which would support Miss Liberty's upraised arm in the New York harbor winds. He met this challenge, and the statue has stood stanchly on Liberty Island—formerly Bedloe's Island—since 1886. By then Eiffel was deep in the project of his famous tower.

In celebration of the 100th anniversary of the French revolution, Paris had decided to stage an international exposition in 1889. A huge tower was to dominate the fair, and some 700 designs for the structure were submitted. All but eighteen were quickly eliminated, and in the end Gustave Eiffel's was selected.

By any standards, the engineering of the Eiffel Tower was a tremendous feat of design and exactitude. Even today it would do credit to the ingenuity and skill of any construction engineers—and seventy-five years ago, when it all began, it seemed like a miracle. Some 5000 blueprints were drawn in Eiffel's workshops. They are still in existence, so that any

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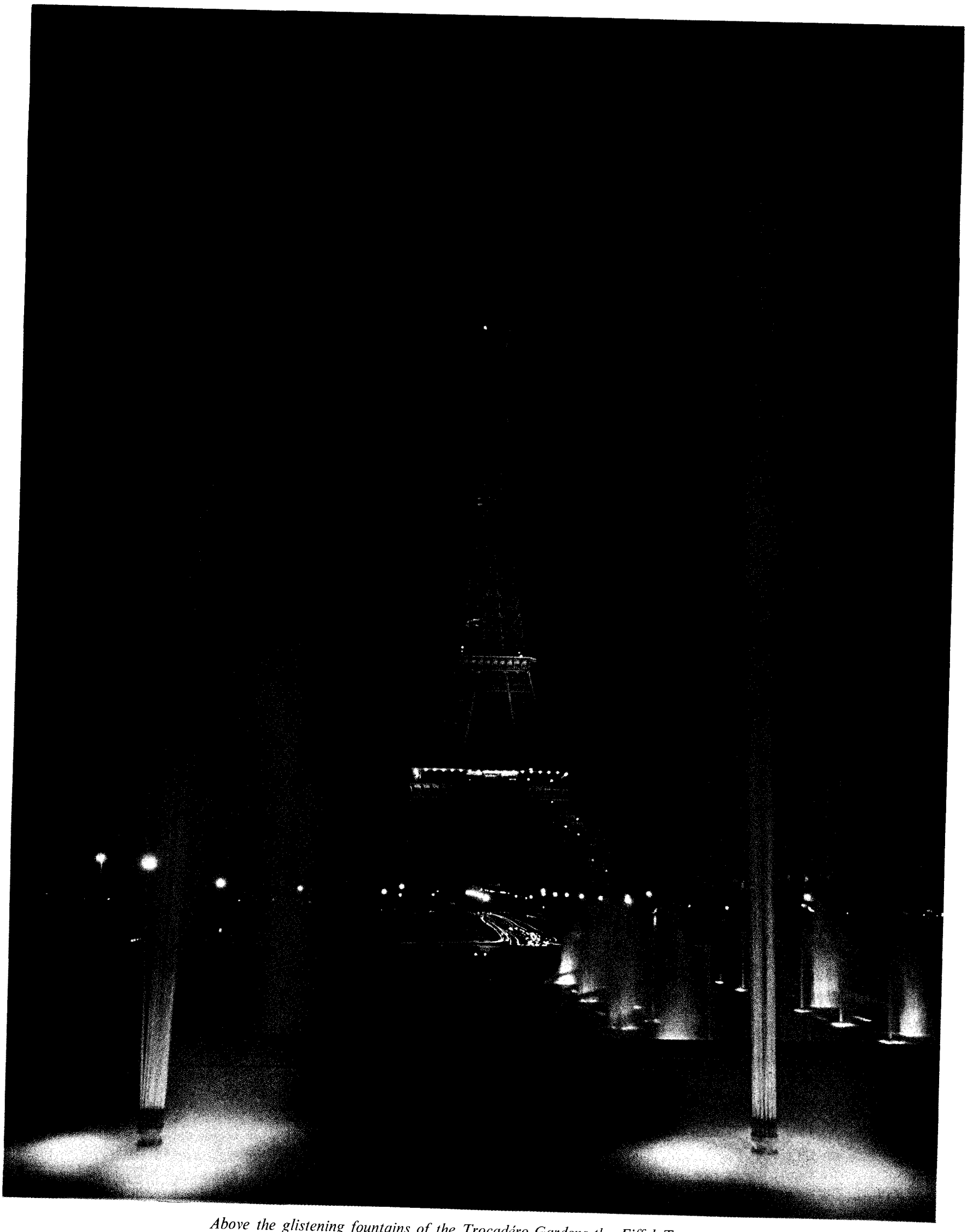

Above the glistening fountains of the Trocadéro Gardens the Eiffel Tower triumphantly crowns the Parisian night with 984 feet of flawless, resilient steelwork.

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Eiffel: "I should be jealous of the tower. It is more celebrated than I. People think it is my only work."

part in the tower can be duplicated quickly, and the whole could be erected all over again. From these, Eiffel fabricated more than 15,000 separate pieces and sections, which were then pieced together with 2,500,000 rivets. In the last frantic rush to prepare the tower for its grand opening, 19,941 workmen were swarming around the job.

The precision of the blueprinting and fabrication would have done credit to a watchmaker. There was one dramatic "moment of technical truth," one year and one month after construction began, when a huge prefabricated platform had to be lifted twelve stories from the ground to join together the four great arched pylons, so the tower would then be united for its ascent into the sky. When the platform rose to its place, all the matching rivet holes were precisely in line. Not one had to be redrilled or even filed.

But Eiffel's greatest triumph, in a day when little or nothing was known of lightweight metals, was the extraordinary lightness of his tower—not merely in appearance but in fact. There are only about 7000 tons of structural iron in the entire tower. A twenty-foot granite wall around the base of the Eiffel Tower would press down on the earth with about the same weight as the 984-foot structure rising above. At a distance, the lack of mass of the Eiffel Tower deceives the eye and makes its tremendous height seem improbable. In symmetry and harmony of line, it stands out against the sky like some finely etched engraving.

Gustave Eiffel climbed to the top of his tower on a bitter, windy, squally Monday—March 31, 1889—and affixed a twenty-two-by-fourteen-foot French tricolor to its topmost mast to mark the completion of its erection. A twenty-one-gun salute rang out in the Champs de Mars below, and Paris now had "the tallest flagpole in the world," in the builder's words. Six weeks later, on May fifteenth, when the finishing touches were completed, the public was admitted.

"Modern Tower of Babel"

From the beginning of the project, the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* had taken a rather snide and jeering attitude toward the tower. The paper consistently referred to it as "the modern Tower of Babel." Some three weeks after it was opened to the public, the *Herald* said in a front-page story:

> A report is gaining ground in Paris that the modern Tower of Babel has changed the electrical condition of the city. The frequency of heavy storms which do not, however, clear the air is taken by many to bear out this theory. People who have watched the tower closely and attentively have remarked the large quantities of heavy rain and thunder-clouds which gather round it and then, as if deprived by the lightning conductors of part of their electricity, are blown farther on and break in showers far away in quite another part of town.

The *Herald* reporter then quoted "a prominent resident physician who makes electrical treatment a specialty" as having said that he was convinced that the Eiffel Tower had "changed the negative state of the electricity of the air" in Paris. The frustrated medico told the reporter that several of his static electrical machines were refusing to operate properly about one day out of three. The reporter then interviewed Eiffel himself, who shrugged and laughed.

Fame by Denunciation

"It is an absurd theory," he said. "My tower is only doing upon a larger scale what every lightning conductor does."

Even before the first customer—a twenty-year-old Spaniard named Don Carlos—had paid the first fee of two francs for a trip to the first landing, the aesthetic controversy was already raging around the Eiffel Tower. It has never really stopped. While construction was still under way in 1888 a vehement and pompous denunciation of the tower was drafted and signed by fifty artists, writers, musicians, architects, poets and prominent citizens, and sent to M. Lockroy, the minister in charge of the exposition. It said in part:

> We are come to protest with all our force, all our indignation, in the name of the ignored taste of France, in the name of art and of French history, against this construction in the very heart of our capital, this useless and monstrous Eiffel Tower. Is the city of Paris to associate itself with the mercenary imaginings of a builder of machines? . . . For . . . years we shall see, lengthening like a blot of ink, the odious shadow of the odious column of bolted scraps of iron.

But Lockroy proved himself a satirical match for the galaxy of writers who prepared the protest. He informed them scathingly that they were wasting their time. Eiffel himself replied more modestly to the various protests in a letter to the editor of *Le Temps*, then the most important newspaper in the capital:

> I think, for my part, that the tower will have its own beauty. Can anyone think that beauty does not preoccupy us in our constructions, and that at the same time we are making them solid and durable we are not straining to make them elegant? The first principle of aesthetic architecture is that the essential lines of a monument are determined by proportioning it perfectly to its destiny.

Despite all the jeering, however, the Eiffel Tower was an immediate popular and financial success—and has remained so to this day.

The original cost of the tower was 8,000,000 francs, an equivalent of about $1,600,000 in 1889. The French government put up a subsidy of 1,500,000 francs, and Gustave Eiffel formed a company—the Société de la Tour Eiffel—and quickly raised the rest of the necessary money. The tower was and still is technically the property of the city of Paris. The company was given a twenty-year concession, which has been renewed from time to time through the years.

Eiffel was able to pay off the bondholders during the first year of operation. Some years later, however, the company was opened again to investors, and shares of stock were sold. Today there are more than 2000 stockholders—including two Americans—and one of the builder's grandsons, René Le Grain Eiffel, is on the board of directors. Currently the stock is worth about $140 per share; last year it paid a seven-dollar dividend.

In its first year of operation the tower was visited by 1,968,234 persons—a record which still stands. In 1961 it drew a gate of 1,763,448, compared with 1,592,287 for the Washington Monument.

An Icarus Tries the Tower

In 1889 the Eiffel Tower was the VIP attraction of Europe. The Shah of Persia, attending the Paris Exhibition, decided not to risk the elevators and walked up instead. England's hearty Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, was one of the prominent visitors of 1889, along with the khedive of Egypt, the king of Siam, the bey of Djibouti, the president of France and a midget clown named Tom Tit.

Thomas A. Edison wrote gravely in the Tower's Book of Gold: "To M. Eiffel, the engineer, the brave builder of this example, so gigantic and so original in the art of the modern engineer, a man who respects and admires all engineers, including the greatest among us—God."

Woodrow Wilson is the only American President in office to have risked the heights of the tower. Happily, Adolf Hitler never made it. Unaccountably, the elevators weren't working the day he arrived in Paris with the German Army after the fall of France, and he decided that the view wasn't worth a walk.

In its seventy-three years the tower has had more than its share of zany episodes. In 1906 a race up the stairs to the twelve-story height of the *premier étage* (first floor) was staged, with 120 starters. A robust female by the name of Madame Boude made it in eight minutes—but an athlete named Wachocu climbed to the second floor, 194 feet higher, with 100 pounds of cement on his shoulders in the same time as Madame Boude.

In 1912 an unfortunate Austrian named Reichem designed a set of wings and went up the tower with friends and well-wishers to fly off. On the railing, about to plunge, he got cold feet, and if he was not exactly pushed, he at least was helped over the side by his audience. A photo exists of the hole in the ground which the poor man dug when he hit.

Suicides, about which the Eiffel Tower management does not have much to say, have averaged about five a year since its opening, taking into account the fact that the tower has been closed to the public for ten years of its life, during the first and second World Wars. One unnamed schoolboy of fifteen is recorded as having dropped, in January of 1960, from the second floor to the first floor. Miraculously he was not killed. In March of 1952 there was a particularly messy suicide in which a man went off the top and was cut in two when he struck the ironwork on the way down.

After the 1914–18 war, and again in 1945, the Eiffel Tower management prudently took out insurance against damage to pedestrians below from falling soft-drink and champagne bottles pushed over the side by American doughboys and GI's. An American Army service club operated on the first floor of the tower after the liberation of Paris, but fate was kind, and the only casualty below was a Frenchman who collected insurance after the tip of his nose was cut off by a falling sugar cube.

Today the tower is as sound structurally as the day it was opened. It gets a coat of paint every seven years, of a special brown shade, which adds about thirty-five tons to the weight of the ironwork. At the same time the rivets are checked and the joints inspected, but for seventy-three years no basic structural replacements have been necessary.

Slight Sway in Stiff Breeze

Since the tower is entirely open ironwork it does not present much resistance to wind. Eiffel nevertheless allowed for a sway of up to twelve inches, but the maximum ever recorded was six inches in a ninety-three-mile wind on August 16, 1894.

On the other hand, in the Paris summer sun the tower shifts as much as seven inches through heat expansion.

In recent years it has come into its own, too, in functional usefulness. In 1921 a radio transmission tower was installed at its top, and in 1934 television experiments began from the tower. In 1957 a new television mast added twenty-five feet to its 984-foot height. At night the tower is illuminated by 170 searchlights of 3000 watts each, and an aircraft beacon revolves at the top.

For forty-one years, from 1889 until 1930, the 984-foot Eiffel Tower was the

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unchallenged queen of heights. Then the Chrysler Building (1046 feet) was completed in New York, followed in 1931 by the Empire State Building (1250 feet, with a television tower added since). Five other television towers have since gone up to greater heights than the Eiffel Tower—a 1082-foot triangular structure which opened in Tokyo in 1959, a 1749-foot spire near Columbus, Georgia, a 1676-foot tower at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, a 1619-foot one at Portland, Maine, and a 1610-footer in Roswell, New Mexico—but none of these can be ascended to anywhere near the height of the Eiffel Tower or the buildings in New York.

Failure on Panama Canal

Within a few years after his tower had been opened to the public and had confounded the skeptics with its astonishing success, Gustave Eiffel was plunged into the tragedy of his life—the ill-starred French attempt to drive a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama. The Panama venture was launched in 1879 by Ferdinand de Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal. Eiffel at first refused his support, because de Lesseps was planning a sea-level ditch like the Suez, whereas Eiffel correctly contended that locks were needed.

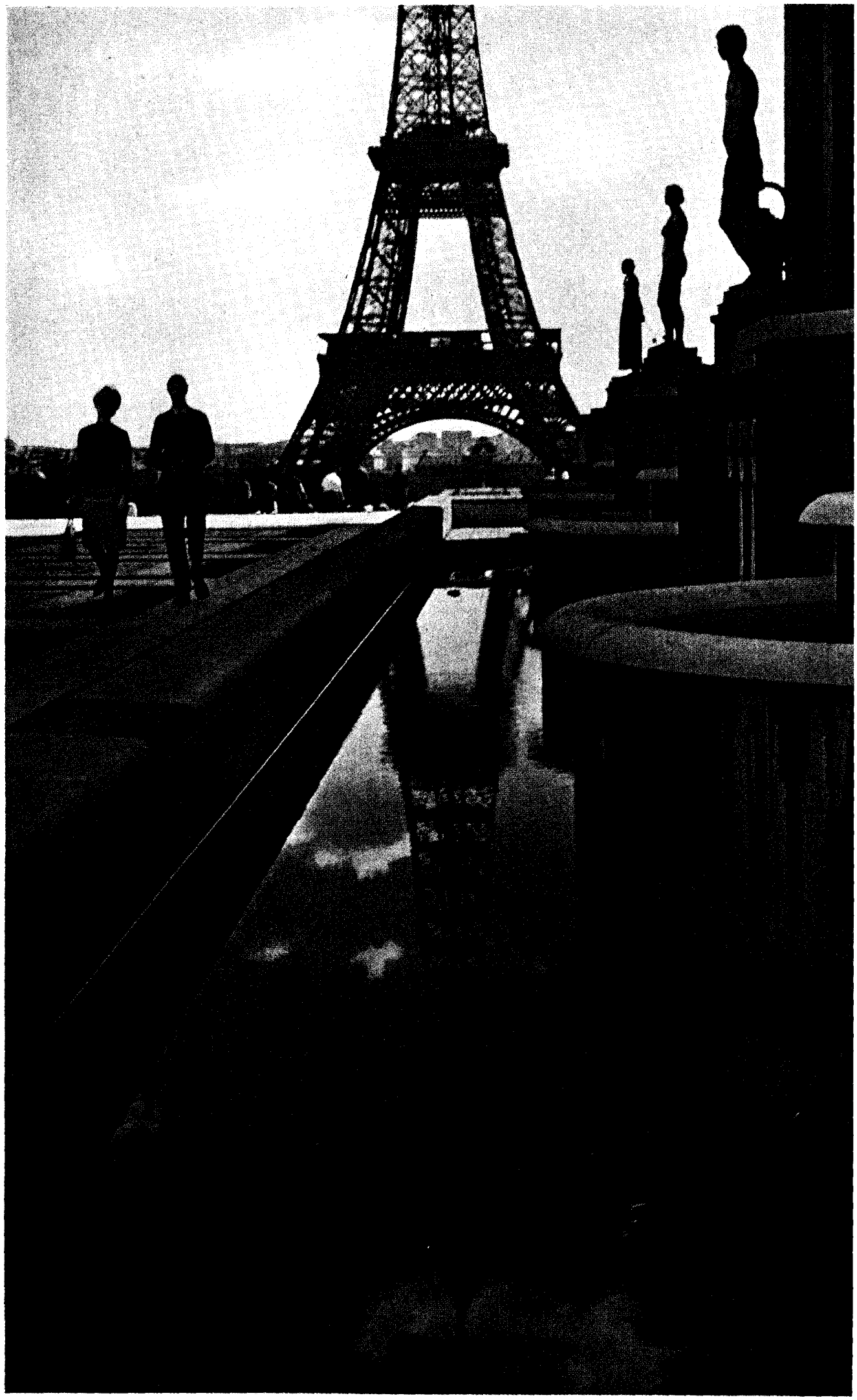
By 1887 de Lesseps was floundering in catastrophe. The project was an engineering fiasco, money was draining away like water, and the workers were dying of yellow fever. At this point de Lesseps agreed to Eiffel's scheme of using locks, and Eiffel came into the picture and lent his name and backing—although he was still busy with the construction of the tower.

A new bond issue was floated, and work was resumed on the canal, but by 1892 it was all over. The company was in bankruptcy and the project abandoned.

Millions of francs had been lost by French investors on the reputations of de Lesseps and Eiffel, and a trial was ordered. By now, however, de Lesseps was so old and ill that he couldn't attend the trial, and so senile that he probably was never aware of what was going on. In the end, de Lesseps's son—who was also involved—and Eiffel were given suspended prison sentences of two years.

Later, however, the Council of the Order of the Legion d'Honneur ruled that Eiffel had done nothing to "prejudice the honor of the order." To Eiffel, this doubtless was vindication, whatever the courts said. Meanwhile, one thing remained for him above all else, consoling him and restoring his pride—his fabulous tower.

In 1929—six years after his death—a bust of little M. Eiffel was unveiled at the base of the tower. And all the way up at the top, his tiny private apartment is still maintained much as he left it, but closed to the public. **THE END**



The symbol of Paris, the Eiffel Tower last year had 1,763,448 visitors, outdrawing the Washington Monument. Here it is seen mirrored in the reflecting pool of the Palais de Chaillot, across the Seine.

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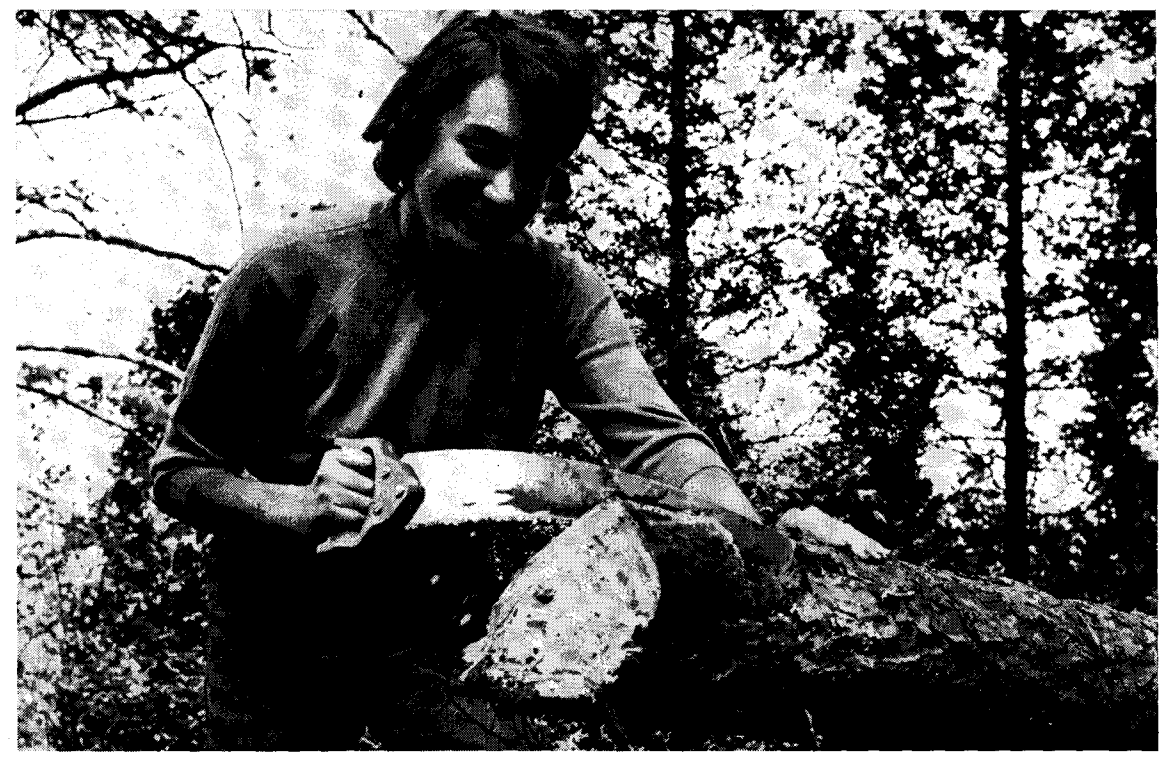
People on the Way Up

Tree Farmer

In the woods Kaye Christopher, 21, is no babe. New York State's only female Certified Tree Farmer, Kaye manages a forest of 10,000 trees which she planted at her home near Freetown Corners. There she finds her soul's refreshment—"a kind of happiness I can't find anywhere else." Daughter of a garden-supply dealer, Kaye began her tree plantation at age eight. Branching out, she studied forest management, became so skillful she won the 4-H Club's top national forestry award in 1959. After two years of liberal arts at Syracuse University—on scholarships—she transferred last year to Cornell to major in conservation education. Her reason: "Sometimes all a forester can see is trees, and he's not concerned about water or wildlife." Stumped about a career, Kaye is considering teaching and becoming a practicing naturalist. "I love the out-of-doors," she says, "and want an opportunity to share this love with others." This summer, as a National Park Service guide, Kaye is sharing her love with visitors to Utah's Cedar Breaks National Monument. PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO CHOPLIN.



Blood Preserver

Displaying corrugated cans of quick-frozen human blood, Dr. Joseph Saunders, 35, presents evidence of a promising new way to store whole blood indefinitely. "Every year," says biochemist Saunders, who heads the Medicine and Dentistry Branch of the Office of Naval Research, "blood banks must throw away $10,000,000 worth of whole blood because it is not used within the prescribed twenty-one-day period. Now we can freeze blood and store it for years." Further testing, he emphasizes, is required before the system can be put to widespread use. The trick, says Doctor Saunders, "is to freeze blood so quickly that no large ice crystals form—they destroy the cells." Under this technique, which Saunders, working with the Linde Company, helped develop, whole blood is poured into aluminum containers and immersed in liquid nitrogen. There it freezes solid in seconds, to be stored in extreme cold until needed. Saunders conducts his research in downtown Washington, D.C., lives with his wife and two young sons in Virginia. A hospital corpsman in the Navy, he enrolled in a premed course at Duquesne University after his discharge in 1946. Graduated in 1950, he took a job with the Office of Naval Research. Saunders expects research to contribute greatly to man's future. "Someday," he says, "we may have a race of super people. Not monsters, but people of superior health." PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM BURNS.

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Movieland Restaurateur

Spreading a good table, Jean Leon, 32, has achieved the dream of every Los Angeles restaurant owner—to have film stars flock to his door. "*Every* star eats here at my La Scala," says Jean. "They like to be with their own crowd. Also, they appreciate the fact that I never pass items to gossip columnists. And there have been some items that gossip columnists would have given their right arms for." Nor does Jean submit his customers to an ogling public. "We almost never get a tourist. Everyone must have a reservation, and regular customers get preference. We do get a few Beverly Hills people on Saturday night, when the regular crowd is at Palm Springs." Born in France, Jean worked as a boy in the scullery of a Bordeaux restaurant. Jean's father died when he was eleven, and after the war his American-born mother brought him to the United States. He served in the Army for two years, then got a job as a waiter at Hollywood's Villa Capri. "Once on my night off," he says, "I went to dinner at the Brown Derby. The waitress was very attractive, and so I asked her for a date. Ten months later I married her." (The Leons now have a son, 6, and a daughter, 3.) The Villa Capri was a favorite hangout of James Dean, the late actor. "We got to be good friends," says Jean. "Jimmy offered to buy a restaurant which I would manage. The day before we were to sign the papers, Jimmy got killed in that automobile accident." Then Jean learned that a Beverly Hills restaurant called La Scala was for sale—$8000 down. Through a relative he raised the money. "We opened in April, 1957. At first business was slow. And then the movie crowd began to come." The first notable to appear was Arthur Loew Jr., son of the theater-chain owner. Loew passed the word to Frank Sinatra, and Sinatra came, then told his friends. Within six months La Scala was thriving. It now serves about 275 dinners a night. Jean courted film stars by naming dishes after them—Grenadine of Beef à la Paul Newman, Rigatoni Debbie Reynolds, and so on. "Now everybody wants to be on the menu," he says. Sometimes Jean has difficulty seating his touchy clientele. "The big names—Fred Astaire, Greta Garbo, Sir Laurence Olivier—don't care where they sit, but the newer stars care very much." Two years ago Jean opened another restaurant—Au Petit Jean—across the street from La Scala. From the start Au Petit Jean has done well. Its cuisine is French; La Scala's is Italian. When President Kennedy visited California last March, he had an aide send out to La Scala for dinner. "Mr. Kennedy ordered salad, Fettucine Leon, steak and coffee," Jean recalls. "No dessert." Did the President express his appreciation? "Yes—by calling back the next night for exactly the same meal." PHOTOGRAPH BY PHIL BATH.

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Shelley Winters,

The onetime sexpot has become a skilled actress,

In an era when the average actress has difficulty ad-libbing a burp after a Hungarian meal—never mind a coherent sentence—Shelley Winters stands out like Donald Duck amid a flock of inarticulate chickens. She can discourse on every conceivable subject, from Freudian psychoanalysis to the iniquities of beanball pitchers; and among those whom she has at one time or another overwhelmed with her loquacity have been Eleanor Roosevelt, President John F. Kennedy, Adlai Stevenson and a thousand Harvard students to whom she delivered a lecture on the theater.

Once, after she had spent an hour haranguing Abraham Ribicoff, then Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, about the nation's social ills, Ribicoff sighed and said, "Shelley, your heart's in the right place, but your facts aren't." On another occasion, after she had been discussing modern art with Robert Mitchum, one of Hollywood's most knowledgeable citizens, he was constrained to remark, "Shelley, arguing with you is like trying to hold a conversation with a swarm of bumblebees."

Oasis in the Movie Wasteland

As one who had spent a good many of his adult hours attempting to extract intelligible sentences from vacuous maidens of the cinema, I consider Miss Winters to be my oasis in the wasteland. Bumblebees or not, when I am wearied by some movie millionairess's monosyllables, I will phone Miss Winters and simply say, "What's new, Shelley?" She will immediately and cheerily respond with something like, "Well, I was down testifying at the New York City Board of Estimate today, and I told them it was a damned shame that, with all this urban rehabilitation going on in my neighborhood here on the West Side, they don't have Negroes and Puerto Ricans on the board because, after all, when the youngsters get educated they're just like everyone else, and they want to move away out of the city, and we *need* them to stay here and work with the people. It's just like I told President Kennedy when I was down in Washington emceeing the White House Correspondents' dinner . . ." and on and on.

Visiting Miss Winters in person is even better. A couple of years ago, when she was still married to her third husband, actor Anthony Franciosa, visits were hazardous because they were wont to hurl things at each other. (Franciosa once refused to pose for publicity photographs in a boat with his wife, on the grounds that she might throw him overboard.) Of late, however, Miss Winters, refreshed by divorce, psychoanalysis and a resurgent career, is at her most amiable and voluble best. At the age of 39, the former Blond Bombshell and Fiery Sexpot of the movies has reached a new height of popularity as a highly skilled actress in Tennessee Williams's Broadway play, *The Night of the Iguana*, and in the films, *Lolita* and *The Chapman Report*.

Although the sexpot curves and come-hither look are still there, padded and modified a bit by maturity, the critics now treat her with the reverence they reserve for what they call "the great ladies of the theater." Having attained this distinction, Miss Winters now is able to concentrate on her favorite diversion—talking.

Not long ago, for example, I visited Miss Winters in her expensive pad on New York's Central Park West and was greeted effusively among the clutter in which she dwells—books, priceless modern art, social-action tracts, untotaled checkbooks, diet pills and photographs of herself with President Kennedy and other international celebrities. She was clad in a neck-to-ankles Polynesian garment which she referred to as a Mau Mau. Her bare feet protruded below the billowing hem, and her bare face, devoid of makeup but crowned with a curly mop of henna-colored hair, protruded above the chaste neckline which did not, however, completely conceal a copious bosom.

I began with my usual, "What's new, Shelley?" which produces the same flood of detail as when I ask my mother, "How are you, mother?" I then learned that Miss Winters had just run a benefit for the Wiltwyck School for Boys, that she was looking for a theater for the Actors Studio, that she was campaigning for a local candidate of the Reform Democrats and that her nine-year-old daughter Vittoria (by her second husband Vittorio Gassman) was excelling in nature study at a camp in Malibu, California.

We then discussed acting. "Acting," she said, "is like painting pictures on bathroom tissues. Ten minutes later you throw them away, and they're gone. Look at how ludicrous Rudolph Valentino seems when you see his old pictures today. You know what actors are doing on stage? They're showing off. Their job is to be a pipeline between the playwright and the audience." She added some other outrageous comments about her profession, indicating that she'd much rather be a writer, because their work is more permanent, except that she doesn't have the discipline.

Liz Taylor: "Undisciplined Child"

I turned to the burning issue of the day: the battle between the movie studios and superstars of the Elizabeth Taylor type. Leaping joyously into the fray before I had even finished the question, Shelley shrilled, "Elizabeth is an undisciplined child, but if they gave control of pictures to the talented producer-directors like George Stevens and Billy Wilder, instead of to the idiots who don't know anything about film-making, everything would be all right."

Before I could say, "How's that again?" she launched into her amplification. "Elizabeth," she said, "is an example of the most victimized person in our society—the former child movie star. She never was allowed to grow up or to have any childhood. She's a fantastic mother to her children, but when she plays with them, you can't tell who's the mother and who's the child. While I was making *Lolita* in London, I used to have dinner with her and Eddie Fisher. Once I was writing a letter, and I asked, 'What's today's date?' She looked at a newspaper and said, 'I can't tell you. This is yesterday's paper.'

"She has no sense of money. The income tax is for everyone else, not her. When she's in Rome and has a yen for cheesecake, she calls TWA and asks them to fly her a cheesecake from Lindy's restaurant in New York. She doesn't know how to go to the grocery store and, if someone didn't bring food to her room, she'd starve to death. All her life people have done things for her and have told her what to do.

"I went to a party with her on a cold night in London, and she nearly froze in a ridiculous strapless gown. I said, 'Elizabeth, why didn't you wear a fur?' She said, 'Because nobody told me to.' So with a child like this, it is not surprising that a guy says, 'I love you,' and she says, 'Good-bye, Eddie. He loves me.' The only trouble is that the child will wake up someday and realize that the guy has pockmarks and that he talks about himself all the time instead of about her. Then what's the child going to do?"

Children Take Over the Nursery

I said, "Fine, but what do you do now that the children have taken over the nursery?" She said, "After years of the studios exploiting the stars, the pendulum has swung, and I admit that the stars now have too much control. The only way to get the pendulum on center again is to put the power in the hands of the strong producer-directors who can be father images and whom the actors can respect. It's like when I first went to work for George Stevens in *A Place in the Sun* and I froze, so that when I opened my mouth only a little croak came out. He took me aside and talked to me like a father, and my normal bellow came back. Stevens used all kinds of tricks to keep us children under control. For example, he played a horrible record called *Purple People Eater* over and over after we had finished a scene. It drove us into a frenzy. He later explained that we got so emotionally wrought up playing our scenes that he wanted us to unwind by getting mad at the recording instead of taking it out on him or on some wardrobe woman. It worked."

The conversation then turned to Shelley's own career, and she said, "Brashness did it for me, dear boy, brashness. I was a scared kid from Brooklyn named Shirley Schrift, working as a fashion model in the garment center in New York. One day I saw a casting notice for a show called *Pins and Needles*, which was being produced by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, and I walked in and got a part. The director asked me for my union card, and I rushed off and borrowed one from a friend named Sonia Epstein. The director, Herman Rosten, looked at the card and said, 'I thought you said your name was Shirley Schrift.' I said, 'Oh, Sonia Epstein is my real name. I use Shirley Schrift as my stage name.'

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Headlong Talker

but talking remains her favorite occupation.

By BILL DAVIDSON

In her New York apartment Shelley holds forth on everything from baseball to psychoanalysis.

"Rosten threw me out, but I had the acting bug good by then, so I went to drama school and worked on the borscht circuit in the Catskill Mountains, and finally I got a part in a Broadway operetta called *Rosalinda.* This led to a Hollywood contract and the Blond Bombshell bit. I only got out of that by being brash again. I desperately wanted decent parts and, when I asked to do *A Place in the Sun,* George Stevens turned me down on the grounds that I was too sexy-looking. So I scrubbed off all my makeup, pulled my hair back and sat next to him at the Hollywood Athletic Club without his even recognizing me because I looked so plain. That got me the part. Later I left Hollywood to play the wife of a drab narcotics addict in *A Hatful of Rain* on Broadway to re-establish myself as a serious actress. I went back to study at the Actors Studio, like I was a beginner, and I'm still learning."

Hollywood vs. New York

I asked her if, with three unsuccessful marriages and a reputation for stormy temperament, she had learned anything about *herself.* She replied, "Yes, indeed. First of all, psychoanalysis has taught me that I kept marrying men I couldn't live with. My first husband, a salesman named Mack Mayer, went into the Army right after we were married, and I barely knew him. My second husband, Vittorio Gassman, was an Italian who wanted to live in Italy, which I couldn't do; and my third husband, Anthony Franciosa, wanted to live in Hollywood, which by then I couldn't do, either. Maybe I was looking for impossible situations, knowing they couldn't work, but now I have simpler values, and I want someone whom I can respect and who can take care of me, instead of vice versa, and who knows how to keep money balanced in the checkbook.

"Another thing I've learned is how to handle my problems in a more dignified way. There's no more hollering. A third thing I've learned is that New York is where I want to live and that I only want to go to the unreal world of Hollywood to make pictures. The trouble is that I backslide. When I was out there for a few months last summer to make *The Chapman Report,* I bought a house which I didn't live in and which I needed like a hole in the head. Not only that, but I spent all my time furnishing it, which is what every Hollywood star does for status—or maybe it's a disease of our business to want to have a home because actors are such transients. What craziness! I sold the house as soon as I got back to New York."

With that, Miss Winters excused herself to dress for the theater. She was then playing in *The Night of the Iguana.* When she emerged she was The Star again. She was wearing a status Hollywood gown, and we drove off in her status Hollywood Jaguar. As I left her, she headed for her regular pretheater visit with her status psychoanalyst for a full fifty minutes, in which she could talk without interruption. **THE END**

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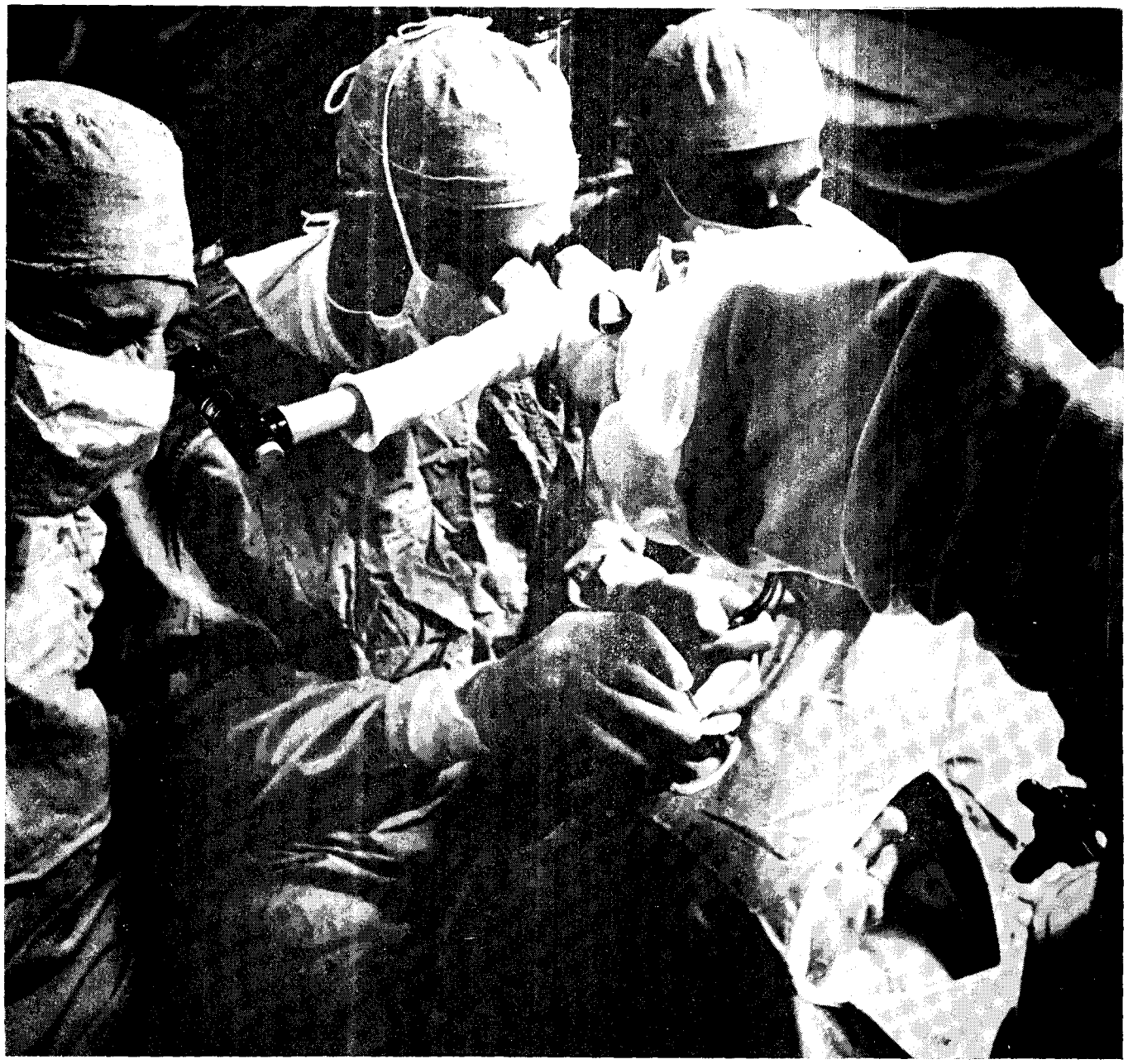

Surgeons performing a stapedectomy—the operation which restored the author's hearing.

An End To Silence

A young business executive tells the story of his agonizing fight against deafness. Delicate surgery restored his hearing and promises help for millions of others. • By CARL SPITZER

Going deaf can be a noisy experience. The intrusion of clicking, ringing, rushing sounds can veil the fact that some of the sounds you should be hearing—spoken words—aren't coming through. Perhaps this is why so many of us with hearing troubles don't realize at first what is happening. Disturbed by the noises, we fail to recognize them as the warning notes of impending silence.

The noises and the loss of hearing are deceptively gradual; I cannot say precisely when I became aware of them. I only know that a harrowing experience in a small plane finally jolted me into admitting I had a serious problem, one I was to wrestle with for five years. At last, after increasing difficulty in my work and family life, I sought a solution which has helped thousands of others with my type of deafness. This is a plastic repair of the sound-conducting part of the ear, involving in my case a bit of wire the size of an eyelash, a tiny speck of fat and two hours of superdelicate surgery.

But deafness and ear surgery were far from my thoughts on that hot summer afternoon in 1956 when with a friend, Dick McLaughlin, I climbed into a single-engine plane at a small field near Utica, New York. We had rented the plane for a few hours of practice flying. I was then thirty-one and had been flying since the age of seventeen. Dick had had a few lessons, and he now took the controls for a takeoff run down the grass field.

As we gained speed the nose wheel, instead of lifting, began to skip on the uneven sod. I checked the position of the flaps. They were OK for takeoff. Still we hugged the earth. I turned the trim-tab lever "nose up" to coax the little craft off the ground. The hangar flashed by on our right. "Pull 'er off, Dick!" I shouted.

Dick eased back on the wheel, staring ahead, his left hand covering the red throttle knob. We staggered upward, controls mushy. Too late I glanced at the tachometer, which told me we didn't have maximum power, although the muffled engine sounded perfectly normal to my ears. At 150 feet the power dwindled to a mere idle. I grabbed the controls from Dick, pushed the nose down and headed for a clear patch beyond the boundary of the flying field. We kicked up a cloud of dust as we touched down in soft turf and rolled to an abrupt stop.

We were just plain lucky that the clear spot was handy. But what had gone wrong? I glanced at the throttle and saw it had come loose, so that it was not fully open on the takeoff run. But the sound of the engine should have told me the same thing. In flying light aircraft the pilot relies on his sense of feel—and on his

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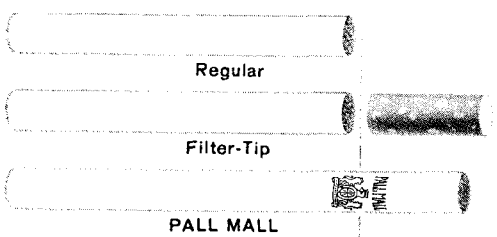

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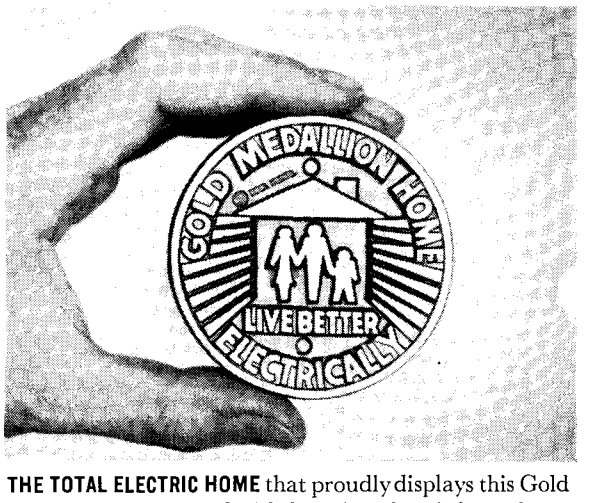

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In a stapedectomy, the stapes bone (shown here on a human finger) is snipped from the ear and replaced by a bit of stainless-steel wire twisted around a sliver of fat from the patient's earlobe.

Silence

hearing. That afternoon my ears had failed to tell me the engine wasn't up to power.

Three months later, in a cross-country flight to Watertown, I had difficulty understanding the control tower and spent most of my time listening for engine variations I could not distinguish. So I reluctantly wrote the final entry in my logbook as a private pilot.

I should have gone at once to a doctor. My wife Joan and my friends urged me to. But I was stubborn. I was establishing my own public-relations practice in Utica, after several years with the Bendix Corporation there, and I didn't want to take time off for tests and consultations. During the next year the ringing in my right ear became a constant, nagging companion. I acquired the habit of cocking my head to the left during conversations. Business meetings and social engagements were trying. Voices seemed to be vibrating through a hollow tube, and I could not identify their source unless I could see the speaker.

Finally my temper got so short that I knew I could no longer postpone the dreaded visit to the doctor. In the summer of 1958, two years after the airplane incident, I walked into the office of a Utica ear specialist and for the first time heard the word "otosclerosis."

"You must be mistaken, doctor," I protested. "Army and civilian doctors have always told me I had perfect hearing. And I don't have any pain, just these infernal noises."

"The noises are typical," he answered.

"Typical of what?"

"Otosclerosis—a spongy overgrowth on the tiny bones within the middle ear. A very common form of deafness. It's estimated that almost 3,000,000 Americans have it. The audiogram shows that you've lost a substantial amount of hearing in your right ear and a very little in your left ear. You're probably having trouble identifying noises and where they are coming from."

"Yes, that's right," I replied quietly.

Please, No Hearing Aid

There was no use trying to fool myself. I was hard of hearing, going deaf. At that moment all the bad jokes I'd ever heard about deaf people began to flash through my mind—and turn sour. I have since reflected that no one would dare poke fun at the blind; yet granny with her ear horn used to make great situation comedy for the insensitive.

"Are you positive about my hearing?" I asked the otologist.

"Almost," he answered, offering me a cigarette. "This little stapes bone, the Latin for stirrup, is the culprit." He pointed to an enlarged drawing of the ear on the wall. "The stapes is one of the three bones (the others are the hammer and anvil) which conduct sound from the eardrum to the inner ear by vibration. Otosclerosis, an abnormal bony growth, has frozen or immobilized the footplate of the stirrup and impaired that vibration."

"Where do we go from here?" I asked. "I don't like the idea of a hearing aid."

"I'm not sure a hearing aid would help you," the doctor said. "Even if it would, it could only compensate in part for your present loss and could not correct the cause of your problem or arrest its progress. Besides, I wouldn't want you, at your age—you're only thirty-three, aren't you?—to get accustomed to a hearing aid until you've explored every possibility for normal, permanent recovery."

"Is there some medicine that can help?"

"No. But there is a relatively new operation called a stapedectomy. The surgeon removes the little stapes bone, with its frozen footplate, and replaces it with a plastic tube or a metal wire. This carries the vibrations from the eardrum to the oval window, which in turn transmits the vibrations to the fluid of the cochlea, the snail-shell structure lined with fine hairs. The cochlea is where the sounds are converted to nerve messages that pass on to the hearing center in the brain."

Excuse for Procrastination

There were other tests, other doctors. I learned that skilled otologists can easily diagnose otosclerosis, and their recommendation was always the same: surgery. But I procrastinated. I had about made up my mind in the summer of 1959 to ask the Utica specialist to arrange an appointment for me with a New York surgeon when my family doctor advised me to wait.

"I'm not sure how reliable this new procedure is, Carl," he said. "Don't rush into it."

So I had another excuse for procrastination. And my hearing grew steadily worse. I began to dodge business conferences and cocktail parties. I relied more and more on individual discussions and the telephone. The phone was a blessing. I could always "trap" the voice in my left ear, so I used the phone in place of face-to-face contact whenever I could.

The days grew increasingly wearing. My family—Joan, our five daughters and little son—removed themselves to the farthest corner of the house when I turned up the volume on the television or record player to the point where I could hear. The neighbors were polite. The children, who had been patient with me for months, now discouraged conversation. Why shout to dad? He doesn't hear anyway.

I imagined people were talking about me at parties when I could not hear them. Waitresses gave me penetrating stares when I asked them to repeat the list of desserts. My associates began to shout, and this bothered me most of all. Business luncheons were the worst ordeals. To me the clatter of silver on china and the static of cross-fire conversation merged into an indistinguishable rumble.

I recall one particularly grueling conference, a protracted union negotiation, where everything seemed to emphasize my poor hearing. I sat at the end of a long table with union representatives on my left and the management side, of which I was a member, on my right. I could follow the union arguments fairly well, with my moderately good left ear, but had trouble hearing management. To make matters worse, the company's personnel manager spoke softly and held his hand in front of his mouth. I didn't hear a word he said during eighteen days of negotiations.

Daily sessions ran twelve to sixteen hours. My stomach tightened with each passing hour. From my point of view it

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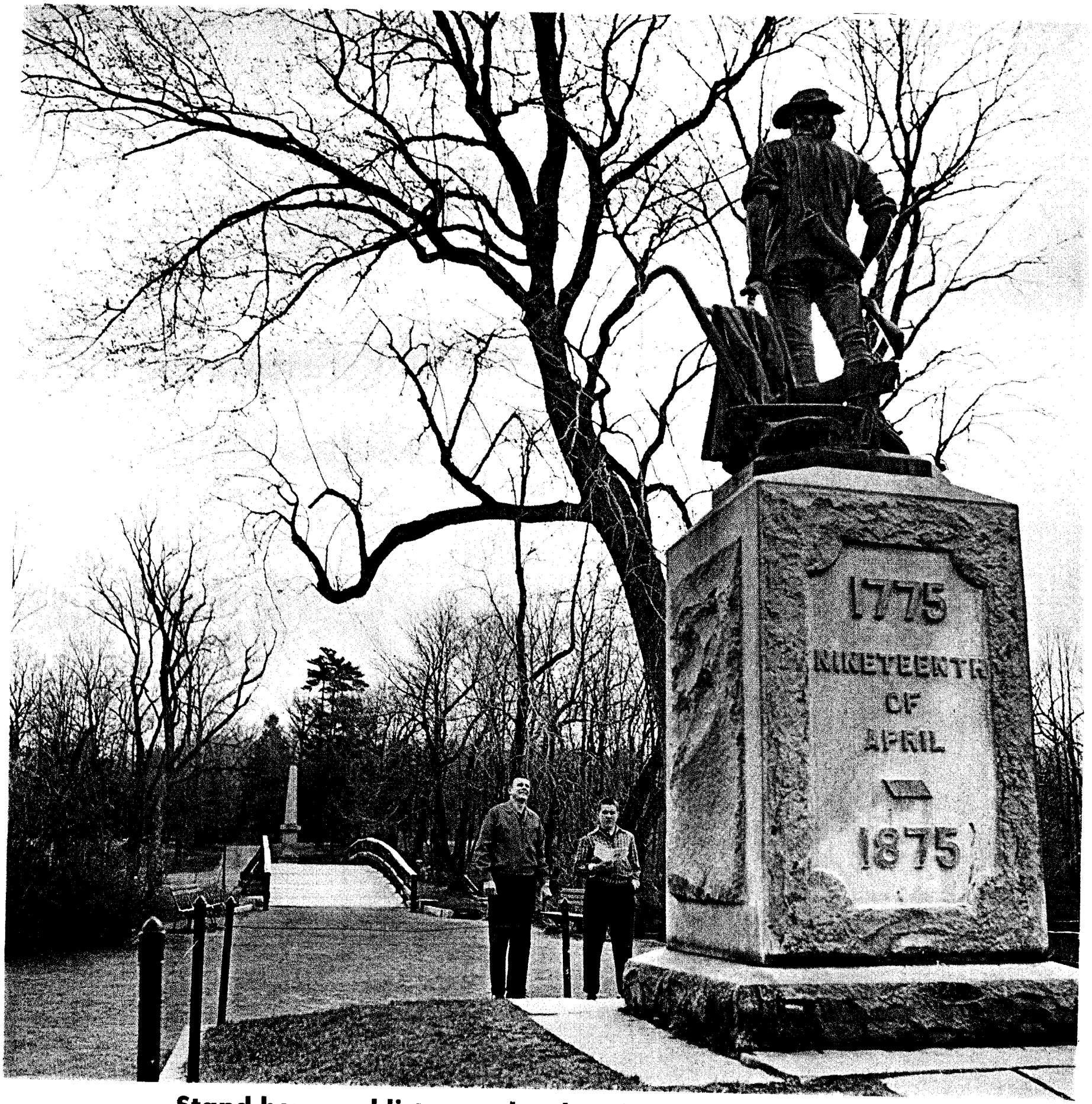

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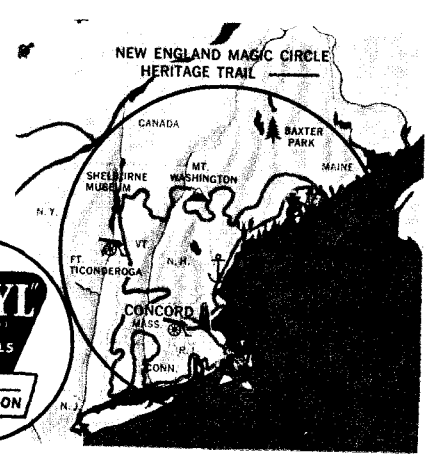

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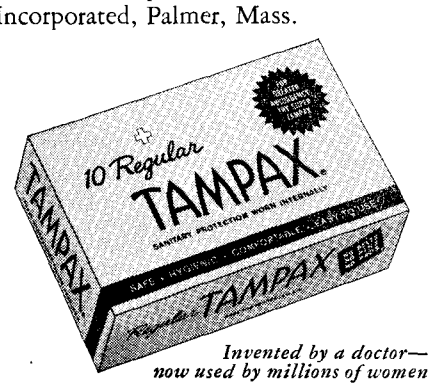

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

Silence was a one-sided argument. With more passion than my associates could have imagined, I longed for a settlement.

There were other situations, almost as bad. In a meeting with the State Commissioner of Education, a client of mine stood up and urged action on an education program dear to his heart. At one point he paused dramatically and turned to me for oral backing. Having heard nothing, I could say nothing. The old boy didn't speak to me for a week, and the incident almost ended our business relationship.

As the winter of 1959–60 bounced along from month to month, I wondered how long I could go on. Finally, in the summer of 1960, I saw the ear surgeon in New York. He berated me for not having come to him sooner.

"You are virtually deaf in your right ear," he said, "at least for all practical purposes. And you have otosclerosis in your left ear as well." He proposed the stapedectomy operation for the right side and said he could set the date for August.

I never kept the New York date. A few days after Joan and I returned home to Whitesboro, near Utica, I received a telephone call from an officer of the Wyandotte Chemicals Corporation, in Michigan, inviting me to come out and discuss an appointment as public-relations director. "God help me," I prayed as I boarded an airliner a few days later, "if this guy at Wyandotte is a hand mumbler." He wasn't. During the two-day interview I was careful to seat myself so that my "good ear" was toward the speaker. If company officials noticed my hearing problem, they said nothing, and a short time later the position was offered to me and I accepted.

In the rush of selling my home and business in New York state, I had little time to worry. But on the eve of reporting on my new job, I was suddenly afraid that I might be rejected because of my hearing loss.

"There isn't time now to go to New York for the operation," I told Joan, "and I feel I must level with these people in Wyandotte before I go out there."

"Wait until you can discuss it with them in person," Joan urged.

"Tell Them to Speak Up!"

I agreed that was the best approach. When I arrived in Wyandotte, my new boss was in Europe, and it was suggested that I see the company medical director to get the "formality of a physical" out of the way.

"Well, here it comes," I said to myself. "I may as well lay it on the line."

The company doctor, after listening to my confession, surprised me by saying, "Other people here have hearing problems too. Millions of people do. And most of them can be helped."

He told me I would have an extensive company physical examination at the Henry Ford Hospital, where I could consult Dr. T. Manford McGee, director of the hospital's Otological Research Laboratory. "Doctor McGee performs operations of the type you were planning to have in New York City," the physician said. "Let's see what he has to say. Meantime, if some of our guys don't speak loud enough for you, just tell them."

I walked out of the doctor's office feeling ten feet high, and I'll always be grateful for the psychological boost he gave me when I needed it most. I struggled through the next few months, fortified by the patience and understanding of my associates, but knowing, as they knew, that I often missed points in hurried discussions. By the time of my appointment with Doctor McGee in February, 1961, my hearing had become much worse.

Doctor McGee said my case was similar to hundreds of others he had seen and outlined the principles and the prospects of the stapedectomy operation. Although he is a young man—thirty-six, a graduate of Johns Hopkins—he had learned the technique from his predecessor at the Henry Ford Hospital, Dr. Harold F. Schuknecht, now chief of otolaryngology at the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Hospital, and had performed the operation hundreds of times. The replacement of the stapes bone by a plastic tube or a stainless-steel wire is only the most recent chapter in a history of middle-ear surgery that goes back many years, he explained.

One of the first approaches was fenestration, the creation of a small window in the thin wall separating the middle and inner ear to improve the passage of sound vibrations. Unfortunately the tissues too often grew over the window in time, and deafness returned. Then came the stapes-mobilization method of Dr. Samuel Rosen, of New York, in which the "frozen" footplate of the stapes bone is gently loosened. This method is still being used by some surgeons, with a reported success rate of about 55 percent. But here too a regrowth of tissue, in this case bony growth around the footplate, often renders the improvement only temporary.

A Year's Wait for Surgery

Within the past four or five years the trend has been toward the removal of the stapes and the insertion of an artificial device (Dr. John J. Shea Jr. of Memphis, Tennessee, was one of the pioneers in developing this operation), although surgeons have differed sharply in their choice of materials and in certain details of technique. At the Henry Ford Hospital, the surgeons use a piece of stainless-steel wire and imbed the lower end of it in a bit of fat taken from the patient's earlobe. The wire, acting as a conductor in place of the stapes bone, vibrates freely; recovery is permanent.

"What are the chances in my case?" I asked Doctor McGee.

"About 90 percent of stapedectomy operations are successful," he said. "Less than 8 percent fail to produce some improvement, and only 2 percent or less are followed by total loss of hearing."

"Sounds good," I said. "How soon can you operate?"

The doctor glanced at his appointment book. "I can take you in about a year."

"A year?" I was shocked. "Do you really mean the waiting list is that long?"

"Yes. That's right. You see, there are only enough surgeons trained in these techniques to do about 5000 stapedectomies a year, and the demand is tremendous. All of us have waiting lists."

Having put this off for nearly five years, I was now in a panic to get the operation done in a hurry. My hearing was slipping away fast, and life at the office was getting rather awkward. I pleaded the urgency of my case to Doctor McGee, and he arranged to place my name on the cancellation list. And so, at five minutes past eight on the first of July, 1961, I found myself in an operating room where faceless people in pale-green masks were preparing miniaturized instruments and setting up a surgical binocular microscope.

Firm hands moved me from the mobile cart onto an operating table, where I was wrapped in a sheet, arms tight to my sides. They turned me on my left side. Directly in my line of view stood a nurse, wrapped in green. Her eyes were soft, dark, but expressionless. I felt the jab of a needle. The anesthetic numbed my ear canal, and I felt a sensation of wetness, only wetness, as Doctor McGee cut through the skin of the canal and folded the eardrum forward. We had begun.

"Yes, Yes, I Can Hear You!"

Drugs given me before I came to the operating room were making me drowsy. I blinked, trying to stay awake. Someone fitted a funnel-shaped instrument into my ear. I could feel occasional slight pressure, but no pain. The surgeon's fingers moved almost imperceptibly as he worked in the tiny area, magnified sixteen times by the special microscope.

There was the sound of drilling. In that wonderfully buoyant, anesthetic dream-world, I tried to impress the surgeon—and the impassive nurse—with my bravado. My mouth was dry, my lips felt thick. I had to push the words out.

"If . . . you . . . strike . . . oil . . . we . . . split . . . the . . . royalties."

There was no response. I felt like the after-dinner speaker whose favorite joke has just laid an egg. Now I wanted to fall asleep, but couldn't.

Doctor McGee explained later what he had done. Adjusting a narrow beam of light into the ear, he first snipped out the stapes. This is the smallest bone in the body. It could fit easily on the tip of his finger. He then picked up, with a needle-nosed forceps, the bit of stainless-steel wire which he had previously cut to precisely the right length. He twisted one end of the wire around the sliver of fat he had removed from my earlobe and deftly hooked the other end around the incus, or anvil, the center bone in the chain of three ossicles. The bit of fat now took the place of the footplate of the stapes, lying in the oval window, beyond which is the fluid of the inner ear. The bones would now vibrate more freely as they passed the sound waves along.

Each step in this procedure had been carefully plotted. Each move was precise. Since a drop of blood could cloud the enlarged image that the surgeon sees through the microscope, he had to use miniature packs to control bleeding.

"It's a painstaking job," the doctor remarked, "and when we've finished we know we couldn't have done more, whatever the result."

I must have slept through the last half hour of the two-hour operation, for the next thing I remember was Doctor McGee's voice echoing, "It's all over. You can hear me, can't you?"

"Yes," I answered groggily and then, suddenly realizing his voice was vibrating in my right ear, I repeated excitedly, "Yes, yes, I can hear you!"

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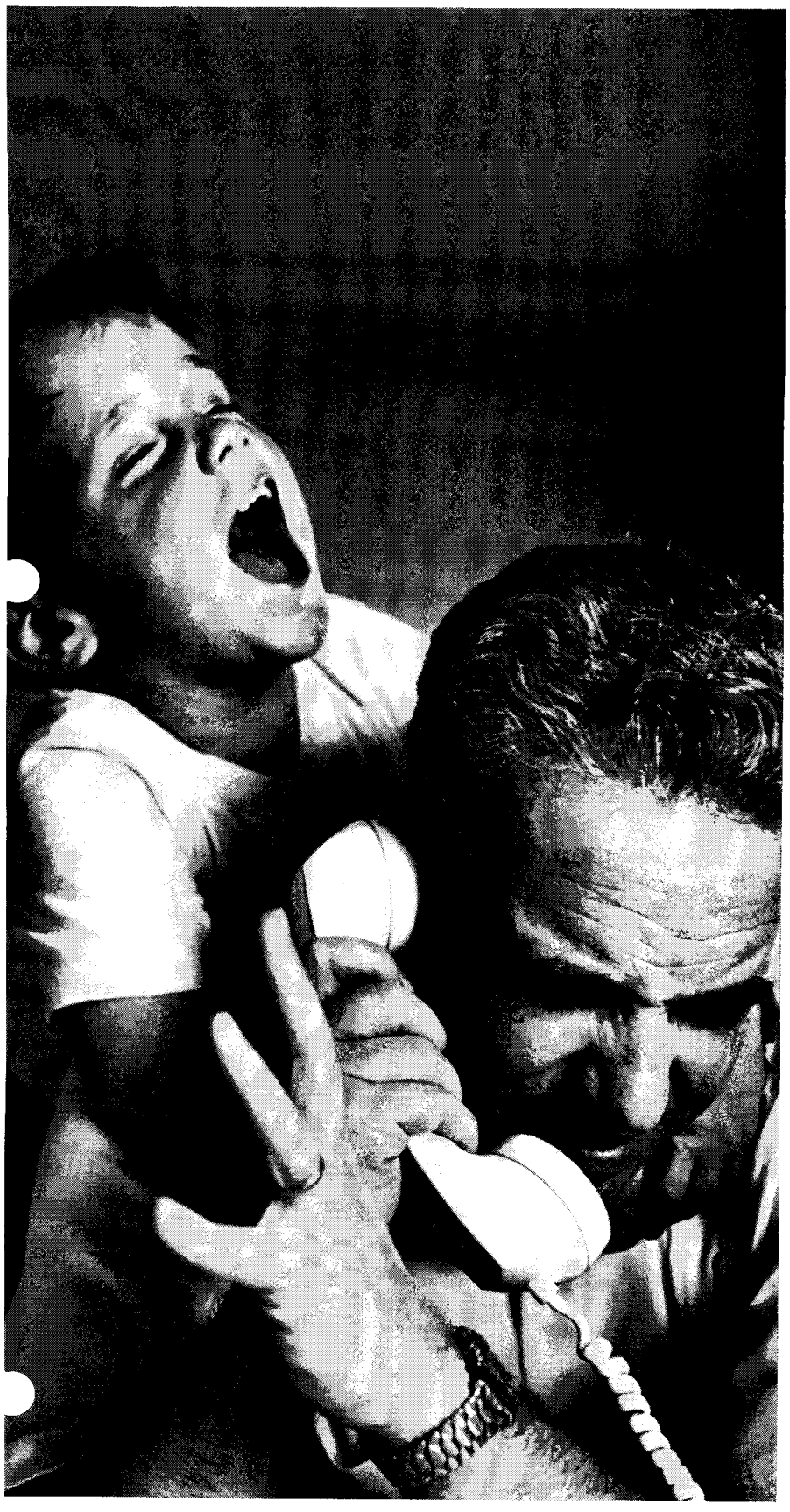
"My family removed themselves to the farthest corner of the house when I turned up the volume of the television to be able to hear."

Photographs by Carroll Seghers II



His hearing restored, Carl Spitzer is now able to enjoy the chatter of his son John and converse normally on the telephone. Doctors are hopeful that their new surgical techniques will provide lifelong recovery.

He folded the eardrum back to its normal position, closed the incision, placed a packing in the ear canal and a patch over the outer ear.

That evening I had a slight earache but no dizziness, which I had been told I might experience. The following day my wife drove me home. Total hospitalization time was forty-five hours. The average is seventy-two.

There were minor postoperative complications, an unusual blood clot in the canal, which shut out hearing, and some fluid behind the drum, which caused temporary discomfort. Both problems responded well to treatment.

On a Wednesday morning, two and a half weeks after the operation, I was alone in my office, reading a report. A voice, far away, said something about a training program. A girl laughed. The voices were tinny, mechanical. At first I couldn't determine their origin. But I could hear! My hands shook, and I swallowed hard. It was an astonishing, almost unbelievable moment. Voices drifting over from the next office stunned me; I'd never heard them before. I said a silent prayer of thanks and telephoned Joan, fighting a lump in my throat when I told her I was holding the receiver to my *right* ear. It was no longer my bad ear.

In those first few days of recovery I would first hear, or almost feel, a vibration. Then I would identify the sound: an airplane, a truck, a Mimeograph machine. Seconds later I would locate the source. My hearing was almost normal by the time I arrived at Cornell University, six weeks after surgery, to take part in a public-relations institute, a conference I would have avoided if the operation had failed.

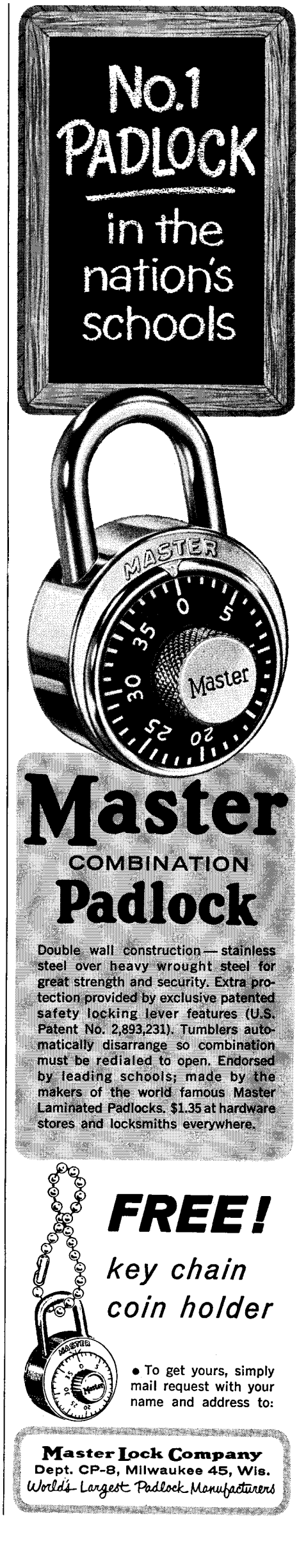
Audiograms taken two, five and ten months after surgery indicate I have almost recovered normal hearing in my right ear, and otosclerosis has made no further inroads in the left. The surgeon says it is possible that nature has temporarily halted the disorder on that side. While there are no guarantees that the new surgical repair will provide lifelong recovery, Doctor McGee and his fellow surgeons are confident that it will. Their confidence is based on abundant research and hundreds of case histories.

A Gift Now Treasured

At thirty-seven I know I will never again take hearing for granted. It is a gift I shall treasure, for I got it back after it had been almost completely taken from me. With it has returned a sense of confidence and enthusiasm on the job, the pleasure of conversation, even the joy of helping my children with their homework. No longer does my family flee to the far corners of the house when I turn on the record player. We enjoy it together—at a moderate volume.

Meanwhile, dedicated and skilled surgeons like Doctor McGee are training others throughout the country to perform this operation, for the waiting list is still a long one. Thanks to their efforts and to continuing advances in ear surgery, thousands of others will recover normal hearing. My own experience has been so recent and so gratifying that I cannot help uttering a deep prayer of hope for them. I'm sure they will soon find an end to silence.

THE END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PEGGED FOR YELLOW

BY MARY E. NUTT

One flash of sun on steel became everything in his life he ever backed away from

It was my stepmother, heavy with child again, who said that Murray should be taken home to his own people at Slipper Creek to be buried, but it was pa who turned to me.

"You were his friend, Larch; you'll have to take him. I can't leave your mother, and some of the others will have to take Gib into the sheriff. It's a long trip, but Frank can go with you."

It was himself he was arguing with—not me. Even at twenty-one and on my own homestead I didn't give pa much back talk. I knew he was thinking, *A man's journey, and I am sending a boy.* I had been a disappointment to him since I was five and an Oregon storekeeper had threatened to cut off my ears with a cheese knife. Screaming, my face buried in pa's knees, I had heard the laughter, sharper and more enclosing than the scimitar curve of the blade, and I had known I was a coward from that day on.

And if pa had never put it into words, someone else had. Murray's voice, hot with scorn, came echoing back from an hour ago: "Sometimes I can't figure you out, Larch; whether you're yellow, or just don't give a damn!"

I couldn't stand it in that crowded kitchen any longer, where lamplight turned the bare pine walls to gold and touched the shocked faces of the neighbors who had gathered there. I pushed past pa out into the deepening dusk.

Jessie Bowen was out there beside the door, staring away across the darkening land to the purple Cascades, a tall girl with a dimple in her left cheek and a skin like strawberries and thick cream. She had been going to marry Murray Doyle in October, and now they were taking the goods she had bought for a wedding dress to line his homemade coffin.

She left off staring and looked at me. "I'm glad you're the one to take him home. He trusted you. He used to say, 'Larch would give you the shirt off his back, but he lets people run over him.'"

It wasn't to me she was talking really, but to herself, as if she could call Murray back by the recollection of his words—words that scraped like a twisted knife.

They still hurt the next day as I sat on the spring seat beside Frank, my fourteen-year-old half brother, while the wagon jolted between long stretches of sagebrush and scattered farms. Haze hung like a drooping eyelid between us and the copper sun, holding the heat and dust to us chokingly and, with every lurch of the wagon over the rocky road, my heart lurched too, in dread.

I tried to recall what Murray had told me of his family since the day three years ago that he had ridden into pa's yard on a jumpy black colt, another stray young man looking for a homestead, who had stayed to become our friend and neighbor. Slipper Creek he had mentioned often, but nobody seemed to know much about his father, not even Jessie. Somehow I'd got the idea that the old man was stern and stubborn, and that that was the reason Murray had left home. Whatever kind of man he was, tomorrow I would have to face him and say I had brought his son home dead of a rifle bullet. And every plodding horse's hoofbeat whispered, *Guilty! Guilty as if you pulled the trigger.*

There was no excuse for the awful thing that had happened in that September of '93. The days of violence and lawlessness were gone, and two strands of barbed wire were a silly thing for a man to die over.

Gib Henning had taken up a homestead before Murray, three years older than I, had come to the country. Roads were supposed to run on section lines, but Gib had made himself a shortcut, angling across open ground. That shortcut crossed the quarter Murray took up later, and he couldn't stand to have Gib travel it even before it was fenced.

Not that I blamed Murray. Gib was an ornery old cuss, coming out of his hole now and then like a half-starved ground hog to rant about Wall Street and the railroads. I'd been with Murray once in town when he jumped the old man about the road, and Gib acted like a maniac, cursing and yelling all kinds of wild promises of what he'd do if Murray didn't leave him alone.

This past spring I'd turned twenty-one and filed on the quarter next to Murray's. A week ago we'd finished the line fence between us, but on Murray's first trip to town Gib had taken it down for four post lengths and left it that way. That was the thing that sent Murray, always hotheaded, galloping down to my place, wanting me to go with him and lay down the law to Gib.

There weren't many places I wasn't ready to go with Murray, but this time I hesitated. I remembered the curses and the shouted threats, and I wanted no part of it. It was then that Murray called me coward, his taut body braced in the doorway, his hair flaming against the twilight.

"Why wrangle about something that doesn't amount to a hill of beans?" I argued. "It isn't like we had crops or stock in the fields yet."

Yes, there are many ways of disguising fear. So I let Murray go down to Gib Henning's alone and now he was dead, his coffin, covered with canvas, behind me in the wagon, the fleet black gelding tied to the tail gate.

Beside me in the narrow seat Frank stirred restlessly. "Will they hang Gib?" he wondered.

"No," I answered. "Murray went down there alone, even if he wasn't armed. Gib claims he shot him in self-defense, and nobody can contradict it."

"How come he didn't take you with him?" he asked.

"It was his own idea to go down," I evaded. I hadn't told anyone—not even pa when I went to get him after I heard the shot and Murray's horse ran riderless back up the road—that Murray had tried to get me to go with him.

We planned to spend that first night in the town of High Hope, where our pathway crossed the railroad. We would leave our team at the livery stable and hire a new one to go the rest of the way, but we would have to stop long enough to give Murray's horse a rest.

It was close to sundown when we caught sight of the cluster of buildings beside the railroad tracks. By our standards High Hope was a big town, like the ones we had almost forgotten in six years on the homestead. Gaudy lettering covered the high false fronts of the buildings, and boardwalks ran in front of them.

We drove into the yard beside the wide red wings of a livery stable and stopped among a dozen other outfits, whose teams had been unharnessed and tied to the wagons.

While I made arrangements for a team for the next day, Frank went to water Murray's horse. Cricket, Murray had called him. He had taken him as part of his harvest wages the first summer he left home, and he had loved him only a little less than the girl he'd been going to marry.

When I came out, Frank was talking to a stranger, a fat man with a red baby face and eyebrows so light they scarcely showed above gray eyes that danced slyly from Frank to me.

"Boy here says this horse can run a little," he said, gesturing toward Cricket.

"I guess he runs all right," I answered shortly.

"You ever race him?"

"No."

"I got an old buggy mare over there that can run a little too," he said, nodding his head toward the livery barn. "I got ten dollars says she can beat your horse for a quarter of a mile."

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED OTNES

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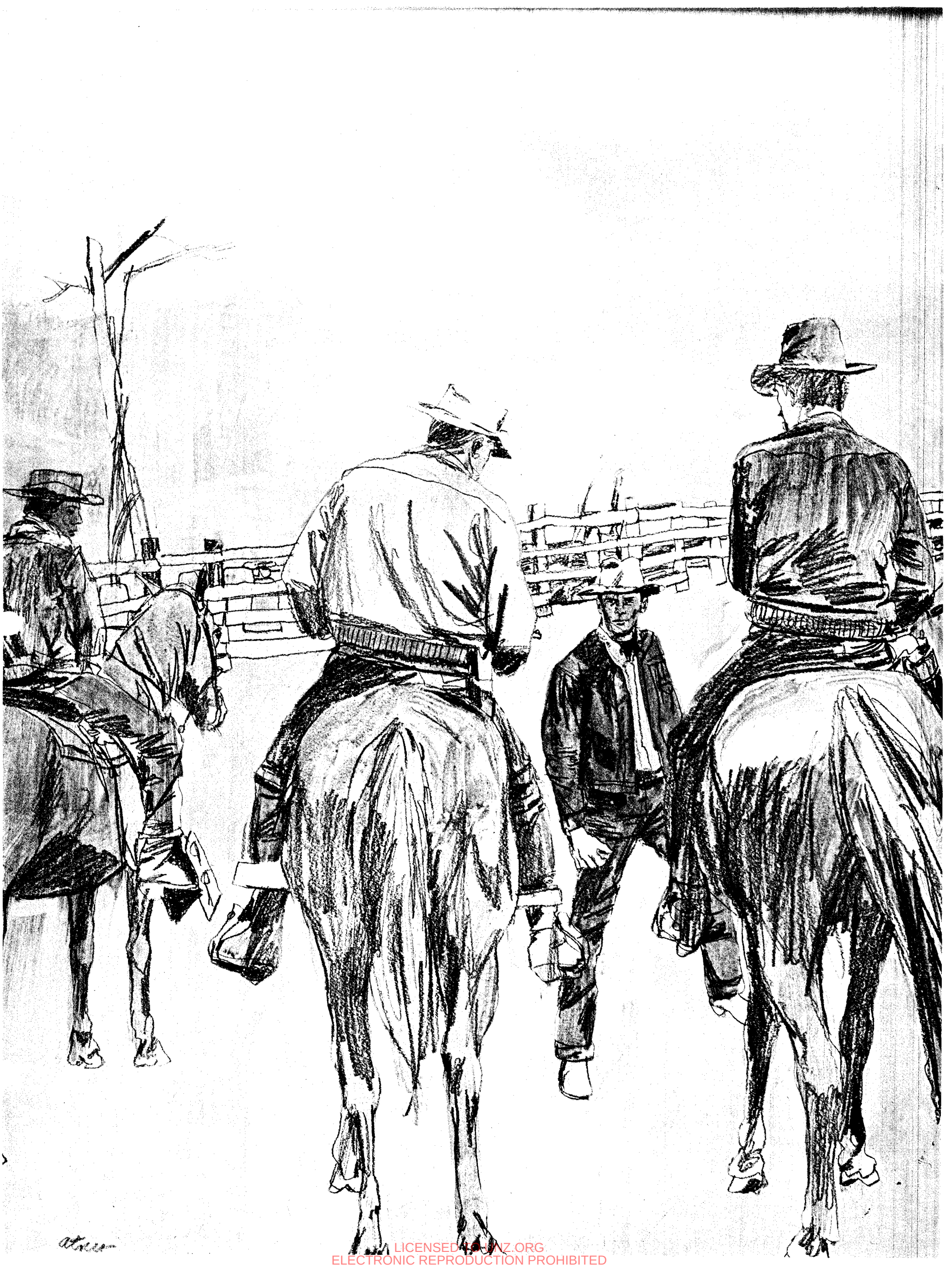

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YELLOW

"I've got no time to run races." I didn't tell him any more. There was a calculation in his eyes that mocked the innocence of his face.

"Where'd you get that horse, anyway? He raised around here?" he asked, squinting suddenly.

"I don't know. He belongs to a friend." I turned away from the questions and brought out my purse. "Here," I said, handing some coins to Frank, "you go down and buy your supper and, when you come back, I'll go."

"You change your mind about that race, let me know," the other man called, drifting away, but I saw him once again that evening.

I had finished my own supper, sitting alone at a small table apart from the busy scurry of travelers and teamsters, and was just going out when the fat man came barging in.

"Well, I see we meet again," he chuckled heavily. "That must be a mighty valuable load you're haulin' that one of you has to set and watch it all the time like a cat with a mouse."

"Yes, it's valuable," I stammered, but I felt the blood drain away from my face at this abrupt reminder of Murray and, whether on purpose or not, the fat man jostled me as we passed.

Frank and I slept that night, taking turns, beneath the wagon. Around us was the smell of dried manure and sweaty harness, the soft shuffle of horses' feet, a dusty sneeze. Toward midnight two men walked by from uptown. They quieted their laughter as they came past our rig, stopping to peer through the moonlight at the three horses. I think they did not see me propped against the front wheel, but they talked in low voices I could not overhear as they walked away. One shape was big and bulky.

We were up and gone before the stars started to thin out. We were in wheat country now. We drove between stubble fields humped with golden haystacks, and once we passed the clatter and belching black smoke of a threshing machine.

Frank was disgusted. "Murray would have run old Cricket this morning," he said in disappointment.

"This would certainly be a poor time to run races," I pointed out.

"Just the same, Murray would have run him, and so would pa," he insisted stubbornly.

I couldn't deny it. Neither one of them would let another man's challenge lie in the dust. But I wasn't pa. I didn't even resemble him as Frank did, small and dark and wiry. I was fair and gangling like my mother's people.

It was afternoon when we reached Slipper Creek, the first sign of it a church spire sticking up above the swell of stubble on our right. At the top of the next ridge we could see it all—an old town, but a little one, that the railroad had bypassed. The road wound downgrade to Main Street with its weathered buildings and hitchrack at the nearer side. From the south a little creek, bordered with willows and cottonwoods, meandered in to give the town its name. A duet of bells rose from the tiny meadow beside it, where two red cows and a small flock of sheep grazed. The church we had seen was across the creek from the town and higher up the slope, and there was a fenced cemetery behind it.

At the far end of Main Street a white schoolhouse disgorged a handful of pupils, scattering in their separate directions to the little houses and the bigger ones with gingerbread trimming, calling across the growing distances to one another. A more sedate figure in a dark skirt and white shirtwaist followed them and came slowly down the street.

I stopped my team where a sign proclaimed, GEN'L MERCHANDISE, WM. M. JONES, PROP. Soon I would know what manner of man Murray's father was.

The store smelled of coffee and calico, and Wm. M. Jones, Prop. was a slight balding man with a mustache.

"Can you tell me where I would find the family of Murray Doyle?" I asked carefully. "Do they live here in town or outside?"

"There's just his mother," William Jones said. "She lives right here in town. Murray's daddy didn't amount to much. He lit out when Murray was just a little tad," the man went on conversationally. He came to the door where I was standing. "You go right on down the street to the corner beyond the saloon," he directed, pointing, "and turn left. It's the little house at the end of the street. You know Murray, do you? Mighty good boy, I always thought, for the chance he had."

"I did know him," I returned soberly. "He is dead."

Something caught my arm, and I faced the woman who had come down the street. She was young, and her dark eyes denied my words.

"Murray's dead?" she almost whispered.

I nodded, turning back to the wagon before she could ask any more questions.

The Doyle house, paintless and shabby, was not hard to find. I went up the hard-packed path to the open door, and the smell of hot sudsy water pushed out through the screen.

Just inside a woman was ironing, and I knew at once it was Murray's mother. There was the same hawklike independence in her bony face, and once the faded hair drawn back to a knot had been as flaming bright as his.

I cleared my throat. "I have come about Murray."

"Murray?" She came at once to the screen, opening it and peering beyond me to the wagon, her face stiffening.

"He died night before last," I told her as gently as I could.

"How did it happen?" Her voice was heavy and flat.

She let me in and, as if without thinking, she moved back to the ironing board, her hand shifting the flatiron blindly in and out among the ruffles of somebody's white petticoat.

I told her about the shot in the dusk and, when I explained the quarrel between him and Gib, she interrupted.

"He was always proud—too proud. I guess after his pa pulled out that was about all he had—pride. But sometimes it made him carry a chip on his shoulder." Her tears came then—the ugly, terrible tears of age.

I stood there not knowing what to do, taking in the threadbare neatness of the room—the stand with its crocheted doily and plush-covered album between white-curtained windows, the stacks of folded snowy clothes on the faded-green settee.

Awkwardly I reached out and touched her shoulder. "There are things to do," I reminded her, and she straightened, drying her eyes on the blue-calico apron.

"No, I mustn't stand here blubbering." Her eyes filled again. "When he was just

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a little tyke he used to haul home big baskets of washing for me on his hand sled."

In a little while the house was filled with friends who comforted Murray's mother and busied themselves with the necessary tasks.

Strangers took us in hand and fed us, but we slept that night under Mrs. Doyle's roof, in the bed that had been Murray's, and his mother herself carried the lamp before us to his room.

Carefully she set it down on the cheap oak bureau, with its embroidered scarf and plump stuffed pincushion. Her profile in the mirror wore the dignity of sorrow.

"I hope you'll sleep well here. Murray wrote me about how you took him in that first winter. He was beholden to you, and so am I, and so I want you to have his horse. I want you to take it back and keep it to remember him by."

It didn't seem right to me; she could have sold the horse, but put that way I didn't know how to refuse. Somehow I thanked her, and she said good night and went away.

At ten the next morning the coffin, decently covered now with good black cloth, rested at the front of the little church. The minister read the obituary.

"James Murray Doyle was born May 23, 1869 and passed away September 5, 1893."

It was such a short life, and not an easy one. But he had had Jessie for a time. For no reason at all I remembered a day in January and her face, rosy and laughing, upturned to his in protest as he rubbed it with snow, his own eyes filled with tenderness behind the teasing. I was glad there had been Jessie.

At the small organ a woman began to play softly, and a quartet stood up to sing.

"*What a Friend we have in Jesus,*
All our sins and griefs to bear. . . ."

The woman who sang alto was the one I had seen at the store. She wore a narrow-waisted black dress with big sleeves and a high white collar, and she was not very tall. Black as the dress, her hair was strained back from the severe line of her cheek, but there were bangs softly curled under the little straw bonnet overgrown with velvet forget-me-nots.

The sun came in through the east window, and two flies bumbled against the glass. The minister opened his Bible.

"'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you,'" he read.

Peace! What had Murray ever wanted of peace, I asked myself.

It was over at last. Only the wagon that bore the coffin went the last few yards to the graveyard covered with drying grass. The rest of us walked. We had left our wagon in town, and Frank had come out with some other people, but I had ridden Cricket. I had a silly notion that Murray would want him there.

The necessary words were spoken and, except for the men who would fill the grave, the crowd moved quickly away. Frank and I were the last to go back down. It seemed as if there must be one more thing I could do for Murray, some completeness for us both, before I turned my back on him.

By the cemetery gate someone was waiting—the girl who had sung. She had taken off the fancy hat, and it dangled in her hand as she stepped forward to meet us.

"I wanted to ask you about Murray," she began. "I am Lynelda Parrish. Did he ever speak of me?"

"No," I answered honestly.

A faint flush crept above the high collar and stained her cheek. "We were friends. In fact, we were more than friends."

"He was my friend too," I said, and I thought of Jessie, and it came to me that the biggest part of Frank was his mouth. I pointed down toward the hitch rack by the church where Cricket was pawing and jerking his head as he gazed after the departing teams. "I want you to go down there and see that that horse doesn't rub his bridle off," I told Frank quickly.

He went reluctantly and looking back, and I turned uncomfortably to the woman. The sun beat against our shoulders. Above us earth fell on the waiting coffin, but below blackbirds flew in and out of the willows.

"My name is Larch McGlothern," I added.

Through the lines of concern the beginning of a smile touched her lips. "You are named for a tree. You are like a tree too—tall and strong."

"I wouldn't vouch for that," I evaded. "What was it you wanted to know about Murray?"

"Do you think he was happy?"

"Why?"

"Because I was Murray's girl," she answered, not looking at me but out across

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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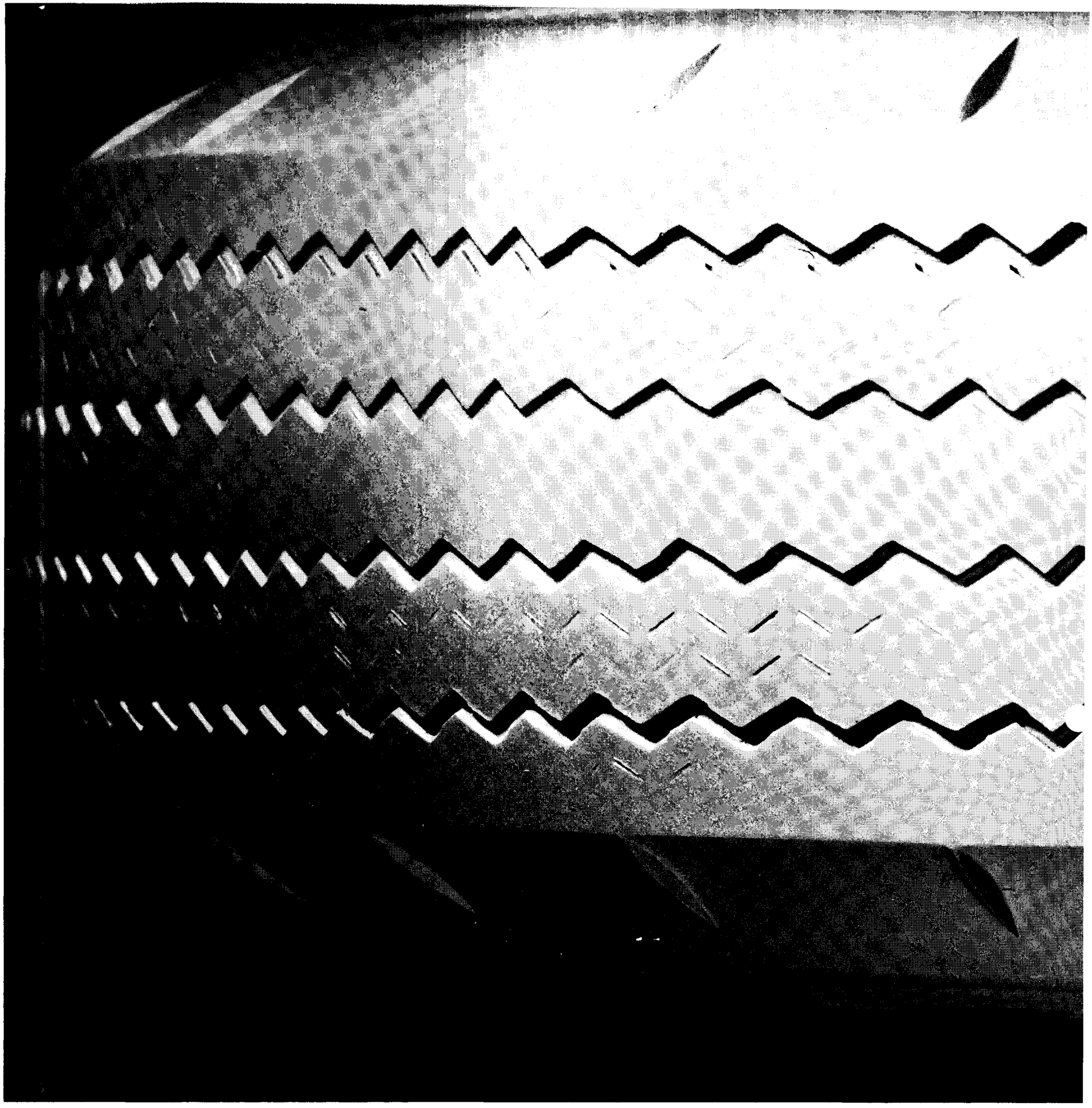

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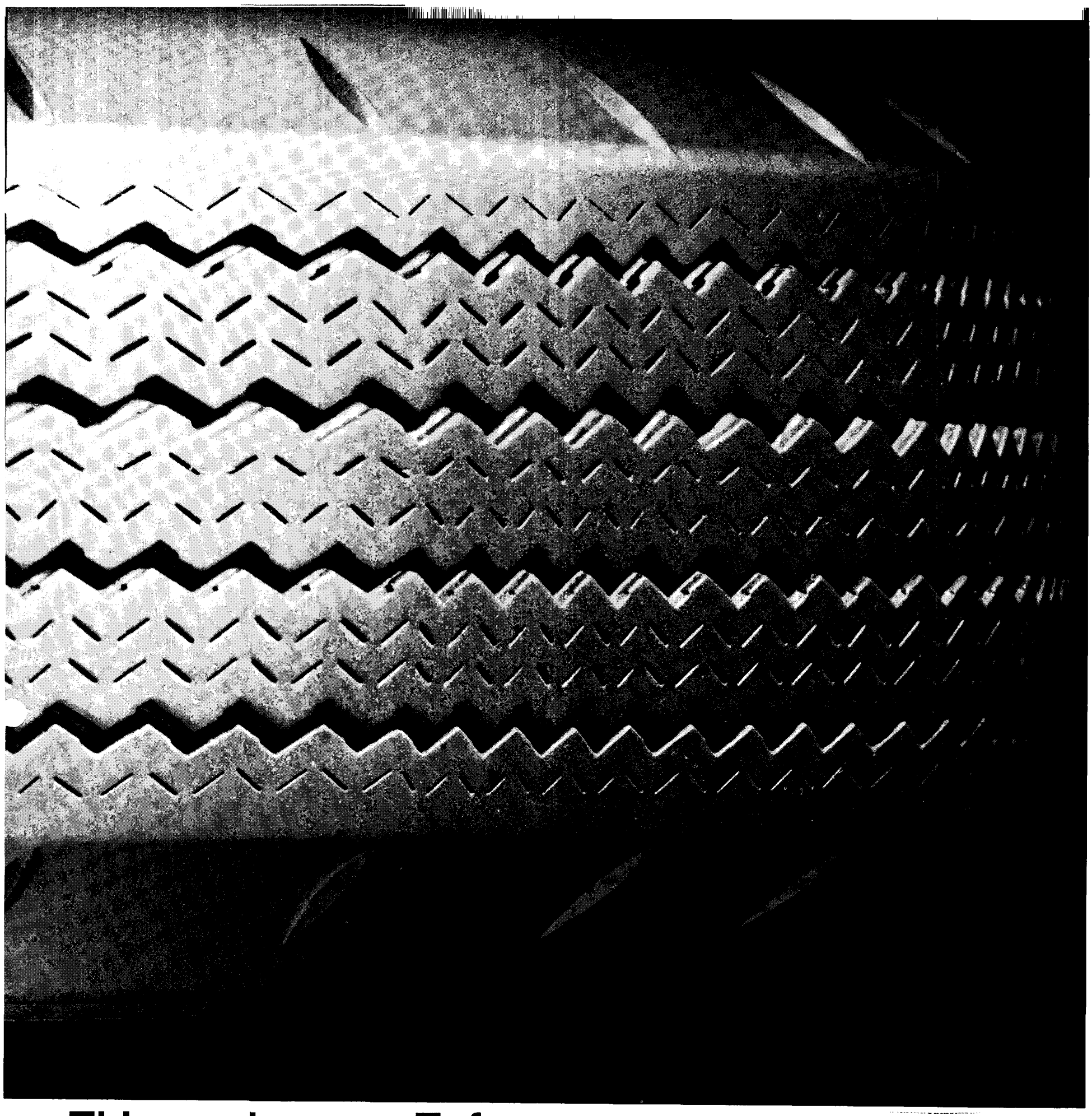

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YELLOW

the creek and the town. "Ever since we started school together. It was all right then. It was only when we were old enough to think about getting married that papa began making excuses to put it off. Not that he ever said one word against Murray, only that he ought to get something ahead before we married. All Murray could see, though, was that papa didn't think a washerwoman's son was good enough for a doctor's daughter. He wanted me to run off with him, but it's a hard thing to go against your own family. While I was trying to make up my mind, Murray went without me. I stayed to become the village schoolma'am."

Bitterness dragged at the corner of her mouth. "I didn't even know where he went, but I used to like to think that wherever it was, my love was there before him, waiting. I still want to think that."

She looked straight at me then, stubbornly biting her lower lip, the tears she couldn't check showing shiny bright in her brown eyes.

Lynelda. Her name rose and fell like the ripples of ripened grass beside the grave, and there was a like regret in her, too, for the end of a time and a season. The thing to do was to tell her about Jessie—to make the cut clean and curing, but I couldn't do it.

What I wanted to do was smooth back the dark hair and tell her everything was all right, to heal her hurt as I wished mine could be healed.

Instead I said, "Yes, he was happy. He took a lot of pride in everything he had, you know—in his horse, in his homestead. It was that pride that got him killed."

"Were you with him when it happened?" she asked.

"No." Because she had failed him as I had failed him, I felt closer to her than I ever had to anyone in my life, and at last I could confess that Murray had stopped to get me, and that dread of anger and violence had held me back. "I blame myself," I finished. "If I had gone, Murray might still be alive."

"We are all afraid of something," she murmured. "Even Murray. He was afraid people would look down on him, but I didn't understand that. If I had, I would have gone with him no matter what papa said."

Like a spatter of shots, horses' hoofs clattered on the wooden bridge. Three riders came at a lope up the hill past the church. With instinctive distrust I recognized the leader on the bay as the man who had talked to us in High Hope. He wore a pistol strapped around his middle and the belt cut tight into his round belly like St. Nick's, but there was nothing of the good saint in his face.

"We found you easier than I thought we would," he began roughly, jerking his horse to a sliding stop. "I reckon you don't need to be told why we've come."

"I haven't got the slightest idea," I answered stiffly, but I felt fear pound like a striking clock against my ribs and the old sickness coming on as I glanced at his companions—a hard-faced young man with cold blue eyes and mounted on a dirty gray gelding and, farther back, a swarthy, line-cheeked man on a buckskin.

"Don't try to lie out of it!" The fat man's voice cut like a whip. "We know that black horse you got is a stole horse. I thought there was something fishy when you was so closemouthed about him, and both of you wouldn't leave the wagon at the same time. When you pulled out so early yesterday morning I went nosin' around. That horse come from Frenchy Filo's"—he motioned toward the dark man—"ranch right at High Hope. That's his brand the black was wearin'."

"It isn't a stolen horse. It belonged to the man I brought back here to bury," I explained.

"Then he musta been a horse thief. I ain't sayin' you stole him," he went on with a hint of compromise. "If I was sure it was you, I wouldn't waste no time, and you know what they do to horse thieves. We don't want no trouble. Just give the horse back, and no more'll be said. Ain't that right?" He turned to the others.

"That's right," the younger man said.

They waited. I had my choice. Already I had found out so much I hadn't known about Murray. How could I tell where the horse had come from in the first place? He was mine now. The easy way was to let him go.

Lynelda's hand touched mine. "He's lying! Murray was no thief."

I knew then what last thing I had been given to do for Murray, only I didn't know how—not with three of them against me and one of them armed.

"You're takin' a long time to make up your mind, boy," the fat man said. He lifted his hand from his thigh, and sunlight glinted on the muzzle of his pistol.

There were suddenly a lot of things in that sun-stained bit of steel. It was a cheese knife flashing and Gib's rifle leveled at Murray's breast and everything I'd ever backed away from in my life. I was not conscious of moving, only the fat man's wrist, thick and hot, in my hand.

"We'll see who's a horse thief!" I felt, rather than heard, the words gritting between my teeth as his horse jerked backward, and he came out of the saddle like a lumpy sack of meal. I rammed my fist against his flabby jaw, and he sagged to the ground. Barrel first, I snatched the pistol from his hand.

"Look out!" Lynelda screamed.

I staggered forward under the thrust of the gray gelding's shoulder as his rider came crowding up behind me, reaching down for the gun. Stumbling to recover my balance, I was able to bring the pistol butt up solidly against the horse's nose and send him whirling away. His rider was sliding from the saddle, though, lunging at me, grabbing again for the gun, but only catching my forearm while his left hand clawed at my throat. I hooked my toe behind his heel and brought both of us sprawling to the ground.

It was a mistake; he landed on top of me, and gravel grated against my cheek. Desperately with my left hand I grabbed at his, still grappling for my throat, but with his right hand he swiveled my other elbow into the ground as he twisted my arm to make me drop the gun. There was pain, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered but keeping the gun and getting it where I could use it.

Something had to give. His face was close to my ear; I could hear and feel the straining, panting breath over my own harsh gulping. I dropped his wrist and brought my hand up blindly to his face, feeling the soft flesh of his eyelids beneath my groping nails. At the same time, arching my body against my aching arm, I raised my knee to his groin. That moment of pain gave me the grace I needed. I twisted away, rolling out of his reach and shifting the gun in my hands.

I could hear Frank's voice breaking in excitement as he shouted to the third rider to stay where he was, advice he hadn't needed I saw as I stood up. My opponent, though, was bracing himself again, and the fallen leader was showing signs of life. Only the business end of the pistol stopped them.

The men who were filling the grave had come down the path, and for a second we all stood there stock-still, staring at one another like figures in a painted picture. My eyes flicked to Frank and the third man, and I noticed something.

"If that Circle Six is your brand, how come you're riding a horse branded with an open heart?"

"Eet was not I who say that. Eet was Ike," the swarthy man protested, his lips parting in what was meant to be a smile.

I felt good, tall as the tree I was named for, as Ike scrambled cautiously to his feet. He hadn't given up. He spoke in a whining bluster.

"You're set on doin' it the hard way, ain't you, son? I can get the sheriff, if that's the way you want it."

"Go ahead and get him!" I blazed. "You never thought the horse was stolen. You saw him and wanted him, and you had me figured for a scared, green kid, so you thought you could run a bluff and get him for yourself. Well, I'll be in High Hope tomorrow at noon. Bring on your sheriff then."

"I'll be there," he promised grimly. He picked up his broad-brimmed hat and set it on his head, caught up his bridle reins.

"And if you still want to bet on that race, I'll take you up on it," I added.

Half conscious of the comments of the gravediggers, I watched the riders descend the slope, cross the bridge and take the road back toward High Hope, and all at once the pistol was heavy in my hand.

Beside me Frank stubbed his boot toe against a rock in make-believe unconcern, but his boy's eyes, so like pa's, were wild with wonder.

"I thought sure you'd get licked, Larch. I never saw you fight before. I didn't know you could fight."

"It's something that comes—like muscles or whiskers," I told him lightly, so that he wouldn't guess that inside I was shaking worse than I ever had.

I glanced up the hill where the girl had moved a little way out of the tussle. Meeting my gaze, she came down a step, and there was a scolding, schoolteacherish look on her face.

"Whatever possessed you? It's only fool's luck you weren't killed yourself," she cried stormily, but her voice broke in the middle. "That's just what Murray would have done, though."

It came to me then that Murray's courage had been no more than mine, simply a choice, when the time came, between cost and need. And knowing that, I could feel better about leaving him—not reconciled ever to the waste of him, but guessing that whatever had happened down at Gib's, Murray had looked at the price and counted it cheap to his pride.

I let Frank ride Cricket ahead of us, and I walked back to town with the girl named Lynelda, but first we stood for a long time in the shade of the willows, watching the sun-dappled water slide under the wooden bridge.

Because she had loved Murray and lost him, she seemed younger than I and more open to hurt. More than anything I wanted to hold that hurt away, and so I told her the happy things I knew of Murray.

I told her how he and I had hunted coyotes in winter and sage hens in summer, skinning out the coyotes for their furs and frying the dark, plump breasts of the sage hens.

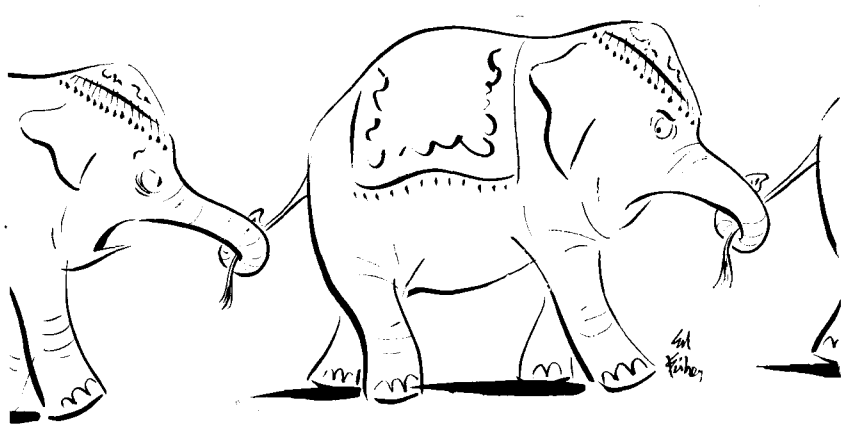
I spoke of the nights we had spent in each other's cabins, and how we had used to argue over whether to salt dry beans before or after you boiled them. She laughed a little and said that she had argued over lots of things with Murray too. Tears came into her eyes, and because he had been dear to us both I could take her hand between mine and hold it for comforting. A tickly strand of black hair blew against my cheek, and in her nearness I caught the spicy scent of carnations.

I told her how Murray had won all the Fourth of July races on Cricket, and how, when the young people played games after Literary, all the girls were after Murray, but I never said one word about Jessie.

One day, if I were lucky, Lynelda would love me as she had loved him, not forgetting him, but remembering him only as part of growing up. If that day came, I could tell her he had found someone else.

But right now there was so much to tell and so little time, and so I asked if I could come back later in the fall and talk to her again. For a long time she stared down at the shallow water without answering, and in the silence I heard a mourning dove call sadly.

Then she raised her eyes, and something as bright and fleeting as sunlight on the riffles below us flashed in them. "I shall be most happy to have you come, Larch," she said primly. **THE END**



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm going to sneeze!"

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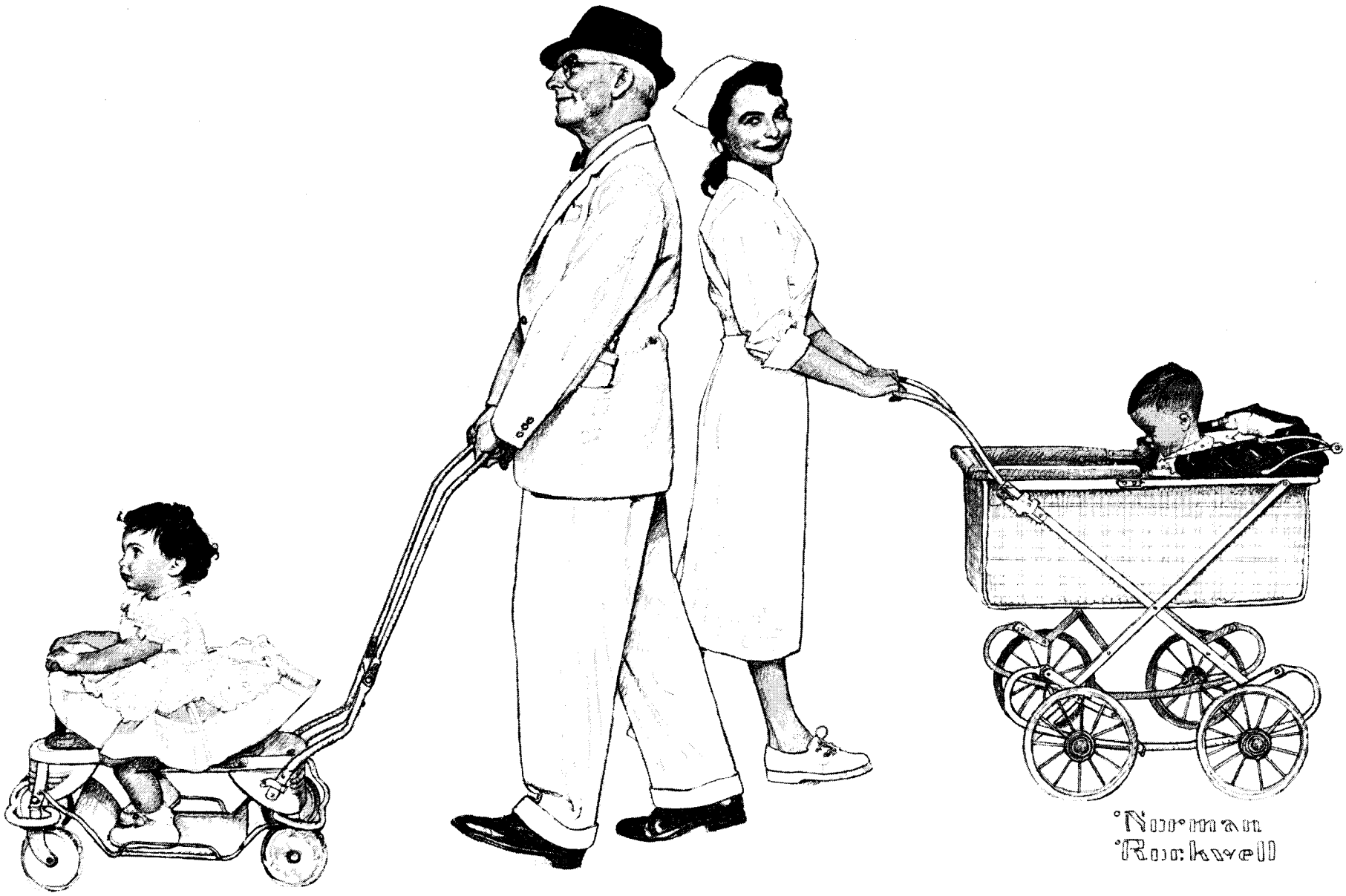

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It All Began With People

His peers accused the young bear of **un-bearlike** activities!

by ROBERT MURPHY

Alfred, who was a cub with a certain independence of spirit, would have had a much simpler life if it hadn't been so easy to confuse him with his twin brother Lancelot. He would have gone his way and bothered nobody, but Lancelot (who took after their mother, a rather slatternly old she-bear who preferred putting the arm on the tourists to supporting herself) was always being a nuisance, and Alfred frequently took the blame.

Lancelot's peccadilloes had been tiresome but comparatively minor until the day that the Muggridge family from Scalpolock, Nebraska, came along. It had been a poor day; the old bear had been holding the cubs beside the road all morning in the hope of a handout, and they were hungry and out of sorts. Alfred had tactfully suggested several times that they go find themselves some breakfast, and finally, because his belly was growling so loudly at him, he forgot the tact.

"I'm leaving, mamma," he announced. "You can sit here all day if you want to, but I ——"

"You'll stay right where you are," the old bear said, "or I'll clout you one. People feel more openhearted toward a poor, hardworking mother with two young."

"But, mamma ——"

"You heard me, Alfred. Don't try me too far."

"Yeah!" Lancelot said mockingly.

Alfred took a swing at him. Lancelot ducked, lost his balance and fell into the old bear, who clouted him. He began to wail and dance about, and then the old bear glanced up and saw the car coming around the lodgepole pines at the corner.

"Get out there!" she said. "Here comes one! Hurry up, get out there."

Alfred had a swift impulse to run off, but his mother's eye was on him; he got out on the road with his lower lip stuck out. Lancelot was already there, looking surly and feeling put upon. "Jerk!" he said, out of the side of his mouth. "I'll get you for that."

"Get me now," Alfred said and started for him.

The old bear gave a growl like a curse. "If you two blow this setup," she said, "I'll pound you until you can't stand up. Get into your act," she said, in a rage.

The two cubs, seething within, stood up on their hind legs and looked as appealing as they could; the car stopped. There were three angry bears in the road, and Mr. Muggridge, a lanky, hatchet-faced man, had been told by a ranger to let the bears alone, but he never listened to anybody.

"Mother," he said, "hand me the camera. . . . Junior, get out and see can you ride one of them half-grown ones."

"Jonathon," the woman said. "Jonathon. The man said to let the bears alone."

"Yeah," Mr. Muggridge said. "Anybody would think the bears belonged to him. . . . Junior, get goin'. Hand me the camera, mother."

"Jonathon ——"

"Hand me the camera, damn it. . . . Junior!"

"I'm goin'," Junior said and climbed out of the car, still holding half of a submarine sandwich.

His father, who had the camera by this time, got out after him. "That one," he said, pointing to Lancelot. "Get up on him, now."

Junior approached Lancelot who, being downwind, was more than willing to meet him halfway. Lancelot began to drool and, seeing this, Junior extended the sandwich toward him; but when Lancelot stretched forward to engulf it, Junior snatched it away. Lancelot was outraged; people didn't treat him like that; he made a rush for the sandwich, and Junior, who was fast on his feet, sidestepped and kicked him in the fundament as he went by.

Things began to happen with explosive rapidity. Lancelot squalled, his mother let out a roar and started for Junior; the woman began to scream, Junior ran for the car, and Mr. Muggridge, seeing the she-bear gaining on Junior, threw the camera at her and ran for the car himself. Even in her rage she stopped to see whether the camera was good to eat, which gave the man and the boy time to get into the car; but, in his haste to get away, Mr. Muggridge stalled his engine. Lancelot and his mother swarmed over the car, and just then a ranger patrol car rounded the corner. Its siren began to wail, and Lancelot and his mother took off into the brush.

Alfred had been so startled by the entire affair that he was still standing, gaping, in the road when the patrol car skidded to a stop. The naturalist riding with the ranger thrust the muzzle of his carbon dioxide gun out the window and shot him in the neck with a hypodermic dart. The thing pricked him; he began to move off; but within fifty yards the Sucostrin in the dart took effect, and his muscles refused to obey him. He fell down and sprawled helpless in the middle of the road. The naturalist ran up and stapled a heavy plastic collar bearing a small box with a radio transmitter in it around his neck. This transmitter sent out radio impulses that were received at Park Headquarters and showed where the transmitter was; animals, birds and even fish could be tracked for several months with this device. The naturalist rejoined the ranger, who was getting the Muggridges on their way.

"You be sure he's dead, I tell you," Mr. Muggridge was saying with some heat. "He's the one tried to eat Junior, and if he ain't dead, I'll write my congressman and raise hell."

"Yes, sir," the ranger said. "I'll see to it. You better go now. It's a long way to the next camp. And stay away from the bears."

"I tried to tell him ——" the woman began.

"I'll tend to this, mother. You be sure ——"

"Pa," Junior said. "I want his skin. Pa ——"

"You can't have it. Go get the camera."

Junior, with an eye on Alfred, ran out and got the camera.

"You be sure he's dead," Mr. Muggridge said, "and I'll forget about it." He let in his clutch and drove off.

"Damned fool," the ranger said and shoved back his hat with his thumb. "What do you think he was up to?"

"Tried to get the kid to ride the cub and get a picture probably. He looks like the type. We'll follow the cub around on the radio, and if he gets into trouble again, we'll move him back in the hills. Give me a hand, and we'll lug him off the road."

They walked over to the supine Alfred and, with much grunting and tugging, dragged him into the brush to recover from the Sucostrin and take himself off.

The collar and transmitter were a great nuisance to Alfred for several days, but he couldn't get them off and finally stopped trying. They made him a little self-conscious, and he tried to go off by himself more, but Lancelot was fascinated by the collar and followed him about. The old bear let them wander; she was still mad at them and beginning to realize that they were becoming more of a hindrance than a help, being old enough by now to have a few notions of their own. Having

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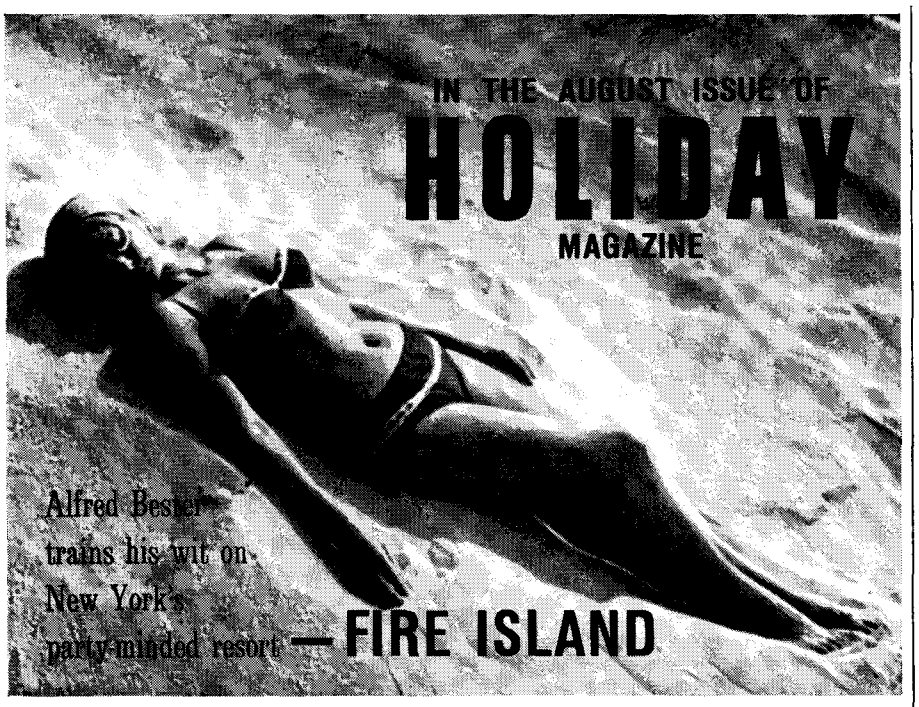
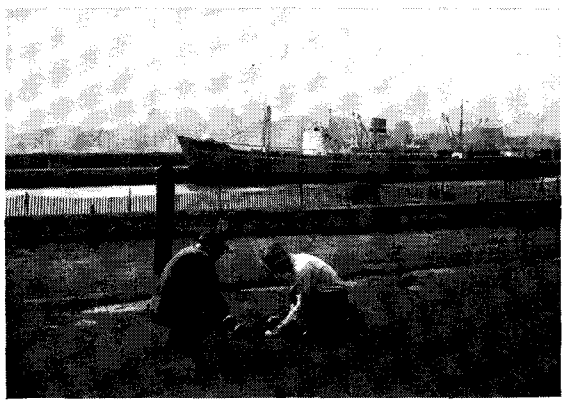


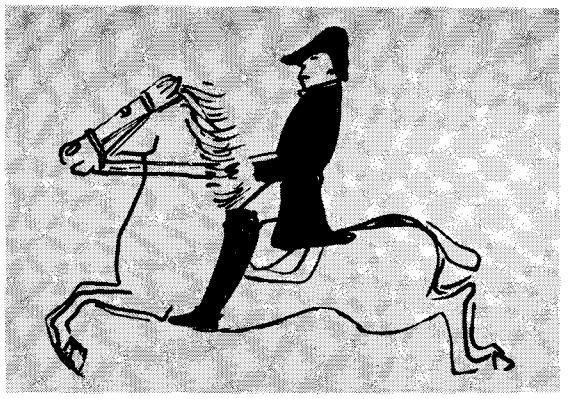
John Keats cruises
along his beloved

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER



Ludwig Bemelmans
searches through
the haze of wine,
women and song for

THE SOUL OF AUSTRIA



Maurice Edelman wears the cap of
both writer and Member of Parliament
as he composes a sharply etched
word likeness of Britain's Prime Minister

THE RT. HON. HAROLD MACMILLAN

PLUS . . .

Passage to Africa . . . Kashmir . . . Conversation with Segovia . . . Shunpike Tour of New Hampshire . . . Rome's Small Hotels . . . Manhattan Night Court

HOLIDAY
MAGAZINE
A Curtis Publication

People

had a scare, she decided to give up the tourists for a few days until things cooled off, and she joined the other bears who frequented the park garbage dump, although she thought the food there was quite inferior.

Lancelot also thought of the dump; it was better than the sweaty work of digging for mice and such; but he felt like sticking to Alfred for the moment and Alfred, like a fool, wanted to work for a living. He went around tearing stumps apart and rolling great rocks about, and Lancelot had to go with him, but he didn't do it quietly; he groaned and panted, cursed and complained.

"The people's chocolate and crackers are better than this lousy junk," he whined, scooping up a pawful of fat white grubs. "Come on, why don't we ——"

"I don't want anything to do with people," Alfred said. He was growing very weary of Lancelot. "Go, if you like them so much."

"I would if you'd tell me why you wear that thing. I bet you talk to the people with it. You know we're not to have anything to do with people except eat their food. Why don't you tell me ——"

"Damn it, I've told you forty times I had nothing to do with it. If it hadn't been for you and ma ——"

"You stayed there on purpose. You're a liar."

Alfred had been patience itself, but this brought him to the end of it; with a growl he jumped on Lancelot. They roared and bit and rolled about, tearing up the underbrush, but Alfred was in better condition than his brother; soon he was giving considerably more punishment than he took, and finally Lancelot managed to extricate himself and flee, screaming vengeance.

Alfred went back to his stump, and Lancelot went sniveling down the trail; soon he met a distant uncle, a fat and pompous old bear named Geoffrey, who was by way of being a pillar of a certain segment of the community and a member of the Sassafras Society.

"Ha, my boy," Geoffrey said, staring rather sourly at Lancelot's disarray. "You look a bit the worse for wear."

"It was that damned Alfred," Lancelot said and sniffled. "That damned Alfred jumped on me and ——"

"Come, come," Geoffrey said, looking pious. "Mind your language. Your mother didn't teach you words like that."

"My mother didn't get jumped on by Alfred either."

"And why, pray, would Alfred jump on you? Did you offend him in any way?"

An impolite reply was on the tip of Lancelot's tongue, but he recalled his lacerations and thought better of it just in time. "I was just asking him," he said instead, "if he talked to the people on that thing they gave him."

Geoffrey straightened up. "What?" he demanded. "What thing? Do you mean he's accepted something from the people and carries it about?" He stared at Lancelot, who managed to look coy. "Come!" he rapped out. "Speak up!"

"Well," Lancelot said, twisting about with apparent unwillingness, "I didn't mean —— I don't ——"

"Stop that abominable squirming, damn it. This is serious. Very serious. Where is your wretched brother?"

"He's—he's back that way."

"I must see this for myself," Geoffrey said. "Take me to him at once."

"Uncle Geoffrey ——"

"No more of this nonsense. March!"

Lancelot rolled up his eyes, as though the affair were now out of his hands, and started off with Geoffrey puffing along behind him.

"Not so fast. I do not wish to startle or confront him, but merely to observe."

Lancelot slowed his pace. They crept about through the underbrush and presently got Alfred in view. Alfred was resting from his labors and, still thinking profanely of Lancelot, muttering to himself. He had developed an occasional nervous movement of the head, because of the collar, and appeared to be talking into the transmitter.

"Great Manitou!" Geoffrey whispered in horror and recoiled a step or two. "It's true! Back!"

They crept back out of hearing. "Subversion!" Geoffrey said, aghast. "Subversion of the worst sort! I must ——"

"Uncle Geoffrey."

"Eh? Oh, it's you."

"Uncle Geoffrey, will I get a reward?"

Geoffrey looked at him with disfavor. "Reward? I daresay. No doubt, no doubt. You have struck a great blow for

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People

the cause. Be off now, and mention this to no one."

Lancelot, wearing an expression of virtue and triumph, went off in one direction, and Geoffrey hastened off in another.

The result of this dubious collaboration was not long in revealing itself. Alfred, after the dustup with Lancelot, had not returned to his mother, but had worked his way out toward the unfrequented part of the park. He encountered none of his kind converging on the garbage dump in the evenings or people and the trouble they brought with them; he was free to do as he pleased, the air smelled better, and if he worked hard for his meals, he slept better at night for it.

He had been wandering about with increasing satisfaction for a week or two when he came upon a beaver pond, and as he came out to the edge of it, he heard a hail and looked up to see a young bear standing on the middle of the dam. He stopped, and the other splashed across the dam and approached him.

"Howdy, Bub," the newcomer said breezily and looked curiously at the plastic collar. "You must be Alfred."

Alfred nodded, much puzzled.

"Am I glad I found you," the other said. "I haven't had a square feed since I left the cafeteria. What are you doing out here in the boondocks—taking it on the lam?"

"I like it here," Alfred said.

"Man! You may be some sort of square, but you don't look like the wrong kind of Joe to me. What would the committee want you for?"

"The committee?" Alfred asked. "What committee?"

"The Un-Bearlike Activities Committee, that's what. Lot of old poops like, if you ask me, but who's asking me? They give me the word, I come. I give you the word, you come. Simple, but that's life. Just be at the canyon half a mile from the geyser next Thursday noon sharp. Or else."

Alfred stared at him in dismay. He had been threatened with the committee as every human child has been threatened with the boogeyman, to make him behave himself, but it had always seemed extremely remote. "But I haven't done anything," he said in a quavering voice.

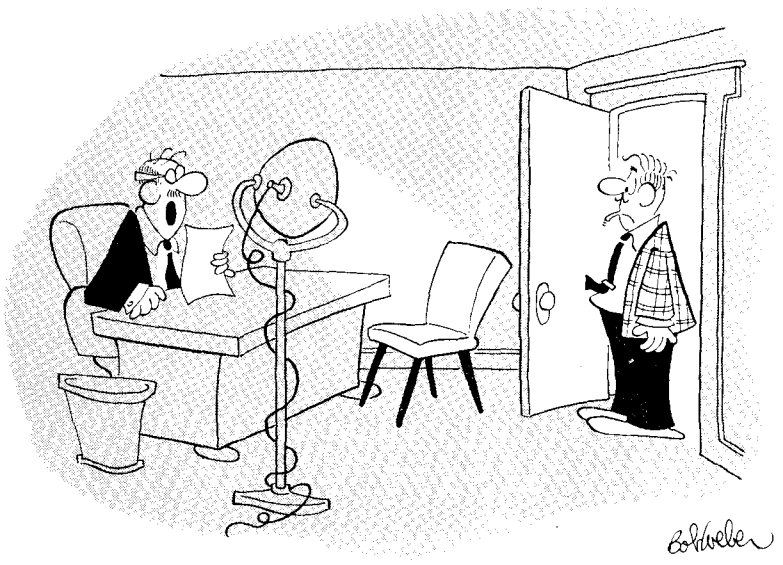
"So that signifies?" the other asked. "Well, remember when they get you up there that there's one dodge might get you off the hook with those creeps." He looked around and wrinkled his nose. "Well, back to the fleshpots for me. See you there, bear," he said, waved and disappeared as breezily as he had come.

Alfred stood looking after him, with disquiet in his soul. There is a certain ancient, rough justice among bears; if they transgress, they can be tried by a jury of their peers and meted out fitting punishment, but the Un-Bearlike Activities Committee was something else again. It was a fairly new thing, an outgrowth of the High Governing Caucus, and had appeared after men and bears had existed in rather close proximity for a while, as in the parks. Composed of bears of a conservative (or so they said) disposition, it existed (as they also said) to prevent, or at least investigate, any intercourse with man beyond taking food from him. It said that its function had nothing to do with enforcing justice; it merely wanted to ask a few questions; but Alfred had heard some disquieting things about that.

He recalled the other bear speaking of a dodge that might help him out and, after searching about in his mind for a minute or two, remembered The Hand—The Hand of Manitou, god of Indians and wild creatures; when a defendant on trial was unfairly questioned, he could say, "I take refuge beneath the protecting Hand of Manitou" and wasn't required to testify against himself.

The questions of why they wanted him, what he could do to defend himself and what they would do to him buzzed about in his head like a swarm of angry hornets and wouldn't be quieted. He wanted to flee, to escape into the most remote corner of the Rockies, and knew that it would be useless to try. He was trapped and felt frightened and very much alone.

When Alfred reached the canyon, it seemed to be full of bears. They were sitting comfortably about, facing the canyon wall, against which the committee, three large bears and a smaller, waspish-looking one of a rather paler color, were sitting together facing them. Although Alfred was early, the gathering made it appear that he was late, and he had a



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People

fleeting thought that it had purposely been arranged in this way. He was considerably upset by the size of the audience, all of whom stared silently and in apparent disapproval at him, and this upset him even more.

He walked through the assembled bears, some of whom nudged others and pointed at the plastic collar, and stopped in front of the committee. They also stared at him, with expressions of distaste, and let him stand there for a while.

"Now that the witness has at last honored us with his presence," the biggest bear said finally, "we might as well begin." He looked at the audience. "I want quiet here," he said, "or I'll have the canyon cleared. Now, then," he went on, turning back to Alfred, "we would like to ask you a few questions, to which you will answer 'yes' or 'no.'" He cleared his throat. "Are you a member of the People's Party?"

"The People's Party?" Alfred asked in an unsteady voice. "I didn't know there was ——"

"Answer 'yes' or 'no,' please."

"But ——"

"The witness," the biggest bear said, "seems intent upon making a speech. We are wasting time here. Roderick, you may cross-examine."

The pale, waspish bear showed his teeth to Alfred and moved forward. "I am interested in that device you wear around your neck," he said. "Were you born with it?"

"No," Alfred said. "No, sir."

"Ah, you were not. Perhaps, then, your mother placed it there later?"

"No, sir," Alfred said. "You see, my mother ——"

"Answer 'yes' or 'no.'"

"No, sir."

"You are quite sure it was not placed there by your mother?"

"Yes, sir."

"It was placed there by some other bear, perhaps?"

"No, sir."

"It was placed there by some other agency, then. And this was done with your knowledge and consent?"

"I knew they were doing it, but I ——"

"Answer 'yes' or 'no.'"

Alfred, alone and bedeviled and despite his nervousness, began to see where things were headed; strictly limited in his answers, he was going to be dragooned into incriminating himself. "Sir," he said, "I take refuge beneath the protecting Hand of Manitou."

"Ah," the pale bear, Roderick, said. "An uncooperative witness. This device was made by man, was it not?"

"I take The Hand."

"And there was a man near you when it was placed?"

"I take The Hand."

"Did a man place it around your neck?"

"I take The Hand."

"It should be noted," Roderick said, "that the witness has taken The Hand four times while the sun has scarcely moved. He is being obstructive, and for what reason? You may stand down," he said to Alfred. "I call the bear Geoffrey."

There was a stirring behind a nearby rock, and Geoffrey appeared. His fur had been groomed until it shone, and he looked trustworthy and prosperous.

"You are a member of this community?"

"I am," Geoffrey said. "I have been a member for eighteen summers."

"In that time have you ever been before the jury for any infraction whatever?"

"No, sir. I prize my membership; I feel honored to be included in it; and I strive to be a good member."

"Thank you," Roderick said. "Now, have you ever seen the witness?"

Geoffrey looked at Alfred. "I have," he said. "He is one of the younger generation whose members are our hope of the future, if I may say so."

"Your sentiments do you credit. Now, as you have observed him in his comings and goings, did you find him a responsible member of the community?"

"I did," Geoffrey said. "I did indeed. Until," he went on, pausing dramatically, "until recently."

"Will you now tell us what recent occurrence caused you to change your mind?"

"I will," Geoffrey said, "although with considerable pain. Receiving information that the witness was wearing a device made by people, I was disquieted. It was difficult to believe, for here was a young bear who had always conducted himself well so far as I could see; but being ever mindful of my responsibilities and aware that evil machinations often hide under a fair exterior, I went to observe him. Imagine my horror," Geoffrey said, falling back a step and raising his arms, "to find that he was not only wearing the people's device but was talking, reporting, into it."

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There was an upsurge of growls, exclamations and stirrings in the audience; it was all too much for Alfred, and he jumped to his feet. "He's a liar!" he shouted. "I wasn't talking into it!"

Pandemonium ensued for a space, until the committee members stood up and waved their arms about. "I am astounded at this character," the biggest bear said into the following silence and turned to Alfred. "If the witness has further testimony," he said, "he may ask for reexamination."

Alfred looked at Roderick, who was grinning hungrily at him, and knew that he'd been blackmailed into silence. Geoffrey could make speeches, and he could not; Roderick would force him to take The Hand over and over, to his increasing discredit. He couldn't defend himself; he had been assumed guilty from the beginning; he knew that the other bears would ostracize him now, for the all-powerful committee had said he was guilty, and that would be sufficient for almost everyone. They had ruined him for a long time to come. He shook his head and said nothing.

"The witness declines reexamination," the biggest bear said. "Personally I can see only one answer, that he was not only subversive in the past but continues to be, and is an extreme danger to our species. He has blocked us at every turn in our search for truth, he would continue to do so, and this committee is finished with him . . . for the moment. I dismiss the witness."

Alfred turned away and, as he walked through the assemblage, the bears nearest him stared and drew back as he passed.

Very low in his mind and sore in spirit, Alfred moved away from the canyon. He paid little attention to where he was or which way he was going; all he wanted to do was get away. He came to a trail that led upward and began to climb. Halfway up, on a bench, he paused to look back and was startled to see a diminutive figure below toiling after him. He thought at first of quickening his pace or hiding until the other bear got by, and then it occurred to him that the committee was having him followed.

He forgot that he had considered running or hiding; he was filled with a great rage and thought of nothing but demolishing the other bear if he could. He ran about, looking for a good flat place to fight him, and when he found it, he stood there growling and licking his chops in anticipation.

Presently the other came over the brow of the bench, and Alfred was just about to make a dash at him when he realized that this was no spy, but a young she-bear named Alma, whom he had noticed several times in the past with some interest. He stood nonplused as she came toward him and stopped several feet away. They looked at each other in silence, while Alfred rearranged his state of mind.

"Alfred," she said finally. "Alfred. What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going away from here," Alfred said. "I'm going as far away from here as I can get."

"It will be very lonely," she said sadly and then suddenly got mad. "Old stinkers!" she exclaimed. "Awful old fools! Nobody that old and mean and dishonest and gone in the teeth should be running the world! You couldn't help it when they put that thing on you, and when Lancelot sneaked after you to show his uncle ——"

"Lancelot!" Alfred interrupted her. "Lancelot?"

"I was near Geoffrey when Lancelot told him, and I followed them."

He stared at her for a moment and then whirled about and dived over the brow of the bench. She ran after him and stopped at the edge. He was rushing headlong and heedless down the trail; dust arose behind him, and the stones he dislodged bounced after him. He grew smaller and smaller and finally disappeared, and she sat down to wait.

It was four hours before he got back. The sun was well down in the West, and the shadows were growing long, but she was still sitting there. Alfred moved a little stiffly and showed the scars of grievous battle, but there was a look of satisfaction in his eye. The collar was gone, for Lancelot, in his desperate efforts to escape, had got his claws caught in it and torn it off.

Alfred stopped in front of her, weaving a little, and blew out a long breath like a sigh.

"What will you do now," Alma asked, "now that the collar and the box are gone?"

"I'll go farther and farther," Alfred said, "until I get lost. And I'll stay lost until I get big enough and strong enough to come back and make some changes."

"It could be hard to live, and lonely, after you get lost."

"It could," Alfred said and started to walk.

"But I'll fix that," she said happily and fell in behind him. **THE END**

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Stranded in a desolate Caribbean resort, the young wife tried desperately to save her husband from

The Heat of Dying

by STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM

We are quite a cast of characters here, Linda thought dryly, *quite a cast*. She looked around at the group on the veranda—at Madame Foss, who owned the ramshackle old hotel called almost too inappropriately the Club Caprice, and who sat heavily in her wicker rocker and fanned her flushed face with a palmleaf fan, her orange hair put up in rusty curlers; at Madras, who must be part native—at least a mulatto, Linda thought—who called himself Madame Foss's husband (and perhaps he was), who wore old-fashioned steel-rimmed spectacles and drank Pointe-à-Pitre rum weakened with cola, which he mixed himself and carried about in miniature bottles that clinked in his trousers pockets; at Heaven Hill, the native maid, who was now doing a queer little shuffling dance step with an ancient dustcloth twisted between the toes of one bare foot. To these she added herself: an American woman far from home whose husband was upstairs in their room, where he had been for nearly a month with a fever that sometimes climbed as high as 104.

Heaven Hill moved across the rug, the dustrag clenched between toes as prehensile as a monkey's, and dusted the nap and the bare, thready places with the soles of her feet as she sang "Umpah-umpah," under her breath.

"Does she have to do that?" Linda asked.

"Don't criticize," said Madame Foss, fanning herself and rocking backward in her chair. She shook her curlers. "Dripping wet!" she said in her voice that had a curious cockney lilt to it. "Press-piration, it is. My first husband, the captain, used to say, 'Molly, you just *sweat*.' But I call it press-piration. Nobody knows how I suffer from it—or cares." She began twisting the rings on her fingers—huge, improbable creations of paste and colored glass that Madame Foss stoutly insisted were diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, gifts from the late captain—and Linda looked out at the shifting sea that lapped soundlessly against the sea wall. The air was breathlessly still.

The island had been having monsoon weather all summer, but without wind. It was like no West Indian summer in anyone's memory, and everyone had begun blaming it on the atomic bombs. The mercury stayed in the hundreds week after week, matching almost degree for degree the heat in poor Harry's head. Even the young colored girls who, during the tourist season, sold rosettes of hibiscus and Judas flower and bunches of cha-cha leaves with the beans sticking out of them like long witch fingers, and who, for a long time after the season ended, had continued to offer their wares to Linda whenever she appeared in the streets—even they had finally retreated from the heat into their houses. The donkey drivers from Basse-Terre came up the dusty path to the hotel with exceptional slowness, singing mournfully about the heat, their legs splayed wide apart and dangling. And everyone at the Club Caprice sat on the veranda trying not to move, day after day, waiting for rain, playing bridge or putting old Calypso records on the wind-up Victrola.

The natives insisted, too, that there was something wrong with the tides of Guadeloupe. Huge sandbars had clogged the Rivière Salée, which divided the two main islands, and boat traffic between Basse-Terre and Grand-Terre had ceased altogether. Harry's little French doctor made the trip on foot across the mud. It was so hot that the bougainvillaea blossoms shriveled in the sun. *I should go up and look in on him*, Linda thought. But just the thought of stirring from the hammock, where she sat, exhausted her. She put her head in her hands.

"Cheer up!" said Madame Foss. "He's Libra, you know. I've read his stars. He'll be well within a three—three days, three weeks."

"Three months, three years," Linda said. "Please don't mention that nonsense any more."

"It's *not* nonsense! If you'd let me read you, I could help you, baby. But you won't. You're stubborn, as the captain was."

Linda looked up at her. For what seemed like the hundredth time that day, she said, "It's a simple question of money, Madame Foss. That's all there is to it."

"Money isn't everything, baby!" Madame Foss said.

Oh, damn her! Linda thought. She was impossible. You couldn't argue with her. Money isn't everything. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Live and learn. These were the maxims with which Madame Foss settled everything. "I need at least two hundred dollars," Linda said in a flat voice.

"Well, out of that you owe me a hundred and twenty for rent," Madame Foss said. "That won't leave you much."

"How much did you get for selling his typewriter?" Linda asked. "Or don't I have a right to know?"

"We'll configurate that in when we settle the final bill," Madame Foss said. "I have it all written down."

"I suppose I could treat that as an act of outright thievery, couldn't I?" Linda said. "You had no right to take that."

"I considered that typewriter my legal possession," Madame Foss said. "I took it, sold it and applied it against the rent."

"Stole it, you mean. Anyway, it was rather foolish of you. You removed his whole means of livelihood."

"He hasn't written anything in a long, long time, baby."

"He's been sick for a long, long time!"

"Well, he can't write when he's sick, can he?"

Linda sighed. There, she thought, was another example of Madame Foss's impregnable logic. "I'm going to the consulate," she said.

"You can't get off this island without paying me," Madame Foss said with a bright, sweet smile. "There's blacks on this island who would do anything for me. All I need to do is say the word." Then she said, "But don't worry, pet. Every cloud has its sunny side. He'll get better, he'll write something, I'll get my money, and we'll all be happy as clams at high tide." She turned to Madras. "Won't we, ducks?"

Madras nodded. Between sips he was munching a banana.

Madame Foss laughed. "Hey! How many swizzles you had, Madras?" she said. "Look at you! Drinking your silly head off. Oh, well, it kills the time for you, don't it, honeybunch?"

Another native girl came out on the veranda, looked at them all, giggled and ran back inside the house. "Wasn't that

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Dying Skydrop?" Linda asked. "Did you hire her back?"

"Yes," Madame Foss said. "I forgave her."

"Forgave her!"

"They always come back."

"I don't see why—the way you treat them."

A week ago Skydrop had been fired for stealing a sugar cube from the bowl in the dining room. "But that's a terrible injustice!" Linda had said. "When a maid works for thirty-five cents a day," Madame Foss had replied, "we don't worry too much about justice, pet!" Now, forgiven, Skydrop was back.

"They love me, all these girls," Madame Foss said. . . . "Don't you, Heaven Hill?" Heaven Hill giggled and agreed. "Skydrop and Heaven Hill live like ladies of the land," she said. "And say, don't you think it's cute, the names I give them? They've got other names, of course—Lord knows what—but I give them pretty names like Skydrop and Heaven Hill. Pretty names for pretty girls."

Linda looked away. *The woman*, she thought, *is insane. I am trapped here in this terrible heat on this awful island with a sick husband and a crazy woman.* "Madame Foss," she said softly, "I don't know what Harry and I have got now but our clothes, my wedding ring, a few things like that. You've got the typewriter. I'll give you my clothes—anything—if you'll lend me enough money to get Harry to San Juan."

"Oh, I wouldn't take your clothes, pet. And if I took the ring, it would bring me bad luck. So don't fret."

"Oh, please, Madame Foss," she said wearily. "Please help me."

"I am helping you, pet!" Madame Foss said. "Who's been paying the French doctor to come all the way from Basse-Terre three times a week to see him? Who's going to pay me back for that? Have I even asked to be paid back for that?"

"You'll get it all back," Linda said. "I swear it. As soon as we get somewhere where we can ——"

"Don't fret," Madame Foss said. "I'm not worried. But I'm no Mrs. Moneybags, though you may think so from my jewelry." She arched her fingers and looked at the rings with a sudden smile of delight, as though she had never noticed them before. "Besides," she said, "your daddy's going to wire you every cent you need."

"I don't know that at all," Linda said. "He hasn't answered any of my letters. And I can't even get him on the telephone."

"Your call will come through. Be patient."

"I've had that call placed for two days!"

"The service here is always a little slow, pet," Madame Foss said. "The cable has to handle Marie-Galante too, don't forget. Every call has to take its turn, that's the rule."

"If you knew how it kills me to beg you like this," Linda said. And then, dully, "Just two hundred dollars. That's all I need."

"Your daddy's rich. Your husband told me that."

"Did he also tell you that when we were married he cut me off without a cent? Did he tell you I was thrown out of the house for marrying Harry?"

"Well, if you two was going to live with no money, that was your choice, wasn't it? Make your bed, you got to sleep in it, is my motto. Of course," she added, "if you was going to try to live with no money, you should have had richness of spirit to make up for it. And that's what young people nowadays lack, if you ask me my opinion of it."

"Harry made money," Linda said, "when he was well. He's only twenty-six. How were we to know he'd—get sick?" Suddenly she was afraid she was going to cry, and she took a deep breath and closed her eyelids tightly to hold the tears back. *I won't cry in front of her*, she told herself. *I won't! I'll cry inside my head, where she can't see.*

"The French doctor's coming again today," Madame Foss said. "He'll make your Harry right as rain."

"The French doctor!" she said angrily, her eyes still tightly closed. "What kind of doctor is he? What kind of doctor would come to this godforsaken place! I don't think he's even a doctor!"

"What? Why, he's the best doctor in Guadeloupe!"

"He's the *only* doctor. I can't even seem to find out his name. He doesn't even know what Harry's got!"

"His name is some funny Frenchy name, and it's slipped my mind," Madame Foss said primly. "You know I don't understand the lingo. We call him the French doctor here, and we always have. What's more," she said, "he does know what your Harry's got, and so do I."

"What is it then?"

Madame Foss folded her hands and looked down at them. In a different voice she said something Linda could not hear.

"What?"

"Dysentery," Madame Foss said.

"How do you know?" Linda asked.

"My first husband, the captain, he had it," Madame Foss explained.

"Is—was that what he died of?"

"Yes."

"And who treated him?" Linda asked.

"The French doctor."

For a moment Linda wanted to say something bitter and cruel, but then, as the bitter and cruel words swam meaninglessly in her mind, she began to wonder if she could control her lips to speak. A small, dull edge of fear had formed in her throat. The stillness and the heat of the air descended upon her, and it seemed impossible to breathe. "I've got to get him to San Juan," she said at last. "Or somewhere."

"San Juan's a dirty town," Madame Foss said. "The French doctor will be here soon. He'll fix your Harry up again as right as rain."

"Well," she said, trying to keep her voice level and matter-of-fact, "what if he doesn't? What if Harry dies? What will I do then?" She felt her voice traveling toward some thin place where, if it tripped slightly on a single syllable, it might collapse altogether. "Have you thought of that? What are you going to do with me?" She looked quickly away, thinking that never in her life had she stood so close to panic.

"When you first came, you told me you were the adventurous types," Madame Foss said. "I'm the adventurous type too. That's why I thought it was nice you were staying here at Club Caprice."

"The adventure is over now," Linda said.

"Ah," said Madame Foss, "I think it is just beginning, baby."

Yes, Linda thought, *it's true.* Silly as she was, a great deal of what Madame Foss said was ribbed with a kind of terrible truth; that was why she could not be argued with. Yes, they had been adventurous types. On freighters through the South Seas and to China, through the Mediterranean to Portugal, the Canaries, the West Indies; tropical places had been what they liked the best, the sunny islands. The attractive young couple, the young writer and his pretty wife—the pretty girl with the handsome husband who surely was going to be the most famous writer in the world. They had wanted to be beachcombers, and this was what had come of it. They had combed the beaches and found nothing.

Madras, his fingers moving very slowly, was unstoppering another of his little bottles. "How about some bridge!" Madame Foss cried suddenly. "Come on, pet—it'll ease your mind."

Linda was almost grateful. She rose and crossed the veranda to the bridge table. Madras pulled his chair up, and Heaven Hill came to sit with them as a fourth.

"Put a record on the Gramophone, Heaven Hill," Madame Foss said. "Play *The Last Time I Saw Paris*—I do love that tune!"

Heaven Hill wound up the machine while Linda dealt the cards. Linda opened. "Pass," she said.

"One no trump," said Madame Foss.

"Two clubs," said Madras after some thought.

"Fi' diamonda!" squealed Heaven Hill.

"Six no trump!" shouted Madame Foss, not waiting for Linda to pass. It was bidding typical of their games. Heaven Hill and Madame Foss, who were always partners, had played together for so many years that they reached slam contracts by an instant, psychic process. Heaven Hill laid down her cards. "Very pretty, partner," said Madame Foss.

She has us again, Linda thought as she watched her play the hand, setting up the diamonds and moving back and forth from her hand to the dummy, and out of the dummy into her hand.

"I don't want to play any more," Madras said, standing up when Madame Foss had collected her tricks. "It's so hot my bones ache." He went to the hammock where Linda had been sitting and lay face down on it.

Madame Foss tapped her stack of cards on the table. "Poor Madras drinks too much. The captain never drank, except beer. But," she said with her brightest smile, "at least Madras is always good as gold and kind as kind can be to me." Suddenly she cried, "Here he is! Here's our little handsome. . . . Come in, come in, my little precious!" The French doctor was coming up the path. His black bag was in one hand, his shoes in the other, and he was barefoot from walking across the muddy sand dunes from the other island.

"Look, look," the doctor said in his halting English as he pointed to the sky where, Linda realized, a dark cloud had covered the sun.

"Oh, good, a storm!" said Madame Foss. "It's going to rain, and that will cool the air and make our dear Harry feel so much better." And, to be sure, a cool sharp wind blew across the veranda.

The doctor stood at the top of the steps and bowed at them. "How . . . is . . . he?" he asked. "Very well?"

Linda stood up. "He *isn't* very well," she said. "He's exactly the same; he can't eat. Can't you give him penicillin? Can't you ——"

"Run along upstairs, duckie," Madame Foss said, interrupting. "Run along and fix him up. Did you get my toothbrush?"

"*Oui, madame*," he said, smiling and bowing again, and produced a red toothbrush in a plastic cylinder from his coat pocket. With a deep bow he handed it to her.

"Oh, angel!" said Madame Foss. "My favorite kind—and red, my favorite color. Now run along up to our patient."

"I brought new medicine," the doctor said, bobbing up and down in front of Linda. "Very good, I hope."

"Yes!" she said. "I hope so too." She turned away from him.

"Only you could save him, bless you," said Madame Foss. "You're Gemini, and that gives you brains." The doctor bowed himself through the door into the house, and Heaven Hill followed him a few steps behind.

The clouds were now racing in very quickly from the east, and the sky had grown much darker. Suddenly, with an explosive sound, the rain came. Lashed by the wind, it blew in across the open porch in giant pellets.

Madame Foss tiptoed to Madras. "Madras?" she said. "Oh, he's dead to the world. Should I leave him here? Oh, I might as well. If he gets wet, it'll cool

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Doris, there's someone here whom I'm just dying to have you meet!"

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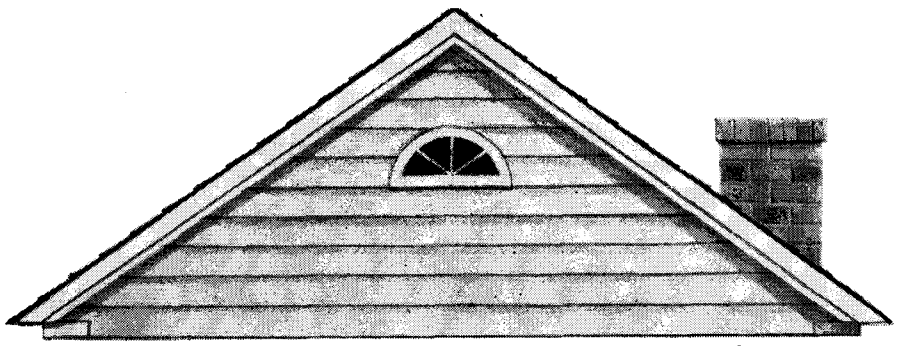

What you should know about insurance when you

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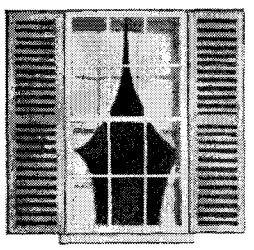

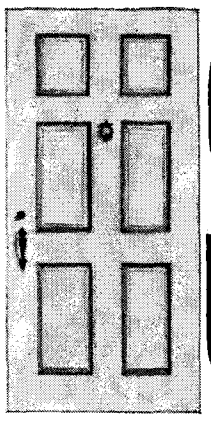

What kind of insurance do you need to protect a home under construction?

When you pay $20,000 for a house, do you need to take out $20,000 worth of fire insurance?

Does your house need to be insured while it's up for sale?

These are just a few of the many insurance questions that may confront you when you build a home, buy one, or put one up for sale.

Knowing how insurance can be put to work to your advantage in preventing financial loss when building, buying or selling a house, can add greatly to the pleasure of acquiring a new home and smooth away some of the worries.

You need protection from the ground up

Insurance becomes important the minute you buy the vacant lot. Even though there is nothing on it, the lot represents a risk to your financial security. There's always the chance that someone—perhaps a child—will wander onto your lot and injure himself. If the courts should hold you responsible, you can be in for some heavy liability costs—perhaps thousands of dollars.

Your present home insurance may cover your building lot

If you have a Hartford Homeowners policy, its liability protection extends to any vacant lot you may own. This is also true if you have a Hartford Comprehensive Personal Liability policy. If the home is being built by a contractor, you will generally find that these policies cover your liability during construction as well — depending on the way the building contract is written. It's advisable to consult your attorney or insurance agent on this point.

Do-it-yourself construction requires special insurance

If your new house is a do-it-yourself project, your Comprehensive Personal Liability policy or the Liability insurance section of your basic Homeowners insurance must have a special endorsement—available at a slight additional premium—to give you liability protection in the new location.

If you hire workmen

If other workers assist you for pay—it might be advisable to take out Workmen's Compensation insurance. Here again, the advice of your Hartford Agent is your best guide.

Safeguarding building materials

When building materials begin to arrive at your homesite and the home begins to go up, there is the risk of loss or damage to your materials and structures through theft, vandalism, fire and other physical perils. Responsibility for the insurance needed to protect against losses of that kind will depend upon the contract arrangement you have with your builder. In some cases the builder agrees to provide all insurance necessary during construction. In other instances the home buyer assumes the entire insurance responsibility, or shares it equally with the contractor. In any case, you should consult a competent insurance agent. If you are responsible, he will most likely recommend that you take out a standard form of Dwelling insurance, coupled with a Theft policy, to protect materials and structures until you take title. Then he'll suggest transferring your Homeowner's policy, or other existing insurance, from your old home to your new home, making any necessary changes to give you the protection you need.

Buying an already-built home

Whether you're buying a new house, or an older home, you will need to have it properly insured from the moment you take title. Maybe you'll want to take over the former owner's insurance. Or maybe you'll want to get your own. Your local Hartford Agent will gladly advise you, and help you determine what kind of coverage you need, and how much.

Homeowners insurance "package" is the best way to buy

The newest way to buy home insurance is through a modern, overall insurance "package". The Hartford Homeowners "package" policy includes not only insurance against fire and other physical damage, but also protection against liability claims, theft, and most causes of damage to furnishings and other personal possessions.

How much insurance on your new home?

Should you take out physical damage insurance to the full amount that you paid for the home? Not necessarily. Part of what you have paid represents the value of the lot — which won't burn up. If you take the cost of the building itself and get insurance to cover its full replacement value, you'll be on the safe side.

New way to be sure the new mortgage will be paid off

Along with your new home probably comes a new mortgage. What if something should happen to the family breadwinner and the payments couldn't be kept up? Two new types of insurance offered by The Hartford are designed to meet that problem. One of them is a special form of life insurance called Mortgage Life. Scaled to the size of your mortgage, it automatically decreases in amount as the mortgage decreases —provides the money to pay off the mortgage in case of death. The other is Mortgage Disability insurance — which will provide a continuing monthly income to help meet mortgage payments for as long as five years in case illness or accident should disable you.

The house you left behind you

Planning to move into your new home before you have sold your old one? Then you'll need to maintain full insurance on the vacant house until it's sold. You should let your agent know when you are vacating your house so he can provide the necessary insurance and make sure that it will remain in force until you transfer title to the new owner. It is particularly important that the vacated home be covered to the full amount of your selling price. Otherwise, if your old house should be destroyed by fire, you could find yourself obligated to rebuild it for the buyer—and with too few insurance dollars to do it!

Key to your overall planning— THE HARTFORD AGENT

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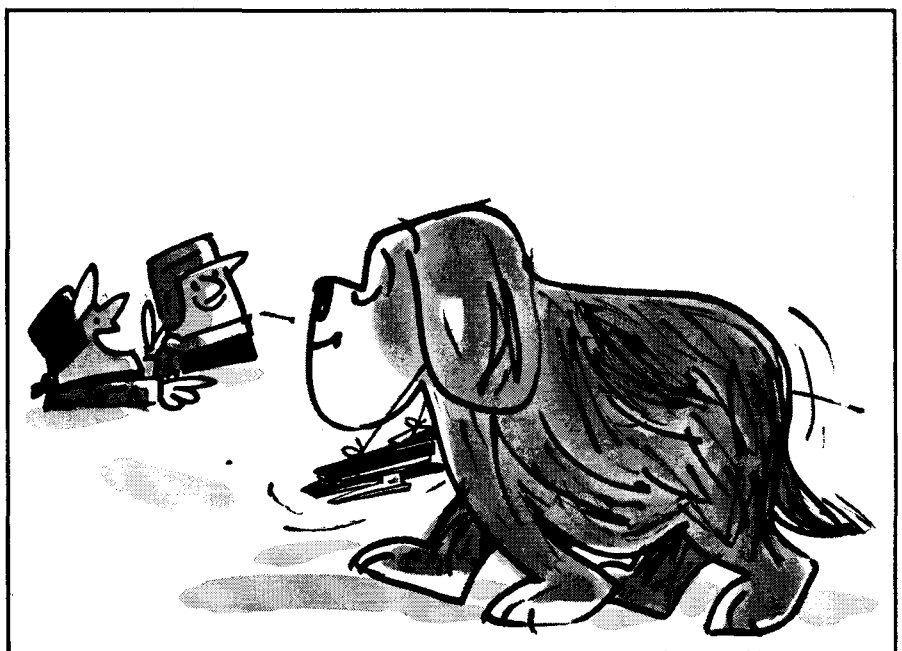

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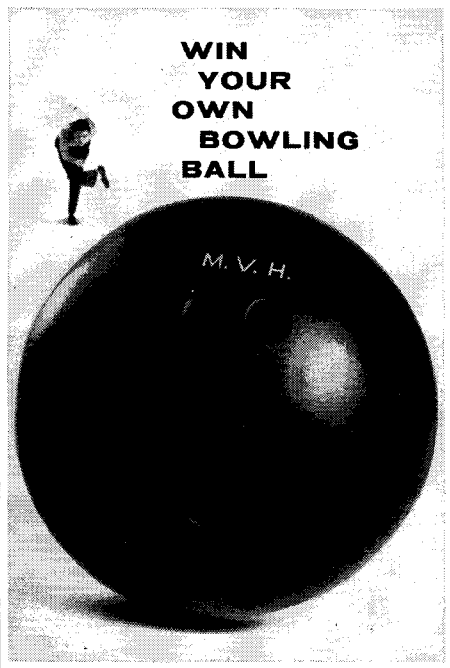

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Dying his skin and he'll feel better when he wakes up." Moving about the veranda, she began closing the heavy wooden storm shutters across the windows. "My poor husband," she said.

"Is he really your husband?" Linda asked, bolting a shutter.

"He's as good as any! Now don't you criticize! You know, I bet you're Pisces. Pisces are always the critical types."

When they were in the house and had shut the heavy door behind them, the air was still very close and warm, but it was full of noise now from the storm outside. The lounge was dark, and the electric bulbs—too weak to light the room anyway—were flickering.

Linda sat down in one of the perspiring leather chairs. "Madame Foss," she said, "you've got to listen to me. I've got to get Harry off this island, and you've got to help me. I don't know what you think of me, but you've got to help another human being! You must know where I can get two hundred dollars. You said your father owned the bank here."

"My father was a planter," Madame Foss said. "He was Danish, you know, and the Danish are solid types. Now my mother, she had Gypsy blood. A stroke of the tarbrush, some said, but it wasn't true—it was Gypsy blood in her."

"You're not answering my question!"

"My father was a substantial man, as all Danes are," Madame Foss said, "but that doesn't make me a Mrs. Moneybags, pet. I've had a slow season here," and she nodded significantly at Linda as if to say that Linda, to a large extent, had been to blame. "All I own is this hotel and the jewels the captain gave me, and I'd never part with either."

Linda sighed and lighted a cigarette. "It's hopeless to talk to you," she said, but her voice was swallowed by the deafening pummeling of the blowing rain and the slap of palm fronds against the roof and walls.

She knew, all at once, what she wanted of the storm. She wanted it to worsen. Sitting there in the damp, fitful wind that had crept into the room through the bolted shutters, and that stirred the heavy curtains, lifted the corners of the table doilies, riffled the pages of old magazines scattered about the tables; and hearing a new sound—the human muttering and moaning of the native women in the kitchen, who chanted against the storm and sat with their heads covered with bits of sacking and flannel to ward off the evil eye—she wanted the storm to take the house. She wanted the swelling waves to plunge over the sea wall and level it, to batter against the stone walls of the hotel and rip the heavy shutters from their hinges.

She would run to Harry first and lift him from his bed, and together they would be borne by the wind through the open window, into the storm, across the submerged courtyard and into the waves. She wanted the waves to sweep them with the house into the wild and wailing sea and to see all of them sobbing and screaming—except for her; she would not scream, she would smile—as they were tossed among the floating palm fronds and debris, past the tops of trees and out into the incalculable darkness beyond. Silently smoking her cigarette, she urged the sea outside to come closer, closer. . . .

But the sea was not obeying her, and the noise outside was steady and unchanged. Then with a little gasp, which was neither of fear nor joy, she realized that she had just heard the telephone's sharp ring.

Madame Foss smiled. "There he is!" she said. "Your daddy. See, I told you your call would get its turn."

"Would you answer it, Madame Foss? It—it might not be he."

Madame Foss stood up and went into the little vestibule where the telephone was. When she came back, her face was beaming. "It's him all right!" she said. "He's on the phone, pet!"

Linda stood up. She walked slowly into the dark vestibule and closed the door behind her. She rested her cigarette on the edge of the telephone stand and sat down in the small, stiff-backed chair. The receiver lay on the table and, very carefully, using both hands, she reached for it and picked it up. She put the mouthpiece to her lips. "Hello?" she said.

An angry electric crackle answered her and, from somewhere far beyond it, a buried voice was saying unintelligible words.

"*Allo?*" she said. "*Allo? Avez-vous mon numéro—à New York?* Hello?"

Again there was only the bursting, crackling noise in her ear. She jiggled the bar up and down. "Operator?" she said. The jiggling did no good, and the phone continued to produce only forest-fire sounds. Then she heard, or thought she heard, her father's voice. "Daddy?" she cried. "Daddy, is that you?" She repeated it. "Daddy? Is that you?" And then, "Daddy, I can't hear a thing! Daddy, what did you say? Daddy—it's Linda. It's Linda, Daddy! Oh, this is hopeless! I can't hear a thing you're saying. Daddy—please—can you hear me? Daddy, don't say anything because I can't hear you! But you can hear me, can't you? Can you?" Then in a rush she said, "Daddy, don't go on talking because I can't hear a word! This phone just—listen, Daddy, just listen to me if you can hear me. Oh, Daddy, I'm so scared! Daddy, perhaps I was wrong, but that doesn't matter now. Harry is very sick. Daddy, I'm afraid he's going to die! He's lost so much weight. It was something he caught on the boat, because when he came here he was sick, and he's just kept getting worse. Nobody can —— Daddy! I need a little money, Daddy. I need a little money. I've got to get him somewhere, to a doctor. To San Juan or Miami—or even to New York if you'd send me enough money! Have you gotten my letters, Daddy? Daddy, you can't go on blaming me for this forever! Oh, Daddy, it's *me*—your daughter! Oh, remember—remember—oh, Daddy, please, for God's sake, you can't blame me forever! Daddy, is my mother there? Daddy, may I speak to my mother, please?" There was an exceptionally loud explosion of static in her ear, and she held the phone away.

Suddenly she had a vision of the telephone lines that were strung across the island, lines that looked so old and frayed, with their insulation hanging from them in loops and swags and festoons—and she saw these lines now, the festoons swaying crazily in the storm, and thought, *There are only these poor cords connecting my voice to his!* And whether the storm that instant snapped one of the rotting poles like a kitchen match, or whether her father had simply hung up on her, she suddenly realized that the receiver she held was dead and silent. She replaced the receiver slowly in its cradle and picked up her still-lighted cigarette.

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When she came back into the lounge, she saw that Madras had come in. Dripping wet, he grinned at her foolishly and rubbed his eyes.

"Well!" Madame Foss said brightly. "We're all set now, aren't we? He's sending you the money."

"Nothing is set," Linda said. "He's not ıding me anything."

Madame Foss's face fell. Her mouth quivered and her eyelids puckered. "Oh, pet!" she said, and Linda thought, *Why, she really does care, after all! She cares a little in her own way.*

But then Heaven Hill came running down the stairs. "Doctor says come quickly!" she said.

"Take a grip on yourself, baby," Madame Foss said. She lifted herself heavily out of her chair, and in a little procession the four went up the stairs to Harry's room.

His face was like wax through the curtain of mosquito netting, and his eyelashes were dusty with sleep and fever and were quite still.

"Harry?" she said. "Harry?"

He opened his eyes. "I wish ——" he was saying.

"What do you wish, darling?"

Madame Foss went to his bedside and lifted the curtain. "Your wish will be granted," she whispered. "The stars say it. You'll get your wish within a three."

"Within a three? Do we still owe rent?"

"You owe me no rent," Madame Foss said.

The doctor came and held Harry's wrist. Suddenly Skydrop, who had been kneeling behind the curtain, sobbed ·udly and ran out of the room. Heaven ıll followed her. Linda smoothed the covers on his bed and said, "There, there, darling."

His eyes were moving all over the room and looked at each of them standing there—at Madras in the corner, soaked to the skin; at Madame Foss, who was brushing the sweat away from her face with her ringed fingers all bedizened and bejeweled; and then up at the little doctor, and then at last at her. "Why is everyone here?" he asked. "I'm glad to see you, Madras." Madras bowed his head.

And you, his eyes said to her. *And you.* She felt the words and heard them, even though they were not spoken, and she knew what the words meant; the dust and the smell of chlorides and citronella and the heat and the sound of rain on the storm shutters and the whole great stone room said it: *And you, and of course you.*

"My darling," she said.

She looked at Madras. Bending, leaning, stooping forward so far, with his face so slippery and wet from tears and drink—he bent so far that his steel-rimmed spectacles slipped from his nose onto the bare floor. There was a little tinkle.

The spell of the moment broke like glass, and she stood there feeling as though the blood were being drained out of her and were spilling this way and that, and that bits of herself were floating away as carelessly and fortuitously as dreams slip from the mind of the dreamer. She had the feeling all at once of hearing a life break, and she put her hands down hard on Harry's shoulders to keep him from dying. And then, or maybe sooner, she knelt and placed her cheek next to his as a sort of oblation, and she kept thinking: *Why? He loves living so much!* And she looked at him and kept thinking: *Why?* The pestilence in the air seemed to rise around them both and fog them in like ships or statues, and she kept smelling sickness and death, sickness and death, sickness and death. The little doctor wrung his hands over her.

"Oh, he is dead, madame, he is dead."

She stood up and admitted she knew it. She had paced that strip of floor around the island of his bed for days, waiting, watching for a portent, for a cloud to lift. It hadn't, and she stood there now, numb and dry-eyed, waiting for grief to thunder over her.

In front of her a little parade was forming. Like ballet figures they moved across her vision—the two maids, Skydrop and Heaven Hill, and the old cook from the kitchen, and the girl who collected the washing, the little waitress, the two little barefoot girls who gathered sticks from the beach every day for the fires, and one or two others she had barely noticed before. They moved in a slow column to the bed. Then each knelt at the foot, briefly whispered something, placed a small object on the bed, rose and moved on. They brought tiny packets tied in bits of bright cloth and handkerchiefs and left them on the bedspread in a straight, perfect line.

Linda took Madame Foss's arm. "What are they doing?"

"Offerings for the dead," Madame Foss said. "It's the custom."

Linda picked up one of the little knotted sacks and heard the soft clink of coins inside. "It's money," she said. "I can't ——"

"Hush," Madame Foss said. "It's for you. You must take it."

"I won't," she said. "I won't take money from them. Tell them to take it away."

"If you return it, each woman will have a death come soon to someone she loves. That's the belief."

She shook her head slowly, uncomprehendingly, back and forth. No, it was too ironic. "No, no," she said.

"Quick," Madame Foss said, "take it. They're waiting."

Slowly she reached down and picked up one packet, then another, gathering them in her hands. She turned to the women. They faced her with downcast eyes, then turned away and filed slowly out of the room.

The rain stopped as quickly as it had begun, and the sun reappeared. Linda went downstairs and out onto the veranda outside the hotel and stood under the dripping bougainvillaea vines. Madame Foss came out the door behind her and took her hand. "We are sorry," she said.

Linda said nothing.

"The women share your grief this way," Madame Foss said. "We all share it. You loved him. More than the stars."

"Please, dear," Linda said. "Leave me alone for a little bit."

"How much will you need to return to your father?"

"I'm not going back to him."

"You may stay here as long as you wish."

"I can't stay here either. Just—just leave me alone, please."

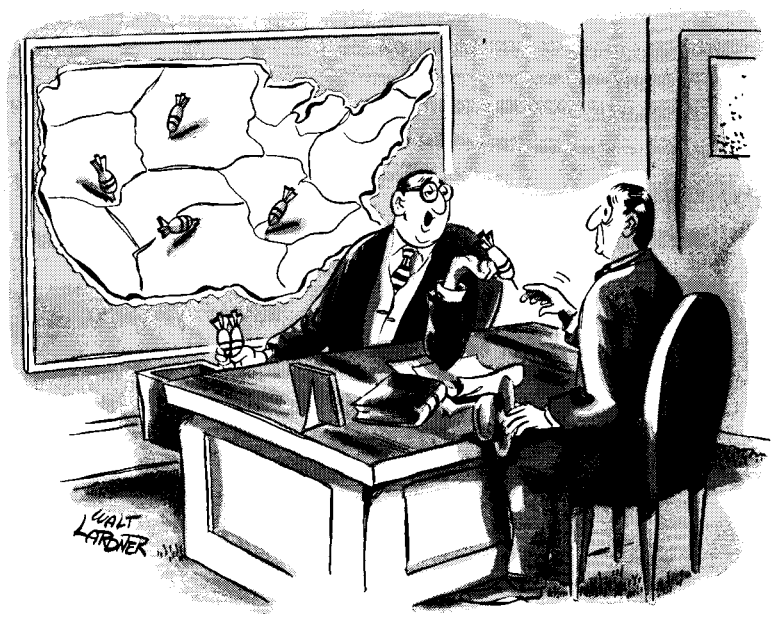
"Where will you go?"

"I don't know. But don't worry. I'll manage. Just—please, I want to be alone for a little while."

After a while—when Madame Foss had left—she went down the steps and started down the road toward the pier. Bright patches of water lay evaporating in the hollows of the pavement and by the time she reached the pier, every sign of the storm was gone. She stood looking out at the sea that was as still as death again; soon the boys from the docks were swarming all around the young American woman and saying, "Dive for coins, miss? Dive for coins?" She reached in the pockets of her cotton skirt and began undoing one after another of the little cloth sacks. *Why should anyone share my grief?* she asked herself. *My grief is my own.* The boys flipped like porpoises from the pier as she tossed the coins to them.

But all the silver in the world scattered in the ocean wouldn't bring him back. And when suddenly she saw her own pale reflection in that moon of blue water, she too was moonlike—her face as round, as flat, as simple and as humble as a penny—and she felt all at once deprived even of grief, as though grief had been offered to her and she had refused it; as though grief had been delivered to her and she had succeeded in returning grief to its source without even once having felt its touch.

But of course the curious thing, she also saw, was that Harry might have approved of this, and she almost smiled. And the boys, seeing that she was out of coins, ran back and left her there, saying good-bye to Harry. **THE END**



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The American League

Yankee manager Houk attacks National League claims o

Every time the New York Yankees win another pennant there are a lot of people who say, "But after all, they're playing in an easy league. In the National League the competition is much tougher."

I've been hearing this for years, and it always burns me up. I've been connected with nine Yankee pennant winners—first as a reserve catcher, then as a coach, and since 1961 as the manager—and I know how hard our ball club had to battle to win those American League championships. Even in years like 1960 and 1961, when the Yankees were able to pull away at the end, our final margins were deceiving, because those were hot races right into September. And we never met a National League club in the World Series that looked any rougher to us than the contenders we had to beat out in our own league. Truthfully, we sometimes had it much easier in the Series than during the regular season.

Yet somehow the National Leaguers have been able to put across the idea that it's harder to win pennants over there. They claim that their league has better balance and more over-all strength. They've sold this theory to the fans—at least to the fans in their own cities—and they've sold it to many of the writers. I find this in talking to newspapermen during the season.

I guess it's human nature to build up your own group, and I'll have to credit the National Leaguers with doing a good job of it. But it pains me just the same, because what they're really doing is belittling the Yankees. They're saying that all those pennants we've won don't mean very much, because we didn't have much to beat.

Power of Yankee Publicity

One reason they've been able to get away with this argument is the tremendous amount of publicity that is given to the Yankees in the American League. Now, I think we do have the best team. Our players deserve all the praise they receive. But there's so much of this that it tends to downgrade the other clubs. People don't realize how strong the league as a whole is.

Look at how the standings of the two leagues read this year on July fifteenth with more than half the season played. In the National League the fourth-place team, St. Louis, was ten games out of first. In the American the ninth-place club, Kansas City, was closer than that. And Boston in eighth place was only six and a half games out.

We were first at that time, with just a one-game lead over Cleveland. There's no question that injuries played a part in the race up to then. If Mantle hadn't been out for a month, and if Ford hadn't had his troubles, along with Arroyo—why, we might have been in a little better position. And Detroit had been held back by Al Kaline's injury and Frank Lary's arm trouble.

But the biggest reason for the closeness of the American League race those first three months was the improvement of the other clubs. It was young ballplayers nobody ever heard of before who were making the difference. Fans and writers—and sometimes managers too—have a tendency to go by the established "names" in sizing up a ball club. They forget that there are always young players coming up who have a lot of ability.

That's been especially true in our league recently. The National League likes to talk up its individual stars, but if you check the record, I think you'll find that we've been developing more new ones lately.

Twins, Indians, Angels Surprise

Take the Minnesota Twins. Through midseason they played much better ball than in 1961, when they finished a bad seventh. This spring you might have thought, "Well, they've got about the same team." And then they came up with this kid Rich Rollins, who hit and fielded so well that the American League players voted him to the All-Star team over established third basemen like Brooks Robinson of Baltimore and Cletis Boyer of our club. At second base they found another promising boy, Bernie Allen, to team up with their good-fielding young shortstop, Zorro Versalles. And they got Vic Power to play first base. So all of a sudden they had a hot infield to go with a catcher like Battey and power hitters like Killebrew and Allison and good pitchers like Pascual.

Or take Cleveland. They've added young fellows like Luplow and Cline in the outfield. They've got a deep pitching staff and a strong bench. They have both right- and left-handed hitting power, which makes it tough for a manager to maneuver his pitching against them.

Last year we had the good luck to beat Cleveland fourteen out of eighteen ball games—although many of those games could have gone either way. This year they won nine of the first thirteen we played with them.

But the biggest surprise in the first half of 1962 was the Los Angeles Angels. They're one of the new "expansion" teams, and supposedly have a long building job ahead of them. Yet on July Fourth they were leading the league by half a game. I think this shows that the American League did a real good job in its expansion program. The National League clubs made darn sure that their new teams wouldn't get many good ballplayers, whereas in our league quite a few good ones went in the expansion draft. And that's helped to give us better balance than they have today.

Anyway, in July people were asking, "What's keeping the Angels up there?" Well, it was simply the fact that they had so many ballplayers who came into their own this year, such as Leon Wagner and Billy Moran and Lee Thomas and Bob Rodgers and Bo Belinsky.

So at midseason we still couldn't tell who our chief competitors were going to be. Whether some of these surprise teams stayed in the race would depend on whether their youngsters could hold up all season. Meanwhile we knew that Baltimore, which gave us our chief opposition in 1960, and Detroit, which did the same in 1961, could still be rough. Chicago and Boston couldn't be counted out either. Nor could Kansas City be taken too lightly. They were leading the league in hitting, with fellows like Jiminez—another newcomer—and Siebern and Lumpe. And Washington, in tenth place, which gave the Yankees unexpected trouble last year, had enough pitching to make more trouble for us in 1962.

Does the National League offer competition like this from top to bottom? I certainly don't think so. In fact, I believe you could put any of our first-division clubs over there and they'd be right in the race. On the other hand, all but their very top teams would have a hard time making our first division.

Of course, the National League has good ballplayers too. We face some of them every year in the All-Star games. And I've always thought our personnel compared favorably with theirs. But actually, All-Star competition doesn't prove much about the relative strength of the two leagues—and I was saying so long before this year's games, in which I managed the American Leaguers.

Naturally you're trying to win. But you're handed a set lineup to start with, and then you try to give as many of the other fellows as possible a chance to play. Then there are restrictions on the use of pitchers. You just can't operate in a normal way.

World Series Often Misleading

One or two games are never a true test anyhow. Even a World Series can be misleading. Conditions are so different than in a full season of play. You're not using your entire personnel. You can start just your best pitchers, for one thing: I used only three starters in the 1961 Series. Over a pennant race you've got to be able to beat different types of ball clubs and pitchers and win in different types of parks. A World Series doesn't necessarily show your over-all bench strength and maneuverability.

In the 1960 Series, when I was coaching under Casey Stengel in his last year with the Yankees, the Pittsburgh Pirates beat us in seven games. They may have had a lucky break or two, but they deserved to win. They made the plays and got the hits it took to beat us. Yet if they had been competing in the American League in 1960 I'm sure they wouldn't have finished ahead of us. I'm not so sure that they'd have finished ahead of Baltimore, either.

I felt the same about Cincinnati last year. We took the Series from them in five games, and they were a good ball club. But I don't believe they would have beaten out Detroit for second place in the American League.

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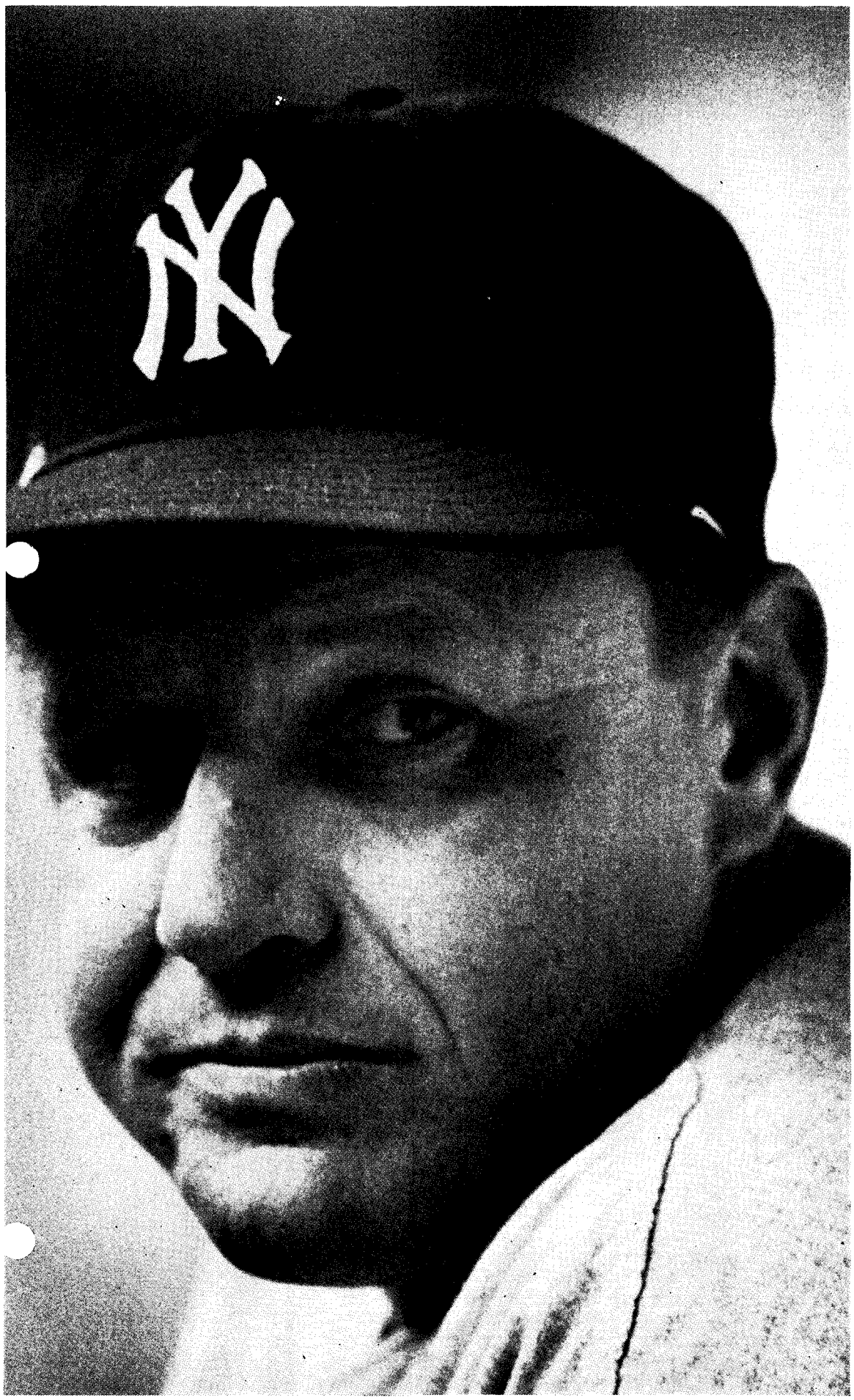
ıs Tougher

By RALPH HOUK, as told to Harry T. Paxton

ı ,eriority and argues his case for the American League.



Tobacco-chewing Houk complains that N.L. self-praise belittles the many Yankee pennant victories.

I first came up to the Yankees in 1947 and I've been with them almost ever since, except for 1955–57, when I managed their American Association farm club at Denver. I think our league today is the strongest I've seen it. In the past there have been seasons when you could be pretty confident about beating some of the second-division clubs. But there's never been a year when I thought we had to concede anything to the other league on an all-around basis.

I have no doubt that the National League is better these days, too, because baseball has kept improving during the past fifteen years. The young ballplayers are getting a lot of special instruction from experts that clubs didn't furnish when I was a rookie. There are more players who can hit the long ball, and to try to keep them from doing it, new refinements in pitching and defense have been developed.

A.L. Players Better in N.L.

The front-office organizations have also been moving ahead. Naturally I think the Yankees have the best organization in the business, but the pattern everywhere is the same. I'll concede that there are wealthy owners and smart baseball men in both leagues. But I don't see how the National Leaguers could claim any edge over us.

Whenever one of their ballplayers switches to the American League and does well, they like to say that this proves our league is easier. But lately we've had quite a few of these cases going for us. Billy Pierce, who in 1961 had trouble breaking even in our league, went from the White Sox to San Francisco this year and immediately had great success as a starting pitcher. So did Don Larsen as a reliever. And Bob Shaw, who wasn't exactly burning up the American League, became quite a winner with Milwaukee.

Last season second baseman Frank Bolling was traded from Detroit to Milwaukee, and he made the National League All-Star starting lineup, which he never had done in the American League. The same deal brought Bill Bruton to Detroit, and he was quoted at first as saying he thought our league might be easier. Well, he's a ballplayer who has hurt our club at times, and we respect him. But the fact remains that whereas he averaged .276 as a hitter during his nine seasons in the National League, he batted only .257 for Detroit.

Naturally these interleague trades won't always work out in our favor. But it's happened so often lately that I don't imagine the National Leaguers would even want to raise the subject right now.

I know they won't agree with many of the things I've said here, but then I haven't agreed with a lot of the things they've said over the years. It's time I got it all off my chest. Sure, they've got a good league, but it's ridiculous for them to keep saying they're stronger than we are. The American League is better. **THE END**

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Cooking With God's Plenty

By HELEN PAPASHVILY

The Pennsylvania Dutch love good food—but more important, they respect it. The delights that crowd their tables—creamy *smierkase*, sugar cakes with butter, quince honey, dried apple slices simmered with ham and crowned with button dumplings, dandelion greens in bacon dressing, potato filling, pepper hash, pickled shad—all are sustenance not only for the body but for the spirit, symbols of God's everlasting bounty to those who work to deserve it.

Food preparation still remains a serious ritual conducted in immaculately clean and perfectly ordered surroundings. To a good Pennsylvania Dutch housewife a piece of burnt toast or a pot of oversalted beans is not a trifling accident but a sin against nature. To waste is even worse than to spoil, so windfall apples are gathered for cider and the hedgerow berries for jelly, the last scrap of pie dough is made into a turnover, and even the smallest child eats his butterbread with care, knowing well that if he lets a crust fall to the ground he makes the angels in Heaven weep.

Pennsylvania Dutch are not imaginative in the kitchen. "Creative" cookery based on a pinch of this, a dash of that, the spur-of-the-moment improvisation they leave to others. Theirs is a classic cuisine with a long tradition. As a Bethlehem matron informed a newcomer who suggested that chopped nuts might improve a Moravian sugar cake, "I would no more try to improve butter semmel than Bach's *Mass in B Minor*."

The Pennsylvania Dutch brought this concern for food when they came from the Rhineland at William Penn's invitation to settle in his new colony of Pennsylvania. The home they left was Europe's battleground, and for almost a century religious persecution, war and starvation had been the lot of these devout immigrants. The first company arrived in 1683, and the God's plenty they found—game, rivers running with fish, forests of nut trees, fertile land—was a miracle that had no ending.

A Cornucopia Discovered

The letters they wrote telling that "clouds of wild pigeons flew so low we could knock them down with sticks" . . . "I saw one grape vine that bore four hundred bunches" . . . "a fat deer sells here for two shillings, sixpense" soon brought their relatives and friends to America. Most were members of Pietistic sects—Dunkards from Krefeld and Wittgenstein, Mennonites from Switzerland and Schwenkfelders from Silesia. Lutherans and Huguenots came too, and by 1800 there were almost 200,000 immigrants of Germanic stock in Pennsylvania. Because their common language was Deutsch, they were miscalled Dutch by English neighbors and the old name persists.

The Scotch-Irish, the other immigrant group in Pennsylvania, took up the "quick" land, the open fields and pastures, planted, harvested, sold for a profit or wore it out, and moved on. The Pennsylvania Dutch had not come to speculate, but to establish a way of life consistent with their religious beliefs. They followed the walnut trees that indicated the limestone bottom that makes fertile soil and good water for beer. They cleared the forest, plowed the land, built great barns and foursquare houses of fieldstone that would serve six generations and beyond.

Around each farmstead was set the cluster of outbuildings that supplied the table—a dairy, the shelves full of pans of cream; a springhouse to store stone crocks of cheese and butter; a drying room with trays of fruit, the ceiling festooned with strings of beans and mushrooms; a bake oven large enough to hold a dozen crusty loaves, a smokehouse hung with hams and bacon—each building a little monument to the land and its richness.

The Old Ways Still Good

More than any other immigrant group in America, the Pennsylvania Dutch keep to the old ways. The kitchen is still the heart of the house. Electricity, gas and new appliances have been introduced, but traditional recipes and methods still prevail. Jam kettles simmer, stew pots bubble, bread rises in a wooden dough trough worn satin smooth by generations of loving hands, the fragrance of good food in the making fills the air. Although a gleaming freezer may have its place, the down-cellar shelves will still be full of home-canned fruits and vegetables—golden halves of peaches in rosy syrup, spiced pears studded with cloves, tomato butter, crocks of sauerkraut and pickles, stone jugs of cider vinegar.

The center of Pennsylvania Dutch cookery is in the fan of counties around Philadelphia—Bucks, Berks, Lancaster, Lehigh, York and Lebanon. But you can find *panhas* in Ontario, Moravian sand tarts in North Carolina, *schnitz un knepp* in many communities throughout the Middle West, and vanilla pie in Sarasota, Florida, which has a winter colony of Amish who work in the vegetable fields.

Generally, the food is hearty and filling—designed for men who worked out-of-doors from sunrise to dusk, plowing, pitching hay, threshing wheat; and for women who washed and ironed, tended chickens, raised vegetables, milked cows and still had time to sit on the front porch and do "fancy work" embroidery. Aspics, eight-part sauces, canapés, the *bonne bouche* are not for the Pennsylvania Dutch. As a Lehigh County farmer said when he ate soufflé for the first time, "That kind of stuff's about as filling as running around the barn on a moonlight night with your mouth open."

Hospitality is not offered on a come-one, come-all, drop-in-any-time basis. Pennsylvania Dutch are, by their own admission, "great ones to keep themselves to themselves." With their large families and close ties to the *freindschaft*—"the relationship"—they need rarely rely on outsiders for amusement, stimulation or assistance. However, newcomers who pay their bills on time, don't live off their principal, houseclean spring and fall, keep the edges of the lawn trimmed, may after a decade be invited to dinner—an event worth waiting for.

When this happy day arrives some things are certain. It will *not* be a buffet affair, but a sit-down meal around a table laid with a damask cloth starched and ironed to a glacé finish, and ample napkins fragrant with sun and wind from the drying line. The menu will *not* feature any one-dish concoctions so dear to the hearts of cooks with more sophistication than skill. This hostess undoubtedly will have worked the better part of two days, since almost everything will be homemade, to provide her guests with a wide choice of delectables.

Country wives can draw on well-filled larders, smokehouses and dairies. City dwellers depend on their "farmer man" who makes regular rounds once or twice a week with his own produce. His license may classify him as a huckster, but his calling is really family friend, adviser, confidant and sometimes—if the chicken potpie "don't get right" or the cup cheese is thin—scapegoat. A household chooses their farmer man as carefully as their lawyer or doctor, and heaven help him if he brings less than the largest, newest-laid eggs, the ripest raspberries and the fattest goose.

Pennsylvania Market Day

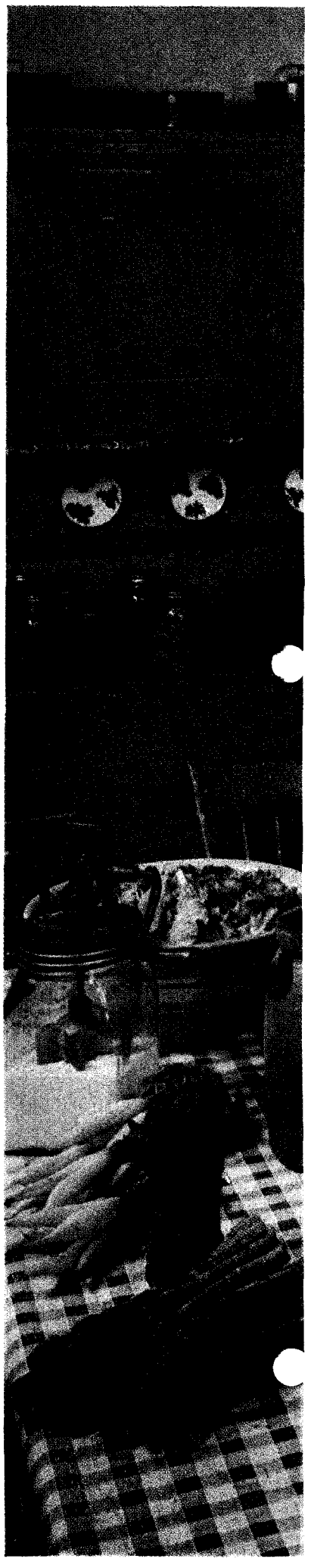
Local farmers and their wives also "stand market" certain days of the week in Allentown, Bethlehem, Reading, Shillington, Lancaster and many other Pennsylvania towns, offering an enormous variety of wares. The neat stalls, some occupied by the same family for generations, proudly bear the occupants' name and address—an ironbound guaranty of excellence—J. and C. Stump, Bird-in-Hand, Pa.; Melchior Musselman, Blue Ball; Snyder Sisters, King of Prussia.

Many of the vendors are Plain People, members of one of the several Amish or Mennonite sects, and even in lulls between customers they work. The men unpack fresh stock, trim greens; the women sit, their faces placid and calm under their prayer caps, their fingers dancing as they shell lima beans and peas.

Elderly women in "market coats" and "market hats," carrying heirloom baskets, make a critical tour to inspect the day's offerings—pressed tripe, sage cheese, corn and chicken soup, jellied pork in cup molds, buttermilk cookies, bunches of mint, sunbonnets, coleus slips, hulled hickory nuts, hooked rugs, baked beans, pepper hash, potato salad—a nearly endless variety.

The meat counters are lined with men sampling sharp cheese, paper-thin slices of dried beef and bits of Lebanon bologna, braunschweiger and summer sausage, while they deliberate over Sunday's roast and evaluate the slabs of bacon.

Pork is the meat seen most frequently on the Pennsylvania Dutch table. Nobody can get more food out of a pig than a



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The Pennsylvania Dutch spread a table that is heavy with hearty, filling specialties from the Rhineland.

Pot pies, spiced peaches, schnitz un knepp, buttermilk cookies and other traditional dishes in an immaculate Pennsylvania Dutch kitchen.

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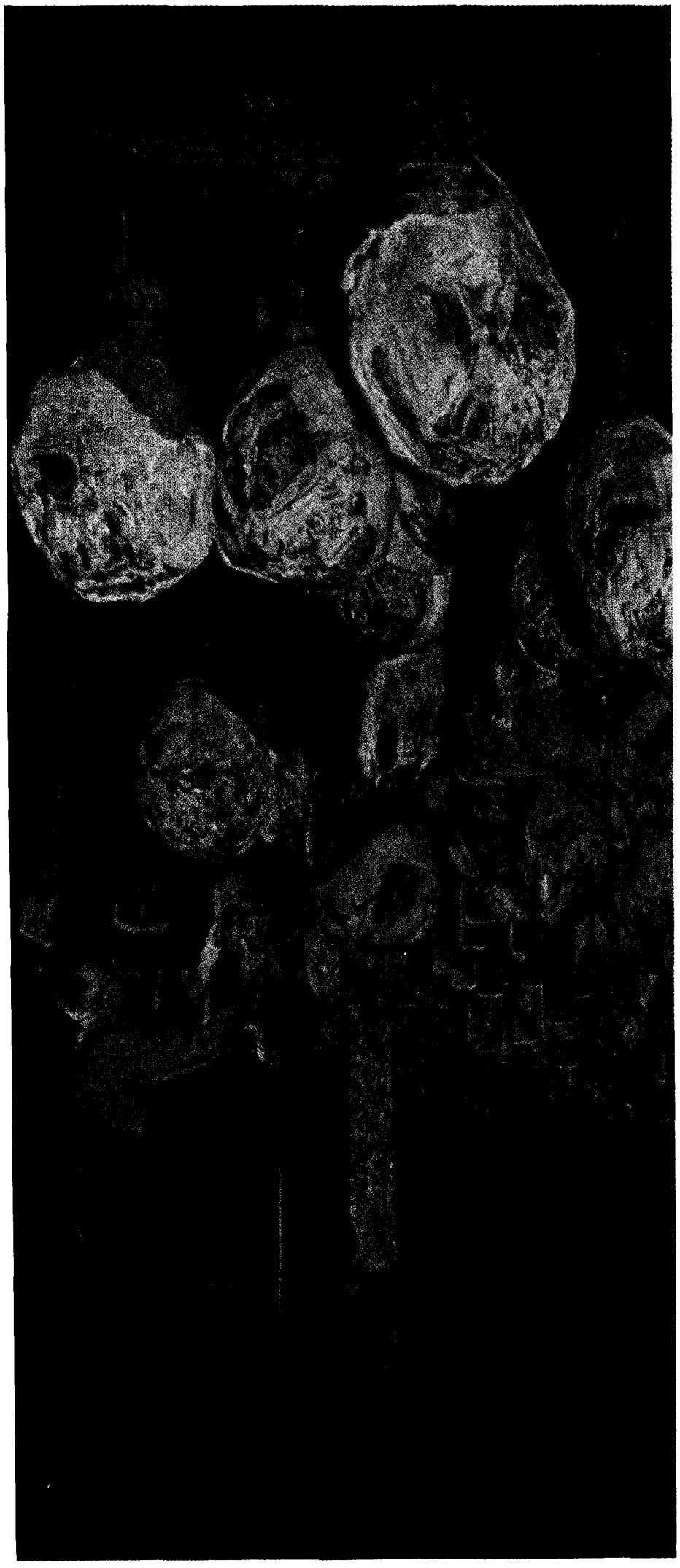
"I would no more try to improve butter semmel than Bach's *Mass in B Minor*."



Emory Herr removes meat from his smokehouse. His people use all of the hog and steer. They consider waste a sin against nature.

Pennsylvania Dutch farmer—chops, roasts, bacon, salt pork for baked lima beans, lard for flaky pie crust, spareribs to cook with kraut, jellied head cheese, pickled pigs' feet, sausage cooked with sage and coriander seed, liverwurst, and blood pudding. The last nubbins, cooked and chopped fine, are mixed with corn meal and buckwheat and simmered for an hour to make *panhas*, or scrapple. This is poured into cake tins to set. When cold, it is sliced, fried crisp, and served for breakfast or lunch.

The hams are smoked over sassafras or hickory wood until the outside looks like shoe leather, but when soaked for a day and simmered for a day, one needs no trimming of cloves or pineapple, no basting with champagne. The firm-grained, rosy pink slices, scalloped in pearly fat, have the taste and texture of nuts.

The end of the ham is the base for that most famous of all Pennsylvania dishes, *schnitz un knepp*. *Schnitz* are dried apple slices, a staple in this area. (A classic joke concerns a new teacher who was explaining fractions with an apple: "Now if we cut the fruit in quarters, children, we have fourths; if we cut each piece again we have eighths; now if we cut each of *those* pieces, what would we have?" "*Schnitz!*" responded the class in unison.) The end of the ham, perhaps two or three pounds, a tablespoon of molasses and about two cups of sweet *schnitz* are simmered in water to cover until the apples are tender. Then the *knepp*, or button dumplings, leavened either with eggs and baking powder or with yeast, are dropped in the kettle and tightly covered. "You daresn't peek," good cooks always warn during the five or six minutes it takes to steam the *knepp*.

Versatile Chicken

Chicken, almost as versatile as pork, appears many ways; the favorite, perhaps, is pot pie. A plump fowl is cut into pieces, simmered slowly in water to cover, with an onion or two, a bunch of parsley and a stalk of celery. While it cooks, the potpie noodle dough is made by beating three eggs until foamy. Water is added—enough to fill one of the halved egg shells three times—with three fourths of a teaspoon of salt and enough flour to make a stiff dough. This is rolled paper-thin on a floured board, cut into two-inch squares and left to dry. When the chicken is tender, it is drained and the broth is saved. In a broad kettle are put down successive layers of chicken, sliced raw potatoes and the previously made noodles, topped with the latter and seasoned with salt and pepper. Two to three cups of the stock are poured in. The top is dotted with butter. The contents are covered and simmered without opening for about a half hour. The result—half soup, half stew—is wholly delicious. Beef and veal can also be used for potpie with equally satisfying results.

Shad is a spring dish, a great favorite ever since Colonial days, when these fish choked the rivers in season and could be had for the taking. Early housewives followed the Indian recipe, wrapping the fish in a blanket of clay and burying it in hot coals to bake. Now that most fish is caught, as the Dutch say, "with silver bait," the usual method is to open and clean the shad, sprinkle it lightly inside and out with a mixture of buttered crumbs, sweet herbs, salt and coarse pepper. Planked and baked at 250° until the bones are almost melted, the delicate meat is served with parsley butter, a dash of lemon, and the roe, broiled as a dividend.

The potato is the basic vegetable, served certainly at one meal and possibly all three every day. (For years the Stoney Creek Woolen Mills in Berks County blew the "Grumbera Whistle" every morning at eleven to warn wives it was time to put potatoes on to cook for the mister's midday dinner.)

Celery Roots and Salsify

Corn, another staple, is eaten on the cob, in fritters, in pie and as a pudding. For pudding the kernels and milk are rubbed from six large ears with a silver knife, mixed with three beaten eggs, a teaspoon of cornstarch, a tablespoon of melted butter, salt and pepper to taste, and baked in a buttered casserole at 350° until done.

Along with all the common vegetables are some less well known: tiny sugar peas steamed in butter and eaten pod and all; salsify, an edible root of the chicory family, mashed with cream and fried into little cakes; celery roots boiled and chopped into a sauce, made—says an old Bethlehem recipe—"of butter the size of a walnut, a medium brown egg and half cup of nice mild vinegar beaten together until your arm tires."

The salad season officially begins on Maundy Thursday when traditionally something green must be eaten—chives, scallions, cress from the brook or dandelions, freshly pulled, crisp and pungent. (The Pennsylvania Dutch, with great good sense, achieve a neat lawn and well-supplied table in one operation.)

Dandelion leaves, trimmed, carefully washed and tossed dry, are served with a sour-sweet dressing that starts with three slices of diced bacon, fried until crisp. The bacon is removed, drained and tossed with the greens. Then to one well-beaten egg is added one tablespoon of flour, a cup of milk, a quarter cup of cider vinegar, two tablespoons of sugar, a half teaspoon of salt, and the whole is stirred into the bacon fat. Cooked until it has the consistency of thick cream, the dressing is poured over the greens.

No table is complete without an array of sweets and sours, but the notion that seven of each always appears is synthetic folklore. No group has suffered more from spurious legends than the Pennsylvania Dutch. These dignified, sensible people do *not* paint their gates blue to indicate a marriageable daughter in the household. They do *not* say, "Der front bell don't make. Bump!" They do *not* invariably serve seven sweets and seven sours at each meal.

The last is false on the face of it, for no Pennsylvania Dutch housewife counts when she sets a table for friends. Out comes the choicest contents of her preserve shelves—seven or seventeen delectables. There are cut-glass dishes of jelly—fox grape, elderberry, crab apple; then spiced pears, brandied peaches and plum jam in treasured pieces of ironstone from Grandmom's wedding china, opaque rounds of bread-and-butter pickles in a

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Photographs by George Lazarnick

souvenir dish sent from Formosa or Capetown, perhaps, by a homesick son. At the corners of the table might be little red and green peppers stuffed with chopped cabbage and pickled in brine, green gooseberry catsup and Jerusalem artichokes as crisp and subtly flavored as Chinese water chestnuts. Somewhere will be a dish of pickled beets accompanied by a few shelled hard-boiled eggs that have rested in the brine long enough to acquire color and tang.

Tomatoes are pickled whole, made into relish, mincemeat, chili sauce, catsup and preserves. Yellow tomatoes make a particularly luscious jam—about four cups of pulp free from seeds and skin, an equal amount of sugar, one tart apple chopped fine and the juice of two lemons are boiled together until thick. Just before bottling, a half cup of finely chopped candied ginger is added.

It would be difficult to think of a fruit or berry whose summer sweetness isn't captured for the preserve shelf—currants, chokecherry, ground cherry, wild strawberries—"they have more taste to 'em than the tame ones"—rhubarb. Even quinces, seemingly forgotten by the rest of America, still are preserved in the Dutch country.

The most famous of the "sweets" is apple butter, and its making was once an important social occasion in any community. The whole neighborhood gathered and "*schnitzed*" the apples—Paradise was a favorite variety. Cider pressed from more tart apples was strained through rye straw and boiled outdoors in great iron kettles until it was reduced about one half. Then the apples were added at the rate of two and a half bushels of apples to a barrel of cider, and a scoured penny and a peach pit were thrown in to keep the mixture from scorching, and perhaps a bit of sassafras bark was added for flavoring.

As the fire glowed and the caldron's fragrant contents plop-plop-plopped, the guests frolicked in the brisk fall air, danced, sang, played games, told stories and took their turns at bringing wood and stirring. (For a young man and woman to stir together with the same wooden ladle amounted to an announcement of their engagement.) From time to time a spoonful from the pot was "tried" in a dish and when, after six or seven hours it no longer "wept" cider, the butter was ready to be ladled into crocks, sealed and stored in the attic.

Old-Time Flavor and Fun

"I often wonder myself why the apple butter I make in little batches in the kitchen never gets right for me," an old lady said. "I guess maybe the old-time flavor came from all the laughing and fun we stirred in."

Whatever the season, the dessert is likely to be pie. The Dutch were—and are—masters of pie-making and lavished their artistry on its accouterments: little wheels carved of bone or wood to flute the crusts, and pie safes in which to store the finished product. These handsome wooden cupboards with tin door panels punched in intricate designs to provide ventilation for the contents are now eagerly sought by collectors to serve, alas, as bars.

Pies are baked in heavy brown earthenware dishes. The older ones often had delicate crimped edges and were chased with hearts and flowers and birds. The messages written on the wet clay ranged from a sentimental, "This dish and heart shall never part," to the more serious, "This dish made of earth and clay like you, oh, man, shall pass away," or, "To borrow is to sorrow," along with a lighthearted, "When the dish breaks the potter laughs," or, "Hurrah for Grover Cleveland."

The last of the old potters, the Stahl brothers, who worked at their Powder Valley kiln until the late 1930's, usually dated their pieces and added a note on the weather. One of their *poi schissels* bears the concise report, "First of July, Very dry. Oh, my! How I like my pie."

Shoofly and Other Pies

As to contents, it would be hard to think of any edible substance that Pennsylvania Dutch have not put between crusts—all the fruits and berries and a good many of the vegetables, green tomato, parsley, squash, potatoes both sweet and white, onion and corn, to name a few.

Then there are the pies, such as the famous shoofly, which are really cakes in a pastry shell. Addicts of shoofly—the name is probably a corruption of *chouflour*, since the finished pie somewhat resembles a cauliflower—are sharply divided into Wets and Drys, although both camps would probably agree that the molasses that goes into a shoofly is the most important factor. With many perfectionist cooks, the bottled variety will not do; real barrel molasses is a necessity. In any case, three fourths of a cup of baking molasses is mixed with a well-beaten egg yolk and three quarters of a cup of boiling water in which two teaspoons of baking soda has been dissolved. In another bowl, three fourths of a cup of flour is sifted with a half cup of brown sugar; one-eighth teaspoon each of nutmeg, ginger and cloves; a half teaspoon of cinnamon and a quarter teaspoon of salt, and worked into two tablespoons of shortening to form crumbs. A pie dish is lined with pastry, and alternate layers of the liquid and the crumb mixture are added, topping with the latter. It is baked at 450° until the edges are brown, then the oven is reduced to 350°, and the shoofly is baked until firm. For a "wetter" shoofly—one with a stickier bottom—more molasses is added.

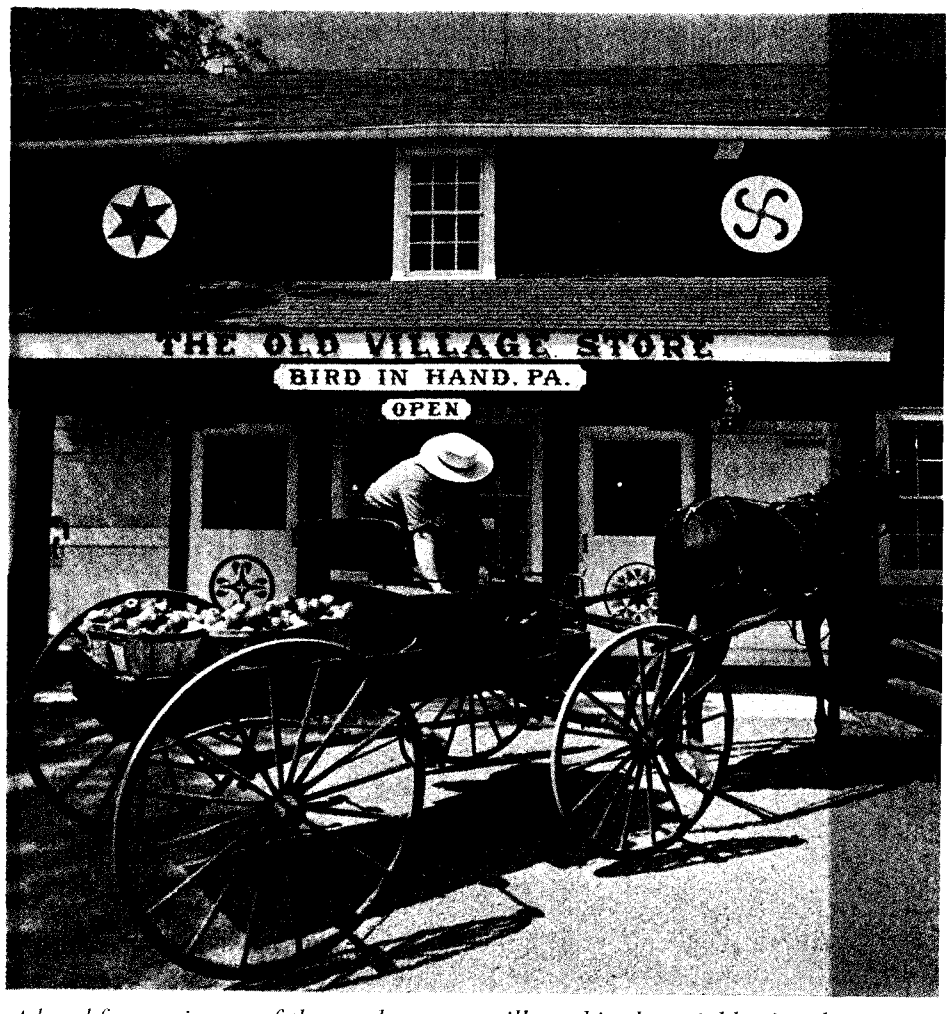
Also characteristically Pennsylvania Dutch are milk pies. As the name implies, milk or buttermilk is poured into a crust, a bit of sugar and butter are added with two teaspoonfuls of flour and a dash of cinnamon and nutmeg, and the whole baked in a hot oven. All laws of cookery would indicate that the only result would be an inedible mess and an oven in need of immediate cleaning, but strangely enough, a delicate custard emerges.

Newcomers to Pennsylvania Dutch tables used to be told, "Don't eat yourself full; pie's back." Wise were those who heeded the warning and had room for a slice of hot mince pie topped with a pat of butter, apple drizzled with cold milk, or lemon foaming with meringue.

As the Pennsylvania Dutch proverb says, "Better to die eating than fighting."

THE END

On Route 340 west of Intercourse, Pa., Emma and Susie Fisher arrange a small wagon of produce and flowers they hope to sell to travelers.



A local farmer in one of the market carts still used in the neighborhood brings his apples to the Old Village Store at Bird in Hand, a tourist stop.

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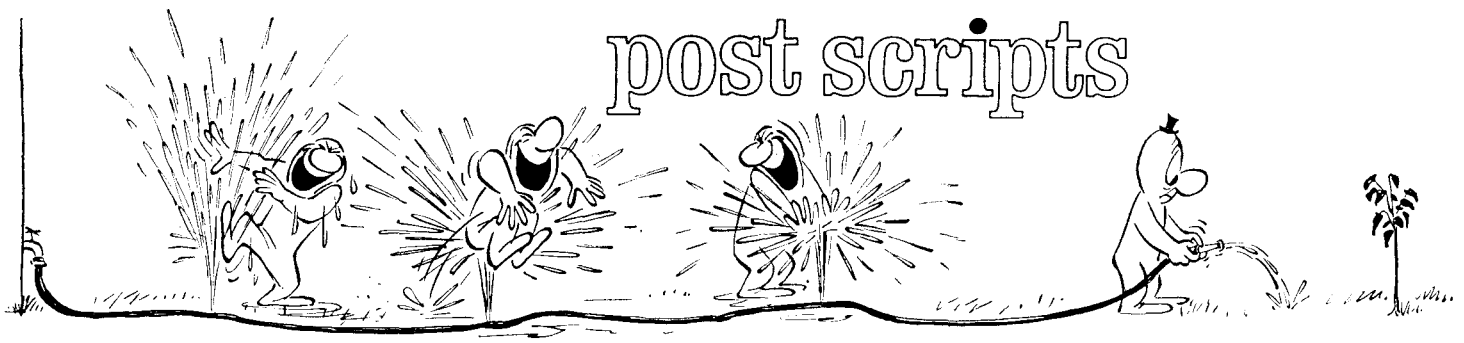


post scripts

"Sometimes I wonder why I ever joined CIA in the first place!"

"You're listening to my wallet."

Charge and Send, Please

Some women buy new hats on a set date, like the first day of spring, or on August tenth, when the stores start advertising fall clothes. Not me—I have three good reasons for buying a new hat, at *any* time of the year:

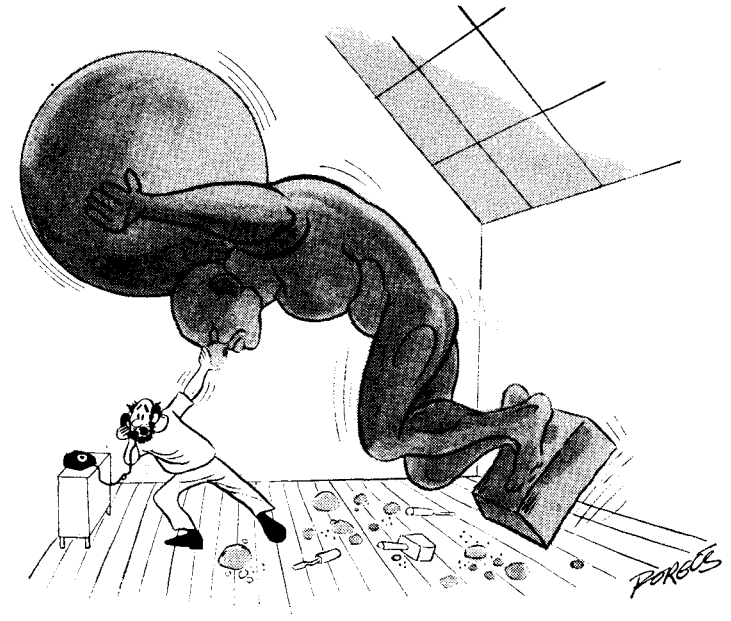
(1) As a reward. When I've just had a particularly frightful session with my dentist, I rush to the nearest millinery department and treat myself for being such a big, brave girl. Or when I've finally got caught up with the ironing, or taken the Brownie troop through the U. S. Mint. Or cleaned the oven. Things like that.

(2) As rehabilitation. Some days everything looks blue—especially me, around the eyes. Instead of mooning around in front of the mirror asking myself, "What's life all *about*, anyway?" I slap on some lipstick and go hat-shopping. This is no way to find out what life's all about, but when I have a new hat, I forget to worry about it.

(3) As a reminder. My husband occasionally needs a reminder, because he is prone to get extravagant and buy things like a sprinkler system ($867.65), or a new sump pump ($79.50), or an overcoat that cost $129. Therefore, when he gets a small bill for my new hat ($29.95), he is brought face-to-face with the significant fact that I, for one, do not throw our money around in *great, big hunks*.

Once in a while I'm caught without a valid reason for buying a hat, but that isn't as bad as it sounds. You've heard of impulse buying, haven't you? *I* have, and I've got the hats to prove it.

KAY NELSON



"Can I call you back?"

there's more

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©1962, The Borden Co.

Holland sends you its best, and Borden's offers it to you in a truly glorious form. Take the goodness of choice imported Dutch cocoa and blend it with the smoothest, creamiest perfection of Borden's. The result is a truly superlative chocolate ice cream appropriately named Borden's Dutch Chocolate Ice Cream. Taste the difference that's exclusively Dutch, deliciously Borden's. One spoonful and you'll know how truly great chocolate ice cream can be.

BORDEN'S

VERY BIG ON FLAVOR

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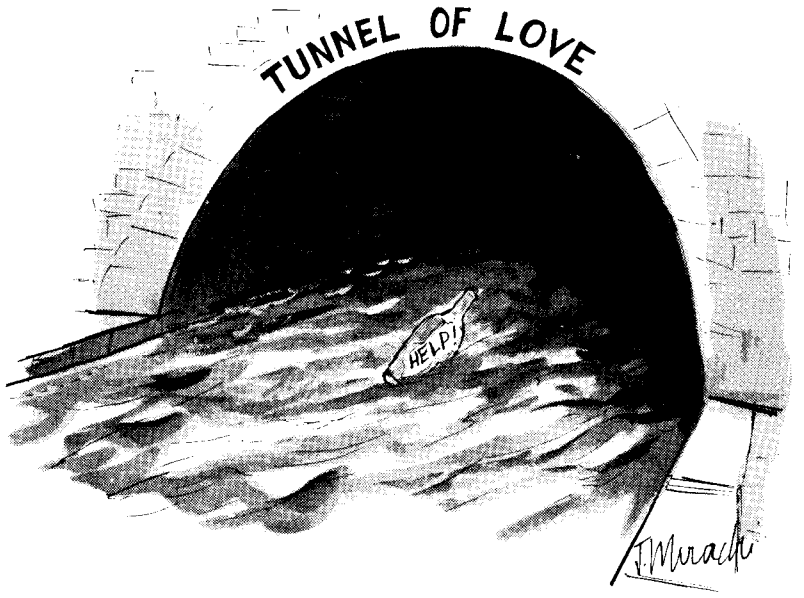
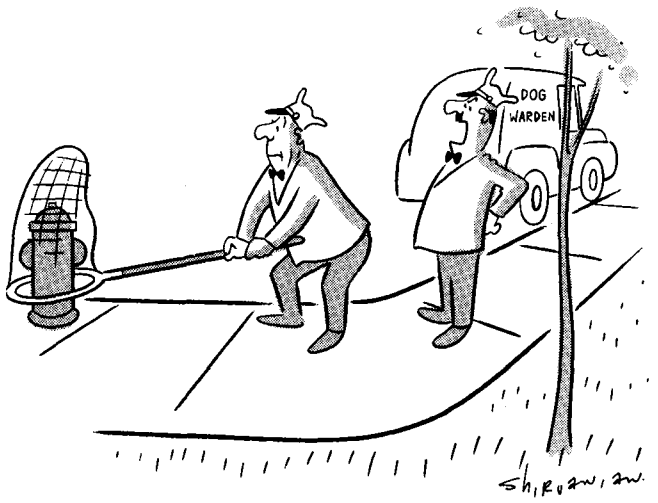
"It's your old boss—you won the baseball pool."





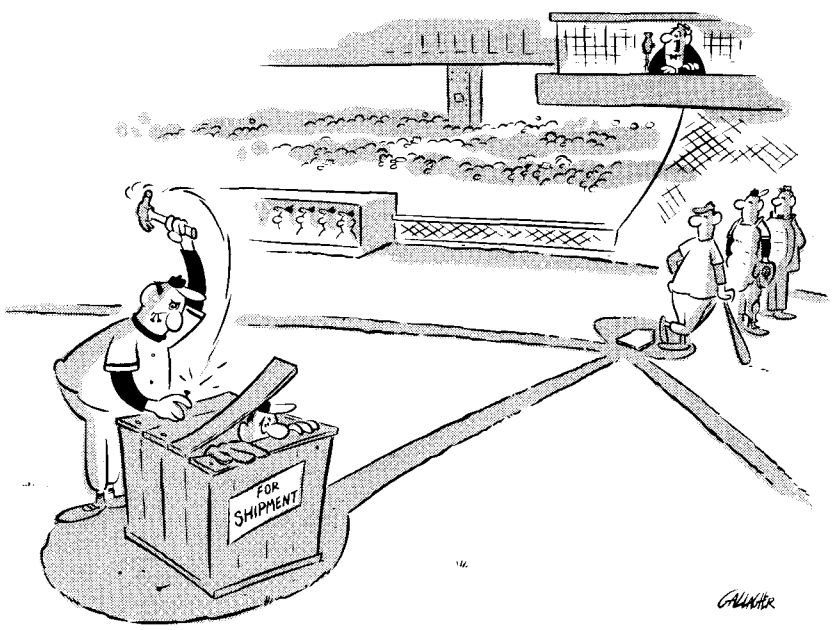
"You've got to be quicker, Pendleton."

Modern Misers

We're not a two-car family;
  We've just one TV set;
No automatic washer
  Has graced our kitchen—yet.
For modern living, I suppose,
  We're in the rearmost rank:
No mortgages, no payments—
  Just money in the bank.

S. OMAR BARKER

"Not Loch Ness *again* this summer!"



". . . And it looks like that's going to be all for Shellby . . ."

the end

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May her wishing well never go dry

Her wishing well hasn't failed yet. And her parents mean to see that it doesn't go dry. Through a planned savings program at their Insured Savings and Loan Association, they intend to give her a happy childhood, a good education . . . and some day a wonderful wedding. *Your* family, too, can benefit from a savings program at an Insured Savings and Loan Association. You get excellent returns and your savings are insured by a U.S. Government agency—the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation

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WATER SUPPLY,

From drought to abundance. Here's how one city faced up to the water problem

An endlessly burning sun branded the years 1952-55 into the memories of the people of Oklahoma City.

Their two big reservoir-lakes shrank to ponds rimmed by cracked earth. Their river ran dry. Before the drought was finally broken, a city ordinance was passed severely limiting water use because of "a critical and dangerous situation to health and property."

But if the prolonged drought brought Oklahoma City to the edge of disaster, it also had a dramatically beneficial result. It triggered action on a long-range solution to the city's desperate water problem—which would grow more critical with the expected growth in population from 375,000 in 1955 to a million by 1975.

During the drought years, city officials and the Chamber of Commerce intensified their studies of water sources for the future. And in another farsighted move, the Chamber quietly purchased some 8000 acres of undeveloped land near the city as the site for a new storage reservoir.

By 1955, the recommendation for solving Oklahoma City's long-range water problem was ready. It was a bold, imaginative plan calling for the construction of a series of dams and lakes 100 miles away in the southeastern portion of the state—an area bountiful in water resources. The first reservoir-lake was called Atoka, with a 100-mile pipeline to bring the water to a new city reservoir as needed.

Now the city was ready for action. A $14 million bond issue—strongly promoted by the Chamber—was passed by the people. With some of these funds, the city purchased, at cost, the 8000-acre site from the Chamber. Construction began on the new city reservoir and on Lake Atoka in southeastern Oklahoma.

In 1961, construction began on the pipeline that will bring the water to the city. The longest continuous water line ever built, it will be completed by the end of next year. Cost of the

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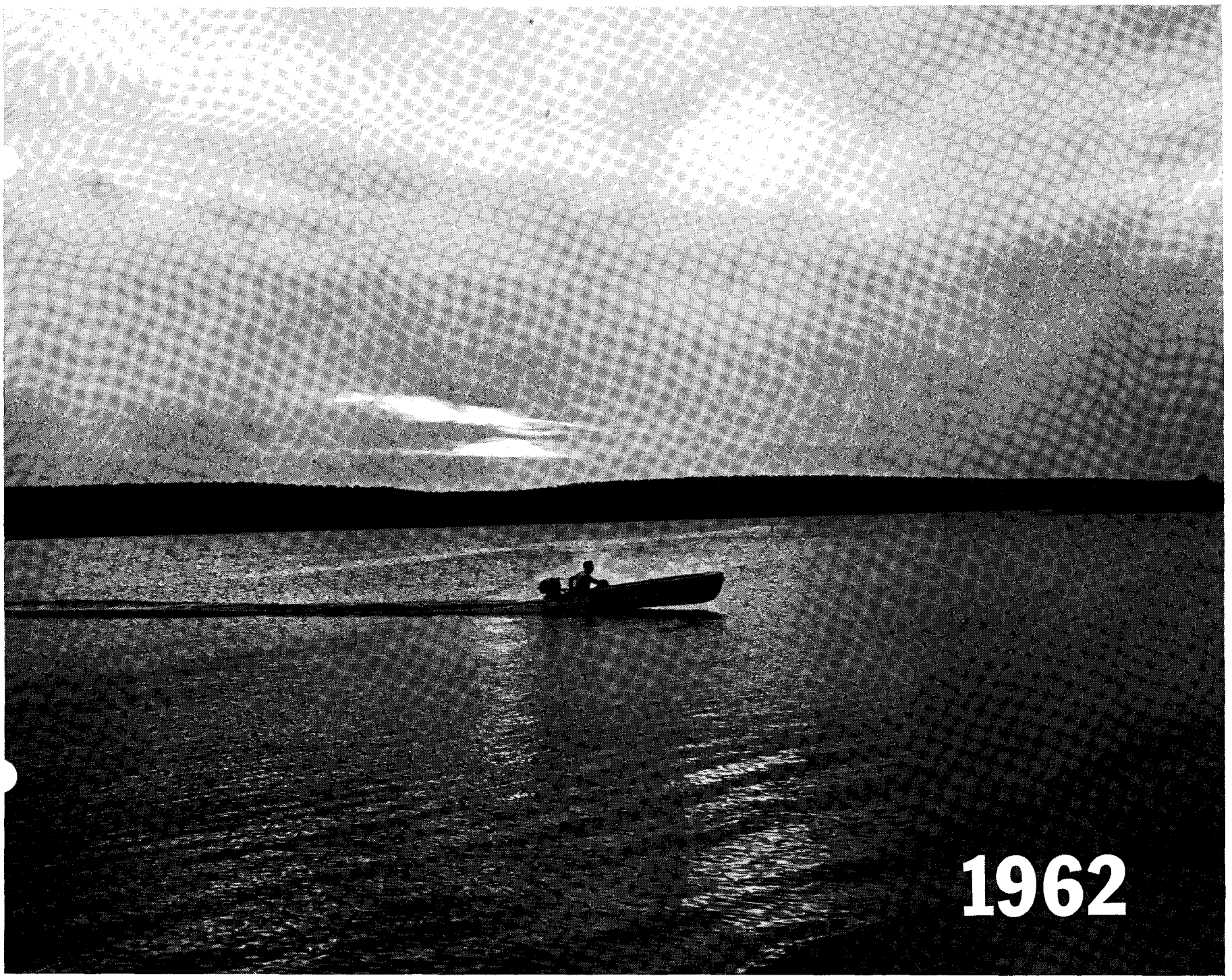

OKLAHOMA CITY

pipeline, pumping stations, reservoirs: $62.7 million, to be paid for over the next 40 years by an increase in water rates, initially set at 50%. To the drought-wise citizens of Oklahoma City, it seems a small price to pay for abundant water. As a city official put it, "The people know that without the Southeast Oklahoma Project, another drought like 1952-55 could have left us completely without water."

Much still remains to be done. Three more major dams and lakes must be built in this area of Oklahoma. Still other plans have been proposed for a canal to bring the volume of water—2 billion gallons a day—Oklahoma City and the central Oklahoma area will need to support the population and industry growth they confidently expect between now and the year 2000.

But the city is on the move, and if vigorous leadership, farsighted planning and hard work can bring the desired results, Oklahoma City will soon be as water rich as the lushest river valley in the country.

When completed, the longest continuous water line in the world will bring Oklahoma City abundant water from sources like newly constructed Lake Atoka (top).

How about your community? Water shortages are not limited to areas where rainfall is scarce. Even where it is plentiful, pollution can make it worthless. Or it may run off uselessly because the land has not been shaped to retain it. Yet, by 1980, we will need, as a nation, over twice as much water as we're using today.

The water problem is one that must be attacked and solved community by community—by men and women with the same foresight and energy shown in Oklahoma City. Is someone doing the job where you live? If not, maybe it's time *you* took a hand. For interesting and helpful information, write to Dept. G, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

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She's one of the lucky ones

Our little poster girl is so appealing, not many of us could pass her by without helping. But most other people who need help aren't so lucky. Misery isn't often very appealing; neither is sickness, physical handicap, old age, grief or emotional disturbance. That's why we use her picture: to remind you of the many, many people whose need is even greater, but whose only hope is your once-a-year United Way pledge. Your single gift works many wonders. It helps support all the different services and programs that aid those in need, that give hope to the helpless—regardless of age, race or creed. Or even how appealing they are. GIVE THE UNITED WAY.

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Apache Camp-Out

A family of palefaces from the Midwest spends its vacation on an Arizona reservation and learns Indian outdoor lore from Apaches whose ancestors once shot it out with U.S. troopers.

By RICHARD DUNLOP

Lydo Harvey, the grandson of a fierce Apache chief named Alchesay, carved a whistle from a willow shoot by the banks of Paradise Creek. Our four children watched him slip the green bark off with his knife, pare out a hollow in the core, slit the bark and pull it back into place. He blew a piercing note. Eighty years ago the sound would have signaled an Apache assault. "Let me have it," my six-year-old Jimmy pleaded.

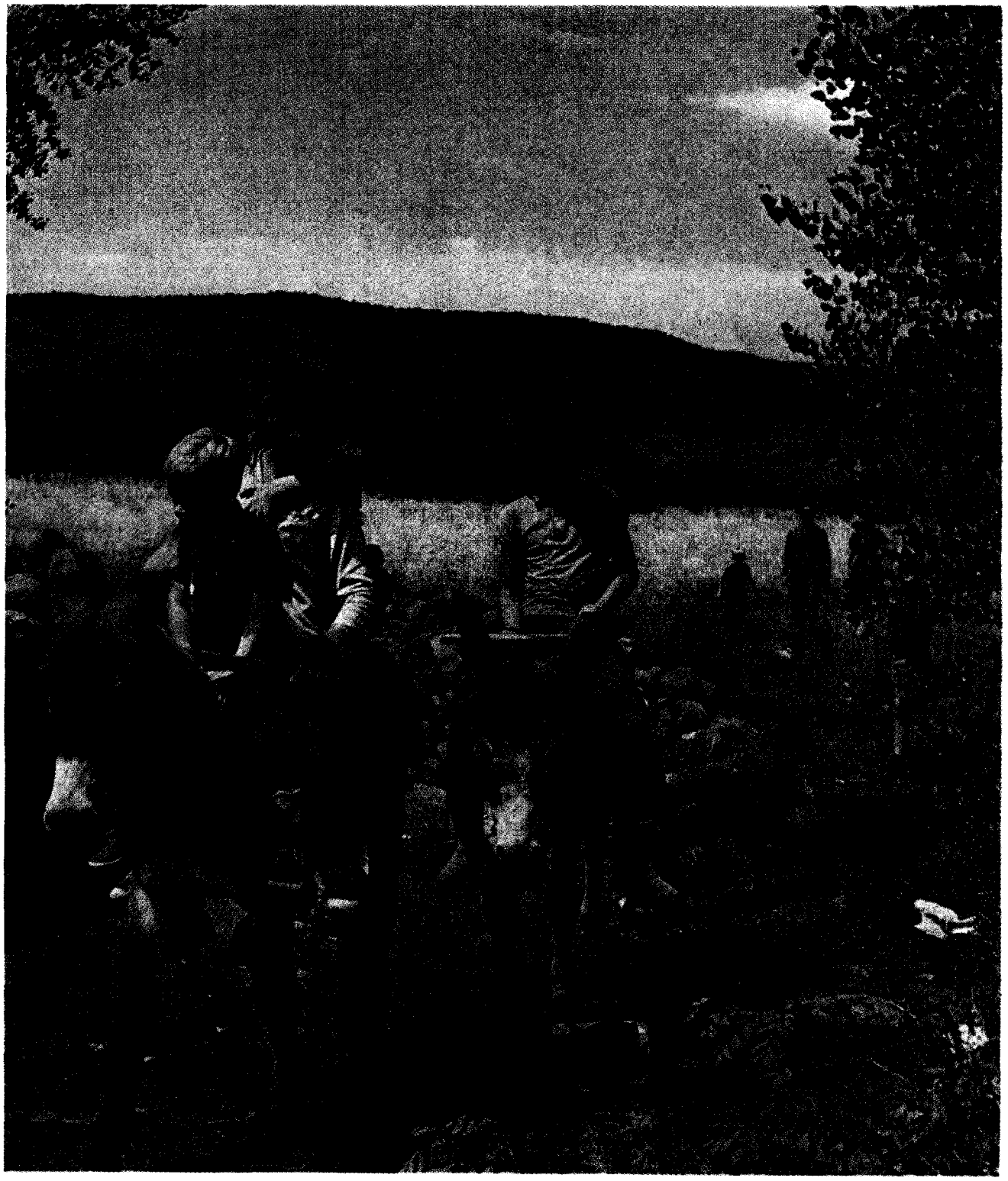
The heavyset Apache gave him the whistle, then carved three others for ten-year-old Nancy, eight-year-old Ricky and five-year-old Jeff.

Our family was vacationing early last summer at the Fort Apache Reservation, which sprawls over 1,664,827 acres of forested mountains and rangeland midway between Phoenix and Albuquerque. We had come in response to an invitation the Apaches are extending to the paleface. "*Hon dah*—Be my guest"—the tribal council says. "Bring your kids, and we'll show them how to hunt and fish Indian style."

The idea of vacationing among the Apaches thrilled our children. As soon as school was out in June, we drove to Arizona and found that the Apaches have turned their reservation into a playground for tourists—300 miles of well-stocked trout streams boiling through one of the largest stands of ponderosa in the United States, blue alpine lakes, plentiful big game and historic reminders of the Indian wars. The Apaches charge nothing for camping and picnicking sites. For a furnished cabin with indoor plumbing and kitchen we paid sixty-six dollars a week. We bought our supplies at Apache trading posts at prices comparable to those in supermarkets back home. Reservation fishing permits cost us sixty cents the first day, thirty cents a day thereafter.

Although the smiles of greeting were sometimes a little forced, most of the Apaches were hospitable. Yet only a few generations ago Apaches were marauding the Southwest, and even as late as 1954 they kept their reservation to themselves. Behind the surge of hospitality rests the dramatic decision of a primitive people to face a need for economic growth.

One day my son Ricky and I jeeped along a canyon trail with Nelson Lupe, former chairman of the White Mountain



Young Apaches Bradley Sanchez and Merle Stago guide the author and his family down an old warpath.

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Most of the 400,000 tourists expected this year will rough it at 700 campsites. But furnished cabins also are available.

Camp-Out Apache Tribal Council. He pointed out cliffs from which Apache snipers once shot down blue-coated troopers, showed us ruts cut into the soil by military supply wagons more than eighty years ago.

"Apaches have always lived around here," he told us. "We always will. We fought hard to keep this country. We know that whites are still trying to take it away from us. If we fail to develop our reservation, sooner or later outsiders will do it. It would be for their benefit, not ours. We know that the more tourists that come, the more secure our country will be for our kids."

It was Nelson Lupe who channeled Apache fears of white greed into a program to develop the lumber, grazing, mineral and recreational resources of the reservation. He became chairman of the White Mountain Recreation Enterprise, a subsidiary of the Apache tribe. This year the Apaches will play host to more than 400,000 vacationing families. These tourists are in for an extraordinary time.

Great Indian Tracker

Like many Easterners and Midwesterners, our family had always thought of Arizona as a desert waste suitable only for Gila monsters. As we drove west out of Springerville to the boundary of Apacheland, we discovered how wrong we were. The road swept onto a lofty tableland covered with fir, pine and aspen. Tribal herds of purebred Herefords grazed in meadows. Mountains rose above us. By evening we had the children bedded down in a tourist cabin in the forest. We slept under blankets that June night and every night thereafter.

"You've got to meet Lydo Harvey," a couple from Texas told us the next morning. "He's as great an Indian tracker as the old-time Apache scouts. Last year, after everybody else had given up hope, he spent days hunting for a lost mother and her child on Mount Baldy. He found them too."

Harvey is chief Apache tribal warden. He and his men protect visitors and see to it that they buy tribal fishing and hunting permits and do not take more than their share of fish and game. The wardens patrol even the most remote roads in trucks with four-wheel drive. They rescue stranded motorists, make simple car repairs and give first aid.

Lydo Harvey had just returned from counting the elk in the mountains when we met him. "It'll be good elk hunting this fall," he told us. "We counted more than 1400 on the reservation."

Harvey took us on a trip into the mountains. We climbed into the bed of his pickup truck and jounced over gravel roads that wound up the forested slopes of 11,500-foot Baldy Peak. He chatted freely with our children—youngsters are accepted by most Apaches long before the parents are. He pointed out to the youngsters a spotted antelope grazing on a distant mountain meadow and stopped to show them where beavers had dammed a stream. We passed other white families camped along streams. Men and boys were fishing. Lydo finally stopped the truck beneath a stand of tall pines beside Paradise Creek, high in the mountains.

"I'll show you how to fish Indian way," he told the kids. "You know, Apaches never fished in the old days," he added. "We ate no cold-blooded animals." He picked up a green limb, prodded wriggling worms from the wet, black earth, attached his line and showed the kids how to bait a hook. He stepped to the stream. His black eyes probed the roiled waters. His hook dropped beneath the surface. In less than a minute Lydo flipped a rainbow trout onto the bank.

Later he made an Indian doll out of skunk cabbage for Nancy and showed the boys how to clean fish and build an Indian fire.

In the days that followed, other Apaches showed us additional woodland skills. They pointed out game tracks and explained how to select wood for a fire. We learned that white oak burns slowly and piñon fast. The Indians took us into the arid southwestern part of the reservation and told how mesquite beans can be boiled and eaten when they are brown.

Most of the tourist families we saw were camping out at sites where the Apaches have installed tables, benches, grills and sanitary facilities. We stopped and talked to some of the visitors.

"Fishing is so good here that it's a family affair," one housewife from Los Angeles told me. "Most places we've gone, the kids and I never saw my husband after the moment we pitched camp. He had to go miles along a stream for good fishing. Here he reels in his trout right in front of camp while I get dinner."

As excellent as fishing is in the streams near roads, many fishermen prefer to hike into the wilderness to more remote spots. In high mountain waters the rare Arizona native trout still survives. German browns and rainbows are annually stocked throughout the reservation by the United States Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife. Within the reservation's wilds, animals are a common sight, and white hunters stalk the wilderness for bobcat, fox, elk, deer, javelina and migratory waterfowl.

In no time at all tourists get accustomed to the Indian surroundings. They drift down to Whiteriver or Indian Pine to buy supplies at Indian trading posts. They get used to TV antennas protruding from the tops of wickiups—elliptical huts made of bear grass fastened over a frame of juniper limbs—and bulky squaws in bright-colored dresses carrying cradleboards from which placid papooses look out at their world of pine and mountain. Many tourist families we met, who had expected to see Apache men in loincloths and feathers, found them in Levis and Stetsons instead.

Everywhere we found evidence of the Apaches' colorful past. The Apaches show white visitors a remote cave in which Geronimo reportedly hid out. Guides take tourists along the old military road to Fort Apache. One day Lydo Harvey led us up a hidden valley to see gushing Alchesay Spring, where Chief Alchesay had his lair. Early one morning Ricky, Jeff and I visited Kinishba, a fourteenth-century Indian ruin.

Ricky and I made our most memorable expedition to the ancestral holy grounds of the Apache, deep in the Salt River Canyon. We drove with Nelson Lupe as far into the canyon as we could. Then we hiked over a trail along the cliffs.

Finally we descended the cliffs and arrived at the place by the river where Apaches had received their religious beliefs from the thirty-two spirits of the earth and sky. Ancient inscriptions carved on the rock brought the ancestral past into sharp focus. We climbed the canyon wall to the salt caves where Apaches have mined salt since before the time of the Spanish conquistadors.

Along streams and on the shores of two dozen lakes, the Apaches have built 700 campsites. They put in facilities for trailers. They provided saddle horses and guides. We witnessed the extent of their labors as we drove up the road that climbs 8500 feet through the forest to Hawley Lake. With a shoreline of seven and a half miles, it is the first and largest of five Indian-made lakes. The Apaches have leased wooded hillsides around the lake to white families who have built or are building 200 summer homes of native stone and timber.

"Now we plan a lodge, a golf course and a ski run," says Jim Sparks, a white man who manages the enterprise.

At the Apaches' tribal headquarters in Whiteriver I called on the chairman of the tribal council, Lester Oliver. I was curious about the enterprise's effects on the Apache economy. "Mr. Oliver," I asked, "what does the average Indian get out of this?"

"Not a great deal yet," the college-educated chief answered. "We have tribal herds of cattle from which we obtain funds to provide emergency relief for our poor people, but so far we are plowing back our recreation-enterprise profits into additional development. We are doing so in the hope of providing more jobs for more Indians."

Apache Self-Reliance

It is Lester Oliver's belief that most white persons fail to think of Indians as individuals who have aims in life similar to their own. "We're trying to better our personal lot in life just like everybody else," Oliver told me. "Eventually we intend to use Indian investments to give individual Indians opportunities for advancement—scholarships to college, public housing, when we can afford it. But we are not going to set up a tribal dole. You tourists are helping individual Apaches to achieve independence from welfare handouts."

On the way back to our cabin I drove by an immense Apache grandmother shuffling along the road, a papoose sleeping in the cradleboard on her back. When I stopped to offer her a ride, she glared at me.

"You think I can't walk, huh?" she asked. "I don't need wheels to go where I go. I don't want help." But then her leathery face parted in a wide grin, and her black eyes twinkled. Turning, she trundled on down the road, the personification of Apache pride in doing for themselves—in an age when self-reliance is as scarce as wampum. **THE END**

"Line drive."

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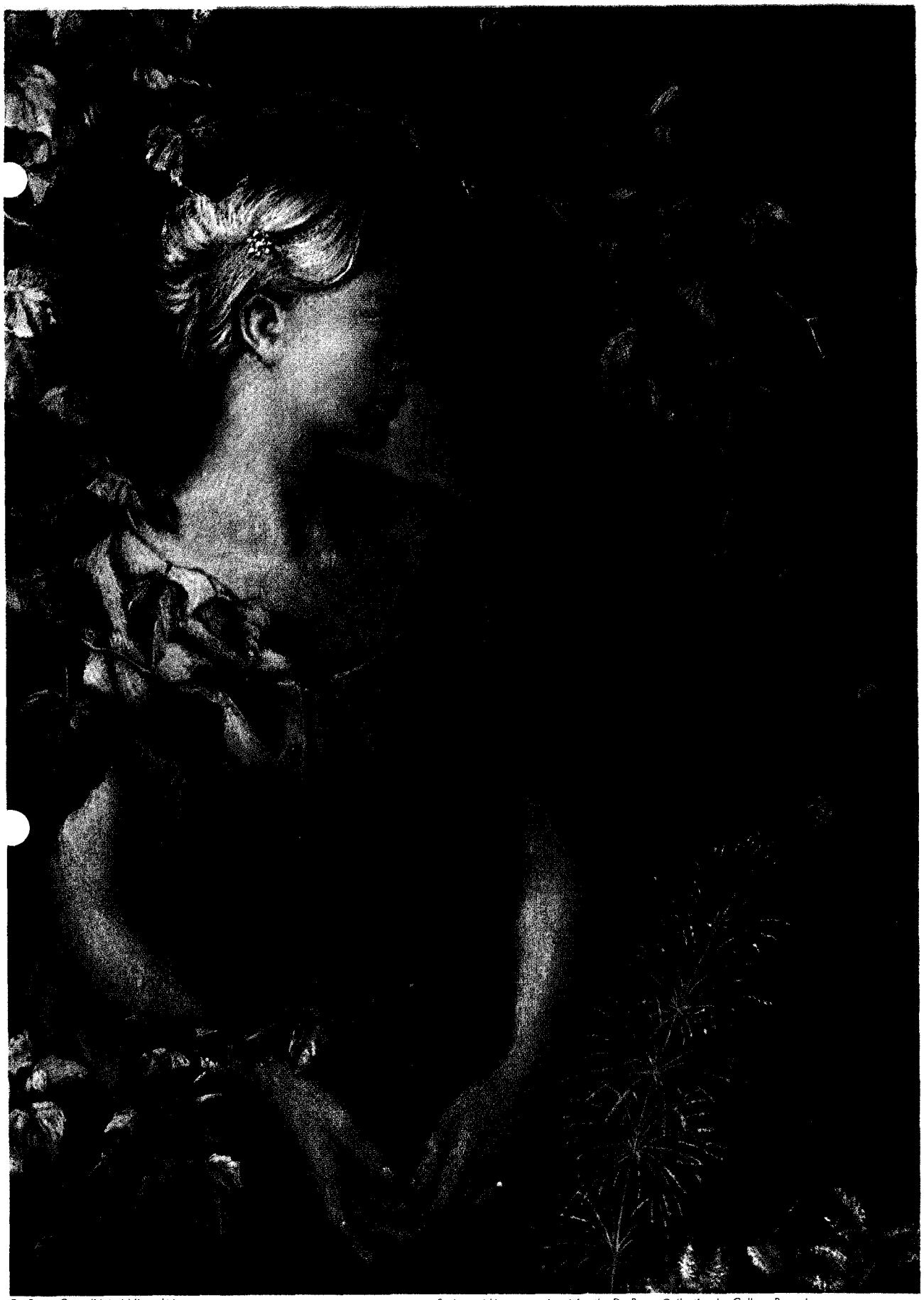


De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Enchanted Hour . . . painted for the De Beers Collection by Colleen Browning

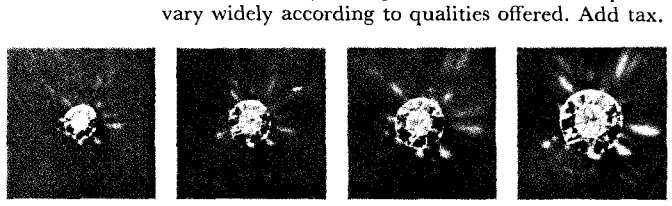
the best of joys

told in diamond flames

Dreams that make a parting sweet, the gay companionship that gives each meeting fresh delight, enchant the hours for a girl who loves and soon will marry. The engagement diamond her young man gave her tells of their promise and their happiness. And ever after, this flaming earth-born light will treasure their love's first joys and all that follow, recording the story of their life and its true meaning. To mark your engagement, your ring-stone may be modest in size, but it should be chosen with care, for it will be cherished always, by you and generations yet to be.

HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND First, and most important, consult a trusted jeweler. Ask about color, clarity and cutting—these determine quality, contribute to beauty and value. Choose a fine stone, and you'll always be proud of it, no matter what its size. Diamond sizes are measured by weight, in points and carats—100 points to the carat. (Exact weights shown are seldom found.) For your guidance, price ranges below are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in April, 1962. Note that prices vary widely according to qualities offered. Add tax.

A diamond is forever



25 points (¼ carat)
$85 to $200

50 points (½ carat)
$200 to $500

1 carat (100 points)
$525 to $1275

2 carats (200 points)
$1365 to $3635

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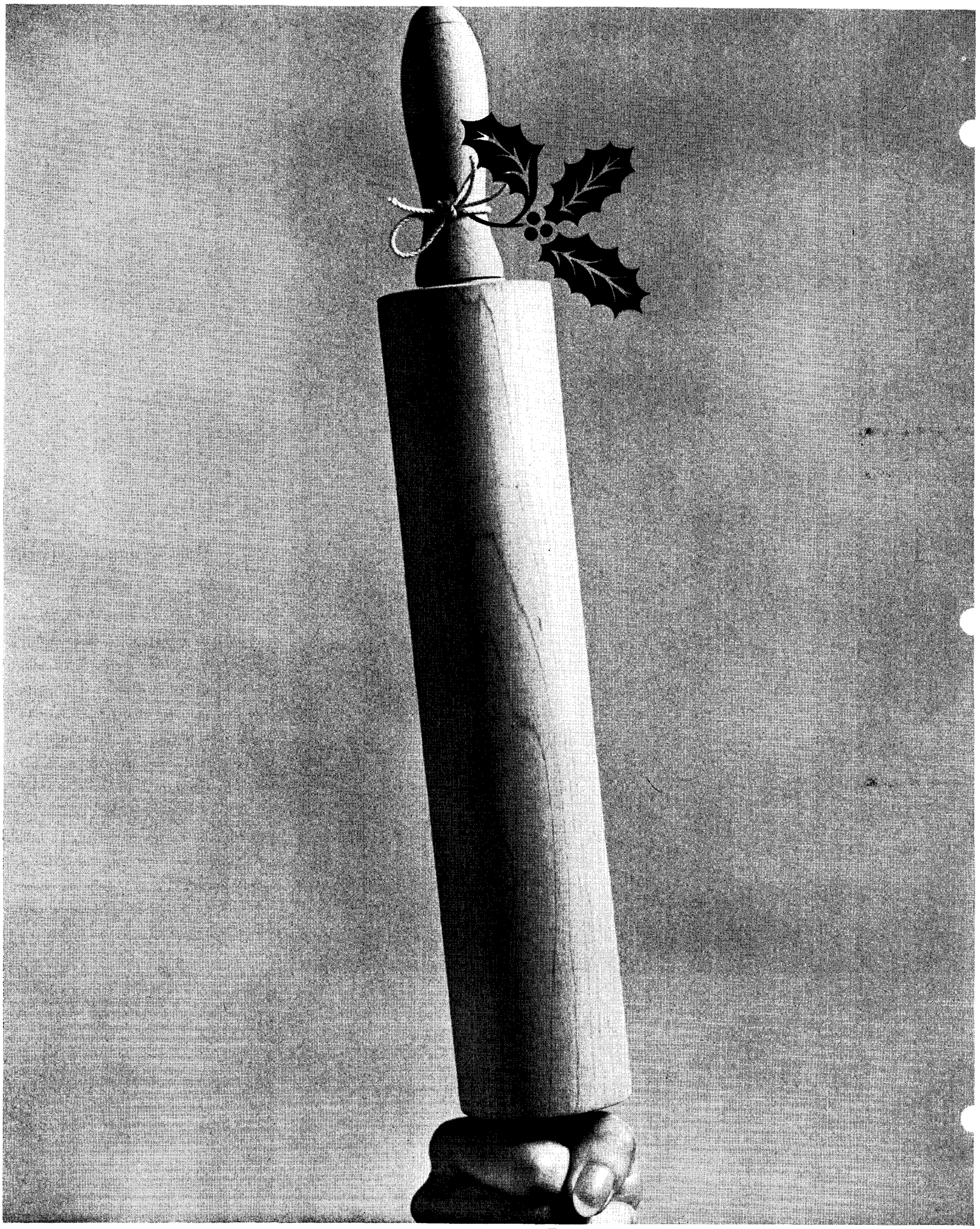

Remember Holly Sugar (or else)

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Behind barbed wire in a Hong Kong compound, Red Chinese refugees wait to be sent back over the border.

A noted reporter assesses the rising tensions that are building toward a blowup of Mao's iron rule.

The Coming Explosion in Red China

By JOSEPH ALSOP

The present plight of Communist China raises at the very outset a basic political question: Are there any limits at all to the hardships Communist police states can safely inflict on the peoples they have got into their grip?

Remembering Josef Stalin, many believe there are no such limits, and in that case there is no use asking whether Communist China will explode from within. I deeply believe, however, that there are limits; and although these limits are not easy to define, I think their existence is easy to prove by a rather simple imaginary case. Consider, for instance, the greatest single difficulty facing Mao Tse-tung. China is a rich land, with far too many people. If half the Chinese people were killed, they would still be the earth's most numerous race (for India is multiracial); and Mao would then find it far easier to transform China into a military-industrial giant power on the Russian model, which is what he wants.

But suppose the order went out from Peking to march half of China's 600,000,000 plus away to the public slaughterhouses. Suppose the further order were given to compost the 300,000,000 plus corpses for fertilizer, which the Chinese fields need very badly, just as Mao very badly needs a better ratio of resources to population. In these circumstances, could Mao really rely on the obedience of his army and the loyalty of his secret police?

When the logic of the problem is tested in this manner, our first question answers itself. Let us assume, then, that it is dangerous for Mao to go too far in inflicting hardship on his people. In that case, even though we cannot exactly define "too far," the present plight of China raises the other, much more startling question: whether Communist China may not now be moving toward an explosion point.

This question does not have to be asked just because China is hunger-racked this year. One bad year would never be enough to cause the breakdown of an iron system like Chinese Communism. The trouble is that in China one bad year has been succeeding another with cruel regularity. Since 1959, in fact, Communist China has been caught in a remorseless descending spiral, each year growing hungrier and hungrier, producing less and less, and suffering more and more painful inner strains. It even begins to look as though this downward spiral may be self-perpetuating. And it is also illogical to suppose that any human society, including the iron Chinese Communist society,

About the Author

Joseph Alsop, the columnist and brother of *Post* Washington editor Stewart Alsop, knows China as few Americans do, and his sources of information in Washington, in London and at the listening post of Hong Kong are unexcelled. Mr. Alsop first began his association with the Chinese as aide to Gen. Claire L. Chennault, commanding the American Volunteer Air Force when these "Flying Tigers" were helping Chiang Kai-shek fight the Japanese before the United States entered World War II. While on a mission to obtain desperately needed parts for Chennault's battered planes, Alsop was captured by the Japanese in Hong Kong. Later he was exchanged as a prisoner of war. Since the end of World War II Alsop has made many trips to Hong Kong to collect exclusive material from refugees who pour in from Communist China and other sources. He has recently returned again from the British Crown Colony.

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"There was much that was phony and a lot that was plain crazy in the first trumpetings of Mao's Great Leap Forward."

Workers haul a load of steel through a Peking street. Trucks, oxen are scarce in China's collapsing economy.

can go on spiraling downward indefinitely—always growing hungrier, always producing less, always suffering increasing strains—without experiencing some sort of decisive breakdown or blowup in the end.

If this year's harvest is generous, of course, the Chinese leaders can assuage their people's hunger; and the downward spiral may then be reversed. But the Western experts are again beginning to forecast another bad harvest in China. I myself suspect there are reasons, which I shall try to explain, why China's downward spiral almost forbids a generous harvest. We shall soon see whether this suspicion is well-founded. Meanwhile, even if a bounteous crop in 1962 at last changes the trend, this strange descending spiral has already dragged China down and down for three years on end. It is a mysterious, quite unprecedented process, well worth study for its own sake without regard to the future.

Red Megalomania at Work

The decisive, initial down-twist of China's descending spiral began rather more than three years ago, with the most megalomaniac proclamations ever heard from the Peking leaders. Almost overnight China was to realize Mao's ambition of military-industrial giant power status by a "Great Leap Forward." The great leap was to be aided by the quasi-military organization of all of Chinese agriculture in farm communes—vast, drilled rural slave-labor camps, each comprising 30,000 to 40,000 peasants, in which at the outset even love was supposed to be rationed, with husbands and wives sleeping in different communal dormitories.

There was much that was phony, and there was a lot that was plain crazy in the first trumpetings about the great leap. Those communal dormitories were never built, for instance, although the people were herded together to eat in communal mess halls. And in the plain-crazy category were the so-called "backyard Bessemer" campaign to produce steel in the villages, and some of the other industrial planning as well.

Yet the first year of the great leap, if judged by Mao's aims, seemed to be a success on the whole. Even after making due allowance for inflated claims, China's industrial output was greatly increased in 1959, and China's industrial base was also greatly expanded by new capital construction. The trouble that first year centered in the countryside. After only three months, reports began to trickle out of China that the tables were bare in the commune mess halls. By the autumn of 1959 the tragic refugees who continued to pour into Hong Kong and Macao were reporting a condition of creeping starvation, throughout the whole countryside of China. But Mao had plainly intended, from the very first, to make the countryside pay for the new industry in the towns. Hence all appeared to be going according to Mao's plan.

This proved to be wholly incorrect during the next great down-twist of the spiral, in the years 1960 and 1961. Despite the progress of industry in 1959, Mao Tse-tung and his colleagues were evidently frightened by the countryside's plunge into misery. In consequence, the policies of "the great leap" and "the farm communes" have been junked, bit by bit but almost *in toto*, although the empty phrases are still being mouthed in order to save the regime's face.

At the outset industrial targets were merely lowered, and new investment in industry was considerably reduced. By the end of 1961, however, all hope of industrial growth had been temporarily abandoned, and all capital construction had been ordered stopped. Worse still, industrial output from existing plant also suffered a vertiginous drop without parallel in any other nation in the postwar era. By the winter of 1962 Chinese industry was expertly estimated to be producing at no more than 30 percent of capacity. All over China, factories that had been built or improved with resources wrung from the unhappy peasantry were now lying idle and empty. This industrial collapse was covered with the slogan: "All aid to agriculture!"

Retreat in the Countryside

In the countryside, meanwhile, the government made the same sort of retreat, almost turning into a rout. The communal mess halls were abandoned. The peasants were granted tiny pocket handkerchiefs of land as private plots. The ambitious structure of the farm communes was progressively dismantled and dismembered, and the basic agriculture producing unit was again and again reduced in size. The party cadres in the villages, at the beginning encouraged to dragoon the peasant masses without mercy, were in the end enjoined to follow slavishly the farming advice of the more experienced peasants.

Maybe these humiliating tergiversations and concessions will have the hoped-for effect this year in the form of a good harvest. But it is notable that the retreat in the countryside began early in 1960, without producing any good effect whatever in that year or in 1961. For these years, we have only the unprocessed reports of Hong Kong and Macao refugees of the same creeping starvation that began in 1959. In Hong Kong today, however, the refugee evidence—which is all the useful evidence we have about rural China—has at last begun to be scientifically collected and analyzed—and with truly shocking results. In the late winter of 1962, to be specific, the Chinese masses were found to be enjoying a diet level averaging from 1300 to 1600 calories per person per day, according to the individual's labor category. For people engaged in hard manual labor, this is worse than creeping starvation; yet the figures include all supplements, such as the extra food produced on the peasants' private plots.

Good Harvest or More Hunger

The figures have to be believed, being based on the most careful analysis of a huge mass of firsthand testimony; but it is not possible to believe that the Chinese masses have been so hideously undernourished for three years on end. Hence we may guess that by the end of 1959 the average diet level in China was in the neighborhood of 1800 calories per person per day, which is already creeping starvation for manual workers. And we may suppose that the level then dropped, after two more bad harvests, to the desperately low point indicated by the Hong Kong figures for the late winter of 1962.

Such have been the main features of the second down-twist of the Chinese spiral. It was far more terrible than the first down-twist. On the first round the Chinese peasant masses were forced to pay with misery for industrial growth. During the second round the misery deepened, and the industry it had been supposed to pay for also fell into ruin. And unless China is rescued by this year's harvest, I fear an even more terrible third down-twist of the spiral must be expected, because of surprising new developments last spring.

One such was the sudden flood of refugees across the Hong Kong border. No other Communist state has ever tolerated anything like this refugee flood, except Hungary in the climactic weeks of the uprising in Budapest. The flood was stopped when the Nationalist government had just decided to offer sanctuary in Formosa to unlimited numbers of the poor wretches whom the Hong Kong authorities were turning back. Even so, the Communists' temporary toleration of the refugee flood was a clear sign of some sort of grave inner weakness, though a weakness, obviously, that could be surmounted when absolutely necessary.

Military Buildup vs. Chiang

Inner weakness is also indicated by the recent Communist movement of large numbers of additional troops into the Formosa Strait area. We do not know whether these troops will or will not be used to attack the Nationalists' offshore islands. At present one can say only that this seems unlikely, as it seems unlikely, for simple logistical reasons, that there is any foundation for the widespread talk about a major Chinese military movement into Southeast Asia. Meanwhile, we know quite well, since the Chinese Communist leaders have publicly told us so, that they are moving new troops into the Formosa Strait area primarily because they fear an attempted return to the mainland by Chiang Kai-shek. It used to be Chiang who feared the Communists, not the Communists, Chiang. The Communists must be moving in new troops either because they do not trust their huge permanent garrison in the area of the Formosa Strait or because they believe the people there would rally to Chiang. Otherwise Chiang's threatened landing could not possibly be feared.

It can be seen, then, why the refugee flood and the new troop movement are surprising developments. Yet I still believe they are much less ominous than a recent order by Premier Chou En-lai that at least 30 percent of the people c China's cities and industrial centers must be sent back to the countryside without undue delay. As a result, according to reliable report, 800,000 people in Canton city alone have been told to go back to the famished rural areas of Kwangtung province. This, we now know, was the origin of the refugee flood across the Hong Kong border.

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Chou's order applies, however, not just to Canton but to every city of China, and it will affect anywhere from 15,000,000 to 30,000,000 people—you may choose which estimate you please. No doubt there is no work left for these people in the cities. No doubt the cities have no food stocks to meet the rations of so many useless hands. But consider the social effect of driving these millions out, to shift for themselves as best they can, into a countryside already deep in misery and want. These millions of poor wretches are bound to have the effect of so many loose parts rattling dangerously about in the works of a machine already dangerously out of kilter. Altogether, the next down-twist of China's spiral is likely to be disturbingly dramatic in character.

In Stalin's Firm Footsteps

The effects of China's descending spiral have now been studied in enough detail to prove that the strange spiral really exists. But why does it exist? What caused it? Even if this year's harvest is unexpectedly good, why has this grim process already gripped China for three long years, despite all the remedies attempted by an all-powerful government?

The answer to these questions, I believe, is to be found in the model Mao Tse-tung was unquestionably following. Just thirty years before Mao's great leap, Stalin began the forced industrialization of the Soviet Union by collectivizing agriculture and inaugurating the first Five Year Plan. Each of these measures was purposeful in itself, but behind them both there was a deeper purpose. The deeper purpose of Stalin's program was to divert resources normally but (as Stalin thought) wastefully consumed by human beings, and to use these diverted resources for the higher aim of increasing the state's industrial power. This diversion of resources was needful in order to finance forced industrialization. Because they produced most of the resources that were to be diverted, peasantry had to be taken firmly in hand by collectivization. The effect of the diversion can be clearly seen in the 50 percent drop in the Russian standard of life during the first two years of the first Five Year Plan. Yet Stalin's program achieved its aim, although at a cost of no less than 17,000,000 human lives sacrificed by famine, by purge and by slave labor to the new Moloch of our era, forced industrialization.

Peasant women hoe in a commune cotton field. Difficulties have forced a cutback in the commune program.

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"Father Mao's Communist system *may* break down; and if the army rallies to the people, the system *will* break down."

Communist Party boss Mao has pushed his people below bearable subsistence levels; now he faces possible revolt.

The important point to note is that the diversion of resources and the resulting drop in the Russian living standard were necessary and unavoidable features of the Stalinist model which Mao followed. This point is crucial, in turn, because of the enormous differences between Mao's situation in 1959 and Stalin's situation in 1929. I could list a dozen factors that favored Stalin in 1929 and were unfavorable to Mao in 1959, ranging from China's poorer mineral deposits and weaker industrial base, all the way to China's ancient, intractable pattern of agriculture. But the key factor unfavorable to Mao was the great difference between the Russian standard of life that Stalin forced down, and the Chinese standard of life that Mao forced down.

Rationing China's Hunger

In Walt W. Rostow's farsighted study, *The Prospects for Communist China*, we find the estimate that in 1928 Russian per-capita income—in other words, the average Russian living standard—was four times as high as Chinese per-capita income in 1952. In China after 1952 the living standard dropped still further. Thus Stalin in 1929 engineered a 50 percent drop in a living standard which had a considerable safety margin, whereas Mao in 1959 engineered a comparable drop in a living standard which had no safety margin at all.

Stalin worried little about local consequences, and some of these, like the Ukrainian famine, were very dire indeed. Mao took great care to avoid anything like the Ukrainian famine by rationing the hunger over the whole Chinese population. Overall, however, Stalin, having so much more margin, never had to push his people below a bearable subsistence level; he never impaired their power to labor and obey; and thus the end result was a success, at least in Stalin's terms. Mao, in contrast, because he had no margin at all, necessarily pushed his people far below a bearable subsistence level; and thus the immediate result was catastrophic. We may infer that it was catastrophic, even in Mao's own eyes, from the contrast between Mao's subsequent behavior and Stalin's subsequent behavior.

We cannot suppose that Mao is either more humane or less ruthless than Stalin was. Yet Stalin unhesitatingly went forward to his goal, wading along the road through rivers of blood; whereas Mao soon quailed, gave the signal for a change of course and began a series of desperate attempts to repair the damage he had done.

I think that these attempts have failed, at least thus far, because the reckless depression of the living standard of the Chinese masses in 1959 was an irreparably damaging act, like stoving a huge hole in the bottom of a boat. At any rate, it was an act which demonstrably produced consequences that fed upon themselves. As an example, consider the story of the peasants' private plots.

The plots were granted in the first instance, we may be reasonably certain, because the Communist leaders wished to let the dangerously hungry peasants supplement their government-issued rations. Only the poorer, unirrigated land was parceled out, and even today all the tiny parcels put together can hardly amount to more than one half of 1 percent of the total cultivated land area in China. On this small share of China's land the peasants have indeed managed to produce an astonishing amount of extra food. But one reason for their success lies in the fact that Chinese peasants, being marvelous farmers, regard manure as an inestimably precious substance.

"Selfishness with Manure"

The sternest police state cannot control the individual's disposition of his own excrement. In pre-Communist China human manure constituted at least 30 percent of all the fertilizer available for China's fields. Today, because of the sharp fall in animal population, the human-manure percentage of China's total fertilizer supply must be considerably higher than in the old days. Chinese peasants being Chinese peasants, it is perfectly certain that just about all the human manure in rural China is now being used on the peasants' private plots. Imagine, then, the effect of more than a quarter of the total available fertilizer supply being placed on one half of 1 percent of the cultivated land—and that the poorer land! The effect was all too plain to see in the last harvest.

The problem of "selfishness with manure," as the Communists officially call it, is most emphatically not a laughing matter, however much Westerners unfamiliar with Chinese agriculture may be inclined to titter. But the state of health and reserves of energy of the persistently undernourished Chinese masses almost certainly constitute another problem of an even more serious order. To the commonsense observer many persons normally wise in Chinese matters approach this central problem in a way that is wrongheaded to the point of being exasperating. These experts refuse to believe the refugee testimony about general undernourishment, although it is our only firsthand testimony, because they say the Chinese masses could not possibly go on working and producing if they were so seriously undernourished.

Almost in the same breath these same experts rightly pooh-pooh the Chinese Communist attempts to blame China's recurrent bad harvests on "natural calamities"—and this leaves the experts with an unresolved mystery. How much simpler to assume that the health and productivity of the Chinese peasantry have indeed been impaired by continuing undernourishment! How much more logical to take this very fact as a prime reason for Chinese agriculture's mysterious failure to recover, despite all the Communists' retreats and all their concessions to the peasantry in the years since 1959!

Perhaps this year those concessions and retreats will at last secure a good harvest. But it is at least equally likely that they will fail to affect the harvest, as in the past two years. A final question therefore presents itself. If China's downward spiral is not reversed—if the hunger grows greater, output grows less and the internal strains continue to mount—some sort of breaking point will unavoidably be reached, if not this year, then next year; if not next year, then the year after. But if a breaking point is finally reached, what will break, and how?

Invisible Population Decline

The first possibility is that the Chinese people will break. I myself believe that the Chinese population stopped growing and began to decline at least two years ago. There is some direct evidence to this effect, such as refugee reports of widespread failure of female ovulation and menstruation. Furthermore, you must conclude that the population is declining if you believe the refugee testimony about the prevailing Chinese diet level, as I do. If there is another bad harvest this year, this slow, as yet invisible population decline is highly likely to become visible and dramatic.

The first victims, one would guess, will be the ejected city dwellers who have nowhere to turn except to rural relatives already living on the brink of famine. But among the whole mass of the peasantry one would also expect grave cumulative effects from the continuation, for still another year, of the severe undernourishment that has prevailed so long. As noted earlier, Mao Tse-tung's problems will be greatly simplified by a massive decline of the Chinese population. With the same land producing just about as much as before—as it would do—and with far fewer people to feed, the diversion of resources to China's industrialization would be immeasurably less difficult. If Mao can just hang on somehow, while the people he leads are reduced in numbers by something like one quarter, he may have won the "bitter struggle" he is always boasting about—at a cost of about 150,000,000 human lives. This kind of adjustment of the resources-population ratio is entirely possible over a period of years. But I am persuaded that something else will break before a quarter of the Chinese are exterminated by their government's own act.

New Leaders for Old?

The next possibility is that the regime will break, but without a break in the system. A palace revolution, bringing in new Chinese Communist leaders, is an imaginable event. New leaders could do what Mao can hardly do any longer. They could imitate Lenin's proclamation of the New Economic Policy, which temporarily threw Communist theory out the window, and put some fat back on starving Russia in the '20's. The Chinese people could then be counted on to do the rest because of their astonishing resilience, energy and ingenuity. In this event, I think, Chinese recovery would be surprisingly rapid. But standing in the way of such an event, unless death suddenly takes him, there will always be the powerful, obstructive figure of Father Mao.

So we come to the third and last possibility, which is a breakdown of Father Mao's Chinese Communist system. Once again it is illogical to say, as some say, that Communist systems cannot break down. Any system of human society will automatically break down if the people rebel and the army sides with the people. It is also false to say that Communist armies, because of their special privileges, can be counted on never to side with the

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people. The Hungarian army was specially privileged but sided with the people. Furthermore, Chinese history shows more than one example of revolutions much more closely resembling spontaneous combustion in a hay barn than anything we in the West think of as a proper revolution. These characteristic Chinese revolutions have started with spontaneous uprisings of the despairing masses. They have altogether lacked established leaders, prepared programs and all the rest of the conventional revolutionary apparatus. They have succeeded because the armed forces, being recruited from the peasantry, went over to the peasants' side. Both the former Chinese dynasties that were most akin to Mao's government—both immensely strong police states, both of which had reunited and remolded China—were brought down by these spontaneous-combustion revolutions.

A Lesson from History

The beginning of the end of the Ch'in dynasty, which founded the Chinese empire on Stalinist principles more than 2000 years before Stalin, was a sudden rebellion led by an unknown farm laborer in a gang of a few hundred conscripts. The army on that occasion quickly rallied to the people. And the power of Ch'in, the greatest the world had ever seen at that date, was not even a major factor in the struggle for the succession within a few months after the ignorant peasant, Chen She, raised the standard of revolt. Because such things happened long ago, it is foolish to suppose that they are bound to happen again. But it is equally foolish to suppose that they can never happen again. Therefore, I repeat, the system *may* break down in China; and if the army rallies to the people, the system *will* break down.

Beyond this point we cannot fruitfully look. If there is an explosion in China, the Soviets may or may not intervene. Chiang Kai-shek may or may not inject himself. Survivors of the existing system may or may not recapture the leadership in the ensuing turmoil. The new leaders may or may not call themselves Communists. All, indeed, is uncertain except one thing: China's descending spiral cannot continue unendingly without causing at least one of the three kinds of breakdown which I have tried to outline. And if this year's harvest is another failure, the time will have come to begin watching for a breakdown. **THE END**

Hungry children in Peking. Red China's basic problem is that there are too many mouths to feed.

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EDITORIALS

The Argument Against Standpattism

The world moves so fast that we must run to keep up with it. Technical, political and economic revolutions are occurring all around us. In the kaleidoscopic pattern of the 1960's, how can anyone make a valid argument in favor of doing nothing? As much as we hanker for the status quo—and most of us would prefer to be left alone—we must recognize that change is the order of our times.

Political change is sudden and dramatic. Old boundaries and barriers come tumbling down. Colonialism collapses, and a new array of African states appears, to join the long list of newly emerged Asian states. (Of the 104 nations belonging to the UN, forty did not exist in 1945 when the organization was founded.)

Technological change occurs at an astonishing rate. A TV signal is beamed across the Atlantic by way of the communications satellite, Telstar. Developed by A.T. & T. as a sensible joint public-private venture, the satellite promises a new era of intercontinental communications, "a superhighway through space," as the experts say.

At Cape Canaveral the sixth United States astronaut, Cmdr. Walter Schirra, prepares for a six-orbit journey around the world, scheduled to take place within a few weeks. The Federal space agency announces its plan for landing a pair of astronauts on the moon sometime before the decade has ended, possibly in 1966 or 1967.

But of all the great adventures and innovations, the one that may have the profoundest effect on our daily lives is the economic revolution sweeping through Europe. It offers a challenge and a promise that may provide the way out of the cold war if we are wise enough and bold enough to grasp it.

Five years ago, when six European nations (France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg) met in Rome to sign the Common Market Treaty, no one could have foreseen the progress they would make. The Common Market, as Douglas MacArthur II, United States Ambassador to Belgium, says, has succeeded with a rapidity which astounded even its most ardent supporters. Britain has asked to be let in and is currently engaged in delicate negotiations with the Market members. Norway, Denmark and Ireland have also requested permission to join. Political leaders in the United States and abroad are talking seriously of a prospect that seemed the wildest sort of dream only a few years ago: full political union for Western Europe.

European political union would be a momentous achievement. The difficulties that lie ahead are enormous. Britain's negotiations with the Common Market are in a critical stage. Major obstacles are de Gaulle's adherence to an anachronistic concept of French grandeur and a Europe of the Fatherlands (a loose confederation of European states) and his insistence on pursuing the national nuclear route. But in spite of these problems there is a growing conviction among our political leaders that by the end of the year Britain's admission will be assured, and political union will follow. "Union may not come in five years," says one United States official, "but it will come not long after that."

The United States has wisely refrained from pressing Europe too hard. The President, in his Fourth of July speech at Independence Hall, extended the hand of partnership "on a basis of full equality in all the great and burdensome tasks of building and defending a community of free nations," to encourage Europe to unite. But we have carefully avoided specifics. "What goes on in Europe is up to the Europeans," a United States official says.

It would be hard to exaggerate the potential of a partnership of a united Europe and the United States. As Mr. Kennedy said on the Fourth of July, a united Europe "will be capable of playing a greater role in the common defense, of responding more generously to the needs of poorer nations, of joining with the United States and others in lowering trade barriers, resolving problems of commerce and commodities and currency, and developing coordinated policies in all economic, diplomatic and political areas."

Such a partnership, between a united Europe and the United States, would be the greatest political, economic and military force on earth. Khrushchev, by the frequency of his attacks on the Common Market, has shown that he is aware of this. But some political leaders seem to feel that their task in this day and age is simply to hold on to what we have. Nothing could be more disastrous than for us to stand pat; nothing is more likely to mean the loss of everything we value. If we make this mistake, we shall, like the dinosaur, become extinct because we could not adapt to the changing world.

Perils of the Open Road

Some of us who have indulged in long-distance driving for a generation or two often wonder why it is taking so long to get rid of the irritations which beset this form of travel. To be sure, excellent hard-surfaced highways have largely replaced the treacherous gravel roads of the 1920's, and the modern motel is a spectacular improvement over the converted chicken coop—with its corn-shuck mattress—which bore the name "tourist cabin." There are other advances which smooth the traveler's journey, but many old annoyances remain.

Perhaps the greatest of these is the dreary roadside eating joint. It is easy enough, of course, to avoid the obviously poisonous dump labeled JOE'S EATERY. But how is the stranger in these parts to know that the attractive-looking restaurant, excitingly advertised for the past twenty miles, fries its chicken-in-a-basket in old crankcase oil, leaves its apple pie out in the rain overnight and serves a ninety-cent hamburger in which the disk of beef is about the size of a silver dollar?

Highway signs giving route numbers and directions are better than they used to be—and in some states are excellent—but there are still some highway departments that just don't seem to give a hoot. All too often you come to a fork in the highway, and there is nothing to tell you which way to go until you get two miles down the wrong road. Equally exasperating is the filling-station attendant who knows nothing about the road ahead or, if he does, is too indifferent or imprecise to give you accurate information about detours, distances and current construction work.

And then, of course, there is the roadside repair shop inhabited by a jackleg mechanic who could cope fairly well with the Model T but has learned nothing since. You will be lucky if it costs you less than $150, plus towing charges, to correct the mistakes of one of these characters. And who hasn't visited one of those "Clean Rest Rooms" which have reached such a state of revolting uncleanliness that only an atom bomb could remedy the situation?

Any seasoned traveler could add to this list of complaints endlessly, and of course anyone is free to ask, with pai ful logic, "Then why travel by car?" The answer is that there are a good many millions of us maniacs who love to go places in our own vehicles and are willing to put up with all the discomforts and stupidities we encounter in order to enjoy the freedom of the big open road.

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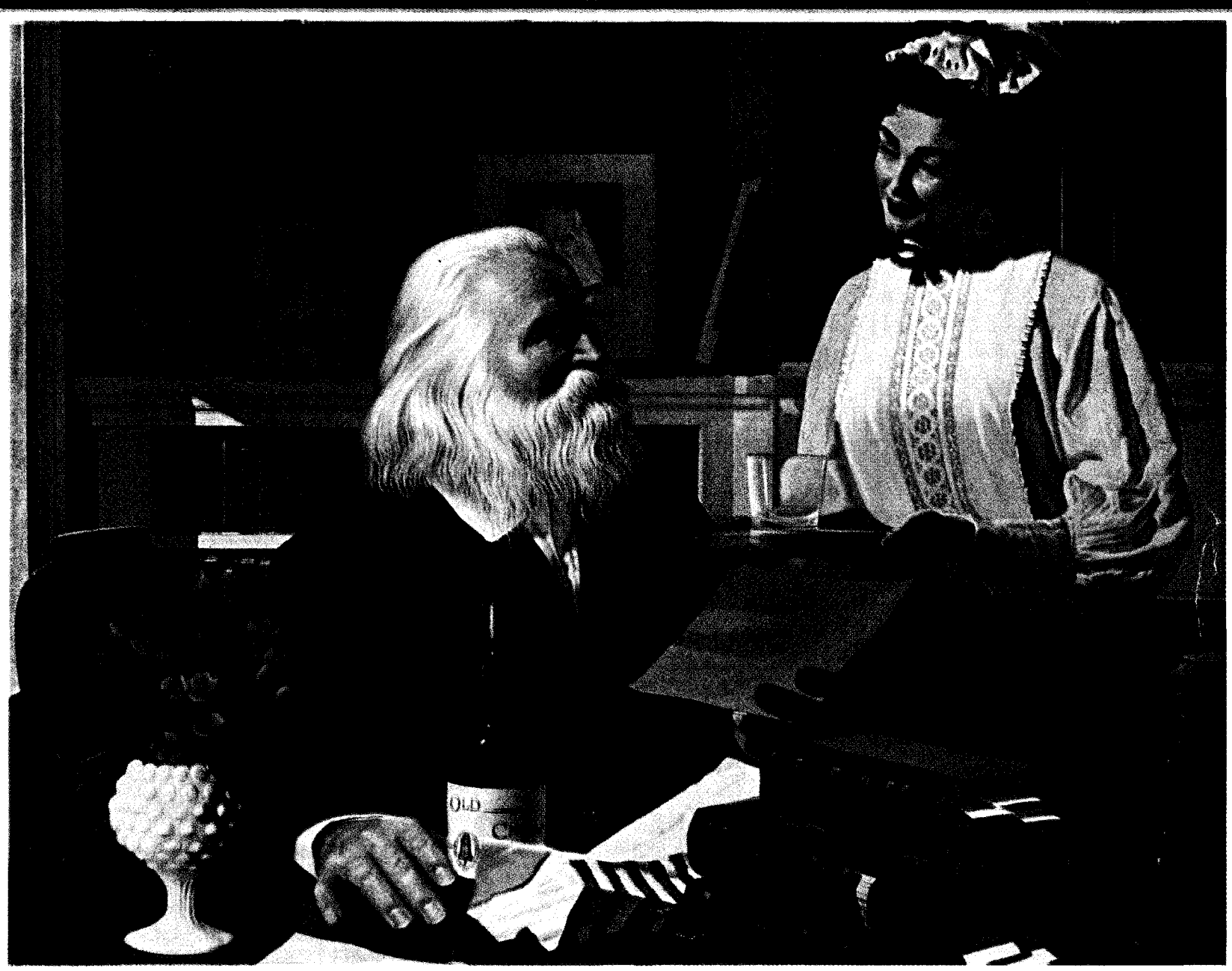

Walt Whitman receives a gift of Old Crow from an admirer

In 1891, Francis Wilson, first president of Actors Equity, sent a bottle of Old Crow to the great American poet In his note, Mr. Wilson wrote, "I am assured that it is the best of its kind and the very best of anything is not too good for Walt Whitman."

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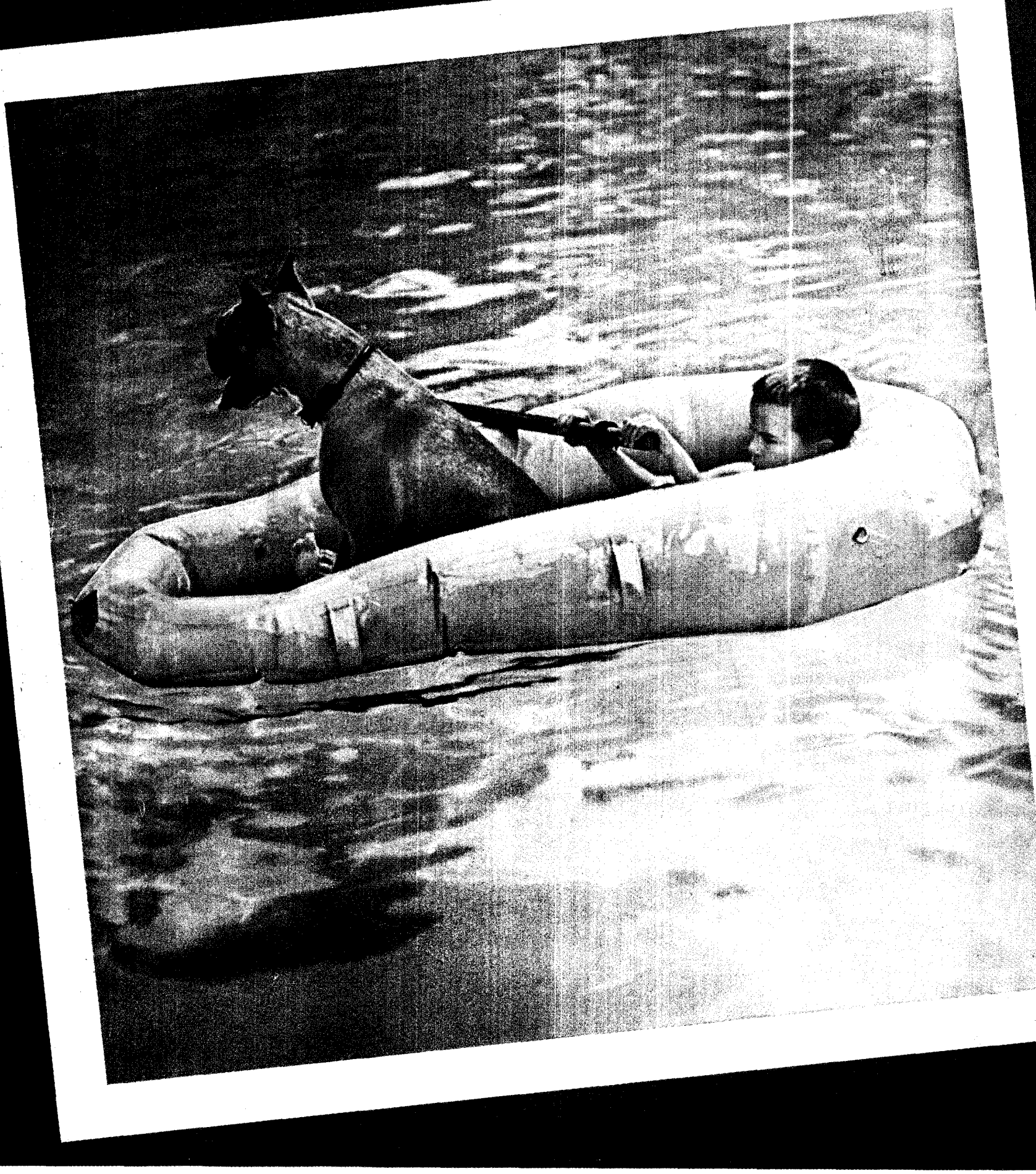

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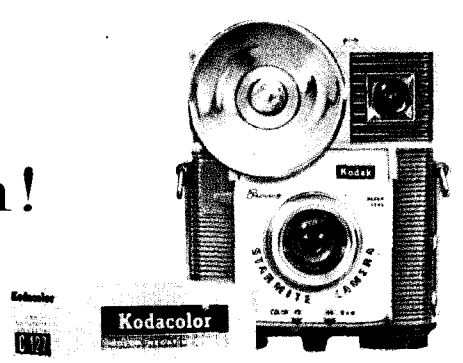

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